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EGYPTIAN BATH
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No. 6



SIR ISAAC BROCK.

The hero of the Battle of Queenston Heights, fought on August 26, 1812, and in which he lost his life while leading a charge against the American invaders.

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The striking beauty of the country surrounding Queenston Heights, which was the scene of the American invasion one hundred years ago.



The village of Queenston, which at the Battle of Queenston Heights one hundred years ago, consisted of but a few stone houses.

"With Brock at Queenston Heights."—See Page 33.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIV

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No. 6

The National Political Situation

THE VOLUNTARY EMPIRE—UNITY OF OUR FOREFATHER PIONEERS
—UNOER THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE ALL WENT WELL—WHY
NOT RECAST OUR POLITICAL STATUS?

By Edward William Thomson

This is the second article in Mr. E. W. Thomson's notable series on "The National Political Situation," in which the outstanding problems of Canadian politics are being discussed from month to month in a way that will be of interest to every reader of the magazine, whether laborer or millionaire. In this number "The Voluntary Empire" is considered. Whether or not readers agree with Mr. Thomson's conclusions, they will at least appreciate the value of his writings, will delight in his vigorous style, and will admire the independence with which he treats public questions. In justice to the publisher, Col. MacLean, perhaps it should be said in this connection, that he is not responsible for the views expressed; as a matter of fact, in the article last month, opinions directly opposed to his own were presented to the tariff question. In this magazine, however, as in all of his publications, it has been the policy of Col. MacLean to engage the best writers to deal with all phases of public issues, regardless of whether or not their views meet his own.—Editor.

THE situation of Canadians, in view of the increasing armaments the world over, most of which have relation to attack or defence of the British Empire, brings to memory the condition of our early pioneer kinsmen or forefathers in America. They wished to be undisturbed in fishing, fur-trading, clearing forests, agriculture, providing roads, and making homes for descendants. From such tasks they were almost incessantly distracted by alarms. Lost scouting parties might surprise them they took

guns with axes to their wood chopping. They ploughed as weaponed men alert for the warwhoop. They anxiously awaited packet-ship news, fearing that France, Spain, Holland might be swift to take England's colonists unaware. Because they persisted in such armed labors we have inherited vast regions of peace. Had they shuddered back home from the land of alarms, or rested in fantastic opinion that Indians might not arrive, and that Europeans were too far away to hurt them, what part

could their descendants have now on this continent?

The armaments of our industrially-minded forefathers, compared with their little wealth, were as an army of fifty-thousand regulars, a coast defence of forts and torpedo stations and protective ships, a navy of twenty dreadnoughts would be to the present resources of Canada. Though they were of penurious disposition, valuing money with the sad wisdom of striving folk who know how hard to get and how heavy to keep is gold, they obeyed, even extravagantly, their deeper sense that liberty to maintain and promote the ideals, language and customs of their kin was of more account, not only than rubies, but than piteous food and clothing.

COLONIAL GENEROSITY.

Such was the liberality of the American colonies to the Crown that Edmund Burke's fifth resolution, on occasion of his immortal speech for Conciliation with America, set forth:—

"That the colonial assemblies have at sundry times freely granted several large subsidies and public aids for His Majesty's service, and their cheerfulness and liberality in the said grants have been at sundry times acknowledged by Parliament."

Then Burke specified:—

"To say nothing of their great expenses in the Indian wars, and not to take their exertions in foreign ones, so high as their supplies in the year 1695, and not to go back to their public contributions in the year 1710, I shall begin to travel only where the journals of the House give me light, and to build myself solely on that solid basis. On the 4th of April, 1748, a committee of the House came to the following resolution:—"Resolved, that it is just and reasonable that the provinces and colonies of Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island be reimbursed the expenses they have been at in taking and securing to the Crown of Great Britain the Island of Cape Breton and its dependencies."

These expenses, enormous for such colonies, were more than two million sterling. Burke went on to instance numer-

ous other expenses and grants to the Crown, which had put the colonies in debt more than two million and six hundred thousand pounds sterling when Grenville asserted a right in Great Britain's parliament to tax them arbitrarily.

Previously they, claiming independence of the London Parliament, had taxed themselves to aid its purposes, identifying these with those of the Crown, to which alone they gave allegiance. Their generosity gave rise to a London belief in their wealth, to London cupidity, to London's attempt to tax them, not by requisitions as formerly—requisitions which they could disregard if they choose—but without their consent. This is all well worth remembering, now that imperial conferences and sub-conferences have developed into a novel and subtle form of requisition, and while schemes for an imperial assemblage empowered to supplant requisition by taxation are being sedulously beached. The moment attempt was made to depart from the voluntary principle as an imperial basis, that moment trouble began, and the dissolution of the then Empire soon followed.

SIR WILFRID'S WORKS.

To illustrate this was not my prime purpose in quoting Burke. His lesson for Canadians came to mind by reflecting on a recent utterance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one seeming to signify in him a profound sense, unlike that of our pioneer predecessors or forefathers in America, that the main interests of Canada are separate and diverse from those of Great Britain. It is with no design to impute aught against Sir Wilfrid—whose steadfastness to the cause of reciprocity I particularly admire—that his words shall be quoted. They indicate his continued stand at a point of view common to Canadian statesmen of both parties when he was a boy. In the lifetimes of our fathers, grandfathers, great grandfathers, Great Britain's wide power was not threatened dangerously, and still less her free existence. Therefore they could be decently absorbed al-

most solely in thoughts for development of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid defined the "German peril" as due to "the mad race for armaments," which was not denying that peril's actuality. He went on:—

"Shall we in Canada go into the mad race for armaments, or shall we continue to settle our difficulties by arbitration, as we have for one hundred years in the past?"

There he accorded with a past presumption that the United States, with whom alone we have arbitrated, continues to be the sole power from whom we can have aught to dread. Yet Sir Wilfrid himself made the widest possible departure from that assumption when he sent Canadian troops to South Africa. Canada had no "difficulties" with the Boers. They were on the other side of the world. There was no shadow of anything to arbitrate between us, as Canadians, and them, as South Africans. He sent our young men there in his and their capacity as subjects of the Crown, on presumption that the Monarch's enemies are necessarily his and ours. If it was a sound and proper presumption in case of a small, poor and at first supposedly feeble enemy, to what would we descend by sneaking away from that presumption with the Crown threatened by a great, rich, most formidable people? I submit that Sir Wilfrid so definitely committed himself to the theory that the foes of Great Britain are foes of Canada, that it can never be possible for him to retire therefrom, save by avowing that he erred in the South African case, and erred again in passing a Navy Act which gives the Governor-in-council authority to send Canadian armament to London control without pre-consent of Canada's parliament. The latter move clearly abandoned the traditional view of Canadian statesmen in general, that Canadian forces should be solely for Canada's defence. That view was surrendered by legislating to put Canadian force beyond our territory, on the high seas, at the London Government's discretion for use against all and sundry.

That proceeding does not consist with his apparently profound inward sense of vital separation of interests between the Old Country and the New. He disclosed it in saying:—

"The British Empire is composed of different nations, and the problems of these nations differ from one another. The problems you (referring to Englishmen then present) have to deal with in Great Britain are far different from what we have to deal with in this country. You think all the time of armaments, and you spend half your revenue in armaments. We think of railways, of canals, of transportation, and these are the things on which we spend most of our revenue. After all, the best thing is to stand on the principle of autonomy on which the present system of government in Canada has been built."

There he evinced a mind bred by circumstances in the older or past generations of Canada. Sir John Macdonald, Galt, Blake, Alexander Mackenzie, many of their contemporaries could be quoted in the same sense. It was natural and proper to Canadians in a world where Great Britain's supremacy was unchallenged. That was why we did not think of armaments—we did not have to. Not only could we then safely leave them to Old Country brethren, but they would have stared at us as bumptious had we offered them sea-forces, and considered us possibly rebellious had we proposed defending our own coasts. It was as protected, unthreatened, contented dependents that we could gloat solely on railways, canals, transportation, commerce, profits, and the grandeur of Old Country susseins brethren in keeping armaments, and thoughts thereof, to themselves. How has the situation changed! They now look to us for help to defend them! It has changed very swiftly since the little time ago when they told us that if we undertook our own defence that would be all the relief they desired.

MILITARY WITNESSES.

The plain truth may be that alleged by military and naval critics, as by Mr. Kipling. They declare Great Britain to be in danger, that her

people and statesmen feel and acknowledge it; that they can set that danger at defiance only by taxing their idle and luxurious rich to any degree necessary to provide for multiplication of her sea forces, and for training of her people to general soldiering. The idea of so proceeding scares both sets of her party politicians. They dread opposition from the money, brains and exertion of her luxurious wastrel classes on the one hand, and from the don't-want-to-be-conscripted masses on the other. Her military and naval men roundly declare the nation to be soft and shrinking in body and brain, by generations of factory work, unmitigated commerce, and devotion to its Gods of Comfort and Luxury. Her politicians seek to put off the dire day for committing the people to hardening exercises, wholesome sacrifice, and radical German-like or Japanese-like cure. They seek to postpone that day by trying to induce Canada and the other Dominions to arm and train on behalf of the Old as well as the New countries. Just so Old Rome, when decaying by luxury, called on the provincials.

FACE THE FACTS.

In this situation it is folly for us to delude the facts. We have not merely to recognize, as our predecessor or forefather pioneers in America did, that our fate is largely lumped up with Great Britain's, but to decide whether we shall secure ourselves, and set the Old Country brethren a needed example by taxing our own luxurious for armaments, providing these so amply that we may be able to help Old Countrymen against the enormous disaster which their own soft condition courts.

Would not such Canadian decision delight the wealthier elements in our cities, who continually do harp "Dreadnaughts for Great Britain! Hang the expense!" Are they not sensible, as well as ultra-local? If so, they cannot but reflect that heavy direct federal taxation on their incomes and enjoyments would do them a lot of good. So much so that an affectionate public

might well lay it on them with purely philanthropic design. The antecurs of our dear country have cost some sixty million dollars. Eighty per cent of them are of no more productive use than armaments to the same cost would have. Thousands of men who might, in a public sense, be well employed in plowing, sowing, reaping, lumbering, fishing, mining, are wasted in constructing those equipages which distract thousands more men, to say nothing of women, from useful labor to idle pleasures. Think of the scores of costly Canadian hotels which employ cohorts of men, women and boys to furnish useless magnificence to the thousands who could not but be better in health, pocket and morale, if taxation on saddling and horse kept them at home. Consider city clubhouses, golf clubs and grounds, race courses, strings of blood horses, country clubs, extravagantly big houses stuffed superabundantly with foolish furniture, expensive yachts and motor boats, gorgeous railway cars, thousands of attendants for the whole of these and other superfluities, all most proper objects for direct taxation, and that heavy enough to compel many thousands of wasters to economy, the simple life, and productive exertion. The proceeds, if devoted to armaments, would amply supply Canada with needed coast defences, and leave something handsome over for delightful contributions to the North Sea fleet. True, it would be rather annoying to tax Canadian wasters into wholesome workday courses in order to save their employers in England from paying for armaments designed to protect themselves. But what a noble example! How gladly should it be welcomed by those elevated classes who most languish to see Canada adding dreadnaughts to the Old Country navy.

RECASTING POLITICAL STATUS.

There is an alternative. Sir Wilfrid's words seem to hint at it. If freedom to go on thinking of railways, canals, transportation be desired and blessed,

we may obtain it by recasting our political status. Autonomy—O word beloved by hankers after independence who are afraid to say so!—autonomy no longer signifies to Canadians the condition of a protected dependency authorized to deal with its internal affairs. We are urged not merely to our own defences against enemies of our sovereign brother, but invited to aid in defending him in his home. We are invited to join his bodyguard, he retaining sole power to choose with whom and when and where we shall fight. The only alternative to compliance seems to be extension of our "autonomy" to our foreign affairs, i. e., independence. Was Sir Wilfrid Laurier thinking so when he lauded "autonomy," after dwelling fondly on the sweetness of freedom to think solely of railways, canals, transportation. I don't believe he really meant to point Young Canada forward. He seemed to be merely entertaining a notion that new times are at old times when he was a boy in the best of all possible dependent worlds, and intimating that there can't be any sense in bothering with notions that distract from contemplation of the politically heartless. The force of it is that circumstances impel us to reflect that the only obvious possible way to remain addicted to lovely thoughts of transportation, and avoid ugly ones of armaments, is to rid ourselves of liability to be automatically engaged in British wars. On this parous thought follows promptly a perception that independence would necessarily put us to armaments for self defence. Really there seems no way to evade horrid thinking on armaments.

WHAT OF INDEPENDENCE?

Let us talk of independence, even though our hair stand on end with fear some in Toronto may be scandalized. They might not be if once they could get it through their skulls that independence would not necessarily imply forsaking allegiance to the Crown, nor abandoning our priceless system of responsible government, which cannot be

worked without a hereditary irresponsible Executive Head, Figurehead, or Monarch. At that cost the status could surely enable us to revel forever solely on thoughts of railways and canals.

But independence need imply no more than such a change, such an extension of autonomy, as would set the King's Canadian subjects as free from subjection to his Old Country subjects as they are of us. In that condition no tie of affection need be severed; we should remain as free as now to join Great Britain in war, while the perfect voluntariness of such action would add to its impressiveness and value. By gaining liberty of choice in that vital business we should escape the indignity of liability to be dragged into bloodshed and cost by a parliament in which we have no "say." Mr. Borden himself recently pointed, in England, to the absurdity and wrong of our present Canadian situation, which was indicated more obscurely by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the speech I have quoted.

PROPOSED BY AUSTRALIA.

The idea of such independence under the Crown was, so far as I know, broached first, (if not distinctly entertained by New Englanders of the eighteenth century), by the Australian Royal Commission first charged to report on plans for the Australian confederation. That report said:—

"British colonies, from which imperial troops have been wholly withdrawn, present the unprecedented phenomena of responsibility without either corresponding authority or adequate protection. They are as liable to all the hazards of war as the United Kingdom, but they can influence the commencement or continuance of war no more than they can control the movements of the solar system, and they have no certain assurance of that against an enemy upon which integral portions of the United Kingdom can confidently reckon. This is a relation so wanting in rationality that it cannot be safely regarded as a lasting one, and it becomes necessary to consider how it may be modified so as to afford a great security for permanence. . . . It has been proposed to establish a council of the

Empire, whose advice must be taken before war is declared. But the measure is so foreign to the genius and tradition of the British constitution, and preposterous so large an abandonment of its functions by the House of Commons, that we dismiss it from consideration. There remains, however, we think, more than one method by which the anomaly of the present system may be cured. . . . It is a maxim of international law that a sovereign state cannot be involved in war without its own consent, and that, when two or more states are subject to the same crown, and are allies in peace, they are not, therefore, necessarily associated in war, if one is not dependent on the other." Here the report cites Vattel, and other authorities on that matter. "If the Queen were authorized by the Imperial Parliament to concede to the greater colonies the right to make treaties, it is contended that they would fulfill the conditions constituting a sovereign state in as full and perfect a manner as any of the smaller states cited by the jurists to illustrate the rule of limited responsibility."

BETTER ALL ROUND.

The report then argues that other sovereign states would recognize neutrality of such independencies under the Crown. Then it says:—

"Nor would the recognition of the neutrality of self-governing colonies deprive them of the power of aiding the mother country in any just and necessary war. On the contrary, it would enable them to aid her with more dignity and effect; as a sovereign state itself, of its own free will, and at whatever period it thought proper, elect to become a party in the war."

In short, Canadian independence under the Crown—the King being duly declared King of Canada, and advised exclusively by the Canadian Premier in Canadian affairs, foreign and domestic—would imply a perpetual league of peace with Great Britain, all our present liberty to help her, and that increased power to do so which could not but come of our independent development of such armaments as might be proper to our independent situation. The British union, being preserved by common fealty to one Monarch, would constitute a loose league of independent nations, each capable of entering into separate commercial relations with one

another and with all English-speaking or other communities. The Union would not be embarrassed by such vast, cumbersome, jolting, and generally paralyzing political machinery as seems contemplated by every sketched scheme for imperial federation. Might we not better trust to the peculiar aptitude of English-speaking men for truly common purposes?

Edmund Burke, greatest of all philo-sophic statesmen, regarded "the right of Great Britain, and the rights of her offspring as just the most reconcilable things in the world." He said:

"You will perhaps imagine that I am on the point of proposing to you a scheme for representation of the colonies in parliament. Perhaps I might be inclined to entertain some such thought, but a great flood stops my course. Opposite nature. I cannot remove the eternal barriers of creation. The thing in that mode I do not know to be possible. . . . However, the arm of public benevolence is not shortened, and there are often several means to the same end. What nature has disjoined in one way, wisdom may unite in another."

. . . In my private judgment a useful representation is impossible."

UNION IS OF THE HEART.

In this matter the Australian Union delegates to England, opposing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's contention that retention of appeal to the Privy Council would strengthen the bond between Great Britain and the Commonwealth, wrote:

"The delegates reflect with pride that there are sentiments which will constitute eternal links of empire, but are quite unable to understand how there can ever be the least hope that we can, merely by insuring uniform interpretation of the law throughout the Empire, facilitate that unity of action for the common interests which will lead to a 'real federation' of the Empire. The 'unity of action' and the 'uniform interpretation of law' seem to them wholly unrelated. The consciousness of kinship, the consciousness of a common blood and a common sense of duty, the pride of their race and history—these are the links of Empire, bands which attach, not bonds which chain. When the Australian fights for the Empire he is inspired by these sentiments; but no patriotism was

ever inspired or sustained by thought of the Privy Council."

Nor did any ever arise from a reflection of Canadians that they, who rejoice to be subjects of the Crown of their fathers, continue, past all timeliness or reason, legally subjected to their not more intelligent brethren, the electors of the United Kingdom.

ALL FOR ENGLAND.

Burke again said, after observing that each colony should reserve its money and strength for possibilities of war in its own section of the world:—

"Wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces toward you. The more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. . . . Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great confederation of this mysterious Whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English common law that gives all their life and efficiency. It is the spirit of the English constitution (which imperial federation would destroy) that, infused throughout the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, vivifies every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member. . . . All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of Empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles which, in the opinion of such as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything and all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great Empire and little minds go ill together." Again he said: "My idea of it is this, that an Empire is the aggregation of many states under one common head."

A voluntary aggregation of many states is now the essential nature of the Dominions of the King's empire. The more voluntary it has become, by expansion of freedom or autonomy or in-

dependence in the parts, the more united it has become. This has long been a truism. We become so accustomed to frequently repeated truths that we commonly fail to appreciate freshly their significance. Hence we too much tend to decline from their guidance. Contrary to all teachings of experience many good men try to draw the Dominions backward, into new formal bonds, more particularly for military and naval purposes. That seems to me precisely the wrong way to attain what they, and what we who oppose their schemes, really desire.

FREEDOM THE SOLUTION.

It is clear that each Dominion promotes all manner of works the better in proportion to its freedom, its independence of all manner of interference by the parliament of the elder brother. Now, surely, a prime interest and necessary work of each Dominion is so to develop its own force, military and naval, that it may be at all times well prepared, not only for self defence, but to aid effectually in the elder brother's aid when he may truly need it, more especially at sea. If this be true, is it not reasonable to believe that Canadians will more recognize that truth, and set up to it, if made as completely responsible in respect of armaments, war, peace, treaties, as in respect of all our other proceedings?

Here the subject may be presently abandoned, possibly for resumption in the November number. Meanwhile the Premier, who seems to me to have deserved general applause for his judicious and manly bearing in England, may have given some inkling of his intentions on the great and pressing business of defense for Canada against enemies not directly her own, but who may become hers solely through the nature of her present subordination to the Old Country people and their Parliament.

The Auto Driver

With my motors all a-drumming, you can hear me coming,
coming,

Till in smoke and dust and vapor I go swirling madly by,
While the wheel my hands are gripping, as around the turns
we're whipping,

And I toss the miles behind me as the vivid seconds fly;
For I know the others follow, swooping over hill and hollow,
With their motors' sharp staccato keeping rhythm with the
race,

And my racer leaps and lurches as I fling past towns and churches,
Where a blur of trees and fences marks the swiftness of the
pace!

Every nerve and muscle's straining as in speed I'm gaining,
gaining,

And the wind that rushes by me makes a roaring in my ear,
And the car is rocking, jolting, in its frenzied thunderbolting,
And I pray my lucky angel that the course is free and clear;
For the slightest break or faulting sends a racer somersaulting,

Turns the snapping, snorting engine to a heap of smoking
scrap,

And although I take my chances under any circumstances
I am not exactly yearning for my everlasting nap!

Yet it's great to have the making of a record record-breaking
And to feel the car responding as you "throw 'er open wide,"
With the motor singing cheerful, though the pace is something
fearful,

And you're running like a cyclone that is roaring as you ride;
If you lose, or if you win, you feel the fever throbbing in you,
And you never will recover from the motor-racing thrall,

With its chances—glad or tragic—with its glamor and its magic,
With its stress and strain and danger and the glory of it all!

BERTON BRADLEY in *Popular Magazine*.

With Brock at Queenston Heights

GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL OF EVENTS MARKING DEATH OF GALLANT
GENERAL—"I AM LEADING THIS CHARGE AND WILL REMAIN
UNTIL WE REACH OUR GOAL"—CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER
WHICH HE WAS SHOT DOWN—THE INVADERS
REPELLED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By Lyman B. Jackes

The battle of Queenston Heights was fought one hundred years ago this month. The result of the struggle meant much to Canada and Canadians in the repulsion of an invading foe and the supremacy of British arms. But vital as are these considerations, by almost unanimous consent the first place in the story of the battle, as also the highest honors marking its history, are accorded to General Brock, who led the British forces to victory, even at the cost of his own life. The incidents attending to the charge up the Heights, by which Brock and his followers won imperishable renown, are briefly reviewed in this sketch.

IT was a scene worthy of a master's brush. Two immense logs snapped and crackled on the stone dogs as the tongues of fire darted toward the chimney. The fire-place was such a pioneer only knew how to construct; it consisted of huge boulders cemented together with mortar as rude and rough as the masonry and the hulkens, and a mantel shelf of large flat slabs such as may be found on the south shore of Lake Ontario near the Niagara River. A military officer was seated in a far corner of the room, writing rapidly by the aid of a quill pen, his work illuminated only by a candle and such light as could force its way through the group of officers sitting around the fire on rough, strong benches that harmonized with the logs used in the construction of the floor, four walls and roof of the building. The cheerful aspect of the picture ended with the barracks room for outside the weather was damp and chilly, such as might be expected during the second week of October.

The group around the fire-place were at their ease. Some smoked, some sat in silence gazing at the pictures in the fire, and others told yarns to the youngest members of the company; as many of the latter were mere boys testing their first battle horrors.

The officer engaged in writing was a young man, perhaps six and twenty, clean shaven like his colleagues in the room, and the possessor of a physique that at once stamped him as a pioneer or the son of a pioneer. From time to time he ceased writing to make comparison with notes hurriedly made on slips which he drew from a leather wallet lying on the table before him. A close examination of the clasp used to fasten this wallet would have shown the Royal Arms of His Majesty King George III. He was evidently preparing a report, for presently he turned to the group and said "Sheepcoat, did you say ninety eight full kegs of powder?" Receiving the answer in the affirmative he continued writing for several mo-

ments, then laid down his pen with the air of a man who had performed an important task and proceeded to read what he had written. Evidently satisfied with his perusal he again took up his pen and folding the papers, placed them in a wrapper, and addressed the package to Major General Sir Isaac

the ruddy glare of the fires burning on their hearths and the light from this source was sufficient to dimly illuminate the sentries peering the top of the high, formidable earth-work that surrounded the fort. He quickly walked toward the earth-work and in a moment was looking across the Niagara River to the



The Queenston Landing Stage

Brook. Then he left the room with the packet and wallet.

It required but a partial glance to notice that the semi-quiet behavior on the part of the group before the fire was occasioned by this man and his work, for at his departure their conversation became much louder and the topic changed when the large door, studded with nails, had again shut out the night. As the officer left the barrack room he became aware that it was raining for large drops struck him in the face and made the night still more dreary. The various buildings around him, excepting the powder magazines, all showed

fort on the United States side. Examining the river on both sides as best he could in the dim light, he placed his hand to his ear as though endeavoring to concentrate the sound; but no sound could he detect except the falling rain and the footsteps of the approaching sentry.

"Who goes there?" came the quick reply accompanied by the leveling of a loaded musket.

"It is I, Major Evans. Where are the other sentries?"

The sentry recognized the voice and shouldered his musket. "My companion Sir, he comes now. The others, as

best I know, are on the other three ramparts," he replied.

"Good; take a message to them saying that this is such a night as the enemy will use to cross the river. Be doubly watchful and report on the slightest suspicion."

COUNCIL OF WAR.

The sentry saluted in acknowledgment and Major Evans descended the slope and a few seconds later exchanged passwords with the sentry on guard before the private quarters of General Brock. As he entered he noticed,

er of his uniform and the mud from his boots. As the clock gave a little clock, preparatory to striking nine, General Sheaffe, Colonel Mardonell, Thayerdang, Captain Jacobs and Glegg with one or two others entered. They were all seated as the clock struck nine and Porter, after ascertaining that nothing further was required of him for the present, withdrew from the most historic council meeting that has ever been held in Canada.

From time to time the new sentries that had come on duty at nine cast a glance toward the private quarters;



A fine photograph made about 1825 from above Lewiston, showing the cliff by which the United States gibbous ended the bridge and for a few hours gained possession of the Bedan. This cliff is now nicely wooded with small cedars and other trees.

through the half open doorway at the end of the room, General Brock seated in his bedroom enjoying a cigar. Porter, the general's body servant, was busily engaged in the preparation of the council-room, but when the officer entered he removed the rain splatters from the polished metal and lenth-

they could see but little through the very small windows, but it was well on toward one o'clock when they noticed the door opened and General Brock dismissed the company with a pleasant good night. The candles in the council-room were extinguished, but those in the General's room remained lighted.

THE AMERICAN ATTACK.

Sentry duty is not pleasant work even when the atmospheric conditions are at their best and these men pacing around Fort George in the very early morning of October 13th, 1812, were thoroughly wet by the rains, but at two they noticed that the falling rain had ceased and a slight mist, that attached its moist October chill to the earth, began to rise and clear. A quarter of an hour later the sentry walking south on the eastern rampart noticed a slight rift in the clouds through which a few stars could

light in the direction of Queenston. A few seconds more and he heard the report of three large guns at the landing stage in that village. The three flashes soon grew to hundreds and the sentry was about to give warning by the discharge of his musket when Porter rushed out from the council chamber toward the stable that housed General Brock's horse. A moment later the General himself came to his doorway, fully dressed, and shouted to the two sentries on the south rampart to open the gateway. Then jumping into his saddle,



A powder magazine which figured in the War of 1812.

be seen; it was a welcome sight to him for it brought a message of possible sunshine for breakfast time. As he reached the end of his short track he took one more glance at the cloudy rift and as his gaze was momentarily directed to the south before he turned he was surprised to see three brilliant flashes of

be held his horse in check as he gave some hurried instruction to Porter regarding the officers that had sat at council meeting with him but a few hours since, and then started for the half open gateway. As he cleared the portal he was met by a dragoon, covered with mud, who reigned up his horse just

in time to call out that the enemy had landed at Queenston.

There is a time when an animal that has been kindly treated seems to realize that his actions are important in moments of extreme danger; it was probably this that caused Alfred Brock's noble charger, to speed up the river

would never see on earth again. During this momentary delay several small bands of volunteers passed him, all armed, steadily marching up the river road to Queenston to defend Canada and their homes. The short delay had been sufficient for Alfred to regain his breath, for the second stage of the



The stone house in which Brock's remains are said to have been removed following the battle of Queenston Heights.

made in such a manner that the clatter from his hoofs, as he struck fire from the stones, brought many a pioneer's face to the window to see the General hurrying by in the misty light of an early October dawn. On the roadway near Fort George he was the first to be stirring, but as he neared the residence of Captain John Powell, his fiancée, Miss Shaw, was awaiting him with a few home-made biscuits and a cup of boiling hot coffee. The general reigned up to partake of his last breakfast and to wave a good-bye to the woman he

journey was accomplished even at greater speed than the former. As General Brock neared the lower end of the village of Queenston, which at that time consisted of a few stone houses, day was near to breaking and by the slightly increased light he saw at a glance the entire scene of trouble.

IN THE MIST OF BATTLE.

Mighty shells were bursting around the redan on Queenston Heights, several battalions of troops floating in the river from the United States, were the

target for the large guns at the landing stage and even as the General looked he saw a shell burst against one of these and scatter its human contents into the rapidly rushing waters. The eighteen pounder on the redan, on Queenston Heights, was pouring volleys of murderous metal into Fort Grey, above Lewis-

prise to these soldiers and rode into the village. Here he was met with a ringing cheer from the men of the 49th, which he acknowledged in his usual modest manner, and rode out of the village toward the redan. This would allow of a survey toward the north. The gunners in the redan in-



According to accepted stories, Brock's body, on being brought to the store house, of which this is an interior illustration, was laid on the floor before the fire-plate.

ton, and below this fort were several more boat loads filled with members of the enemy's ranks who appeared somewhat timid about launching into the stream and exposing themselves to the fire of the large guns on the Queenston landing stage. Several boat loads of the enemy were being escorted by the roadway toward the village as prisoners of war and even as the General made a closer examination of the situation from his saddle a small company of prisoners passed him under the care of five Canadian troopers and an officer. General Brock spoke a few words of

formed him that one or two boatloads of the enemy had landed and were concealed somewhere in the bushes by the river bank; he noticed that one or two boatloads had gained the landing stage and that the Canadian gunners had withdrawn into the thicket in preparation of firing on the landed enemy. He pronounced the situation favorable in the extreme and turned to give a few words of encouragement to the gunners when a badly directed shower of bullets, fired from the rear, whistled over the redan.

The redan gun was about to be re-

loaded by its eight attendants, but the general, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered it spiked and the artillerymen to retreat down the slope with all possible speed. This was quickly accomplished and before the enemy had time to reload their muskets the party of nine rushed down the slippery heights, General Brock being last in the procession. They were soon out of range of the enemy, who, by this time were in possession of the redan and as the General and party looked up the hill they could see marked evidence of the disappointment of the troopsmen when the spiked gun was discovered.

ATTACKING THE HEIGHTS.

A few troopers and officers had joined the little group on the edge of the village, among whom were Macdonnell and Glegg. Turning to an officer mounted on a fleet-footed horse, General Brock ordered him to ride swiftly to Fort George and instruct Major Evans to wreck the fort on the other side of the river and send every available man to him at once. "Now my lads," he shouted to the group that was fast increasing around him and now numbered seventy, "I have heard of your splendid work this morning and



Monument which marks the spot near which Brock fell while advancing to repel the landing enemy.

This was a time when the quick-thinking brain of General Brock would be given ample scope for its adaptation to so serious a situation, for as the enemy at Lewiston saw the Stars and Stripes float out over the redan they began to fill the awaiting boats and row across the river in a vast body.

the trying time you have had. Now, as you know a large body of the enemy has stolen a march on us, by climbing over the cliff above the redan. It is our duty to retake the gun and drive those men in the redan back over the cliff by which they came. The footing is slippery, so use all the shelter that



Site of the Redan at Queenston Heights.

you can, and when you get the order to fire, shoot low and then charge bayonets and we have them. There is a foreign flag above the redan and a British gun. It must not stay there. All ready, follow me on the double. Forward!" and with a hearty cheer for this gallant man, the little party started up the hill.

From rock and crag, from log end wall, and from fence and furrow the party steadily advanced against the rapid fire from the enemy on the hill, General Brock in the lead waving his sword above his head and shouting words of encouragement to the volunteers behind. As the rise became steeper the firing became more acute, and as the brow of the second hill, just by the wire enclosure, was reached, the attacking party faltered. General Brock, feeling that he was alone, turned. "This is the first time that I have ever seen the 49th turn their backs, surely our record will not be tarnished now," he shouted, and the ranks again closed

in for the final charge. As they had momentarily looked down the height and had seen the course of the long, hard climb, many of them, including the general himself, became aware of the vast beauty of the scene that may be observed from this point, and also that reinforcements were coming up rapidly behind them.

BROCK'S HEROIC DEATH.

One or two of the officers who had reached Brock's side spoke a few words of warning to him regarding the manner in which he was exposing himself to the sights of the enemy's muskets. "Sir," quickly responded the gallant general, "I am leading this charge and will remain in the lead until we reach our goal. Should I fall there are others who will take my place." The officers received this statement with a salute and took their places on the outflank.

They were getting to close quarters now and the redan lay less than a hun-

dred yards ahead. A deflected bullet struck the General on the wrist, but he checked the flow of blood with his kerchief and again waved his sword to show his indifference. He called out to reserve fire and rush the enemy, when a scout stepped out from a thorn bush and fired directly at him. Several of the 49th noticed the foul deed but owing to the slippery footing could not shoulder their muskets in time to make prevention. The bullet struck the General on the chest, tore an ugly, gaping wound through his body close to the heart, and he fell backwards on the wet ground. "My fell must not be noticed by my brave companions," he softly said to the two officers that held up his head. "They must push on to victory. Tell my sisters—that!" and he expired with the unspoken message on his lips.

It was a foul murder and worthy only of a fouler ruffian. The General was without firearms and the marksmen deliberately fired at his victim, hiding in the shelter of a thorn bush in an equally deliberate manner.

For a short space the General's body lay where it had fallen, by the large stone that now marks the spot. Even the enemy in the redan was palled by this deed and firing ceased for a sufficient time to allow Brock's followers to tenderly pick up the corpse and carry it down to a stone house, now in ruins, where lived Canada's future heroine, Laura Secord, and wrapping the remains in a blanket, lay them on the floor before the fireplace.

BRITISH ARMS TRIUMPH.

It was a dismal company that met the reinforcements outside the door of this little house and Macdonell, who had witnessed the entire sad drama from below, ordered the defeated party to close in behind his band for a second assault on the heights. But as he looked up and saw hundreds of reinforcements from Lewiston adding to the numbers of the enemy about the redan, he acted on the advice of Dennis and

the entire party withdrew to the far end of Queenston. Many plans were here discussed and at length Macdonell stepped out to the head of the party and shouting "Revenge the General!" ordered the entire party to follow him up the heights. They reached within thirty yards of the redan before firing. The volley wrought havoc among the enemy and gave the attacking party a chance to lock bayonets with the enemy around the eighteen pounder in the redan. Reinforcements, however, arrived for the enemy and the second charge ended similar to the first with the exception that Colonel Macdonell was carried down the hill in a dying condition instead of, as in the case of General Brock, a corpse. The command now fell upon the shoulders of Officer Dennis, who, with his handful of followers remained under shelter until two in the afternoon, when reinforcements from Fort George arrived.

The first sight of the reinforcements was discouraging to this little body owing to the absence of Indians, but Captain Doremy provoked a real British cheer when he imparted the information that one hundred and twenty Mohawks were already in the rear of the enemy awaiting a signal to advance and that General Sheaffe was rapidly approaching the redan from the west. With lighter hearts the band again started up the heights for a third charge.

The enemy was greatly strengthened, but many of the Americans waited with considerable admiration the coming of this little band who were entering their third skirmish. But regrets or admimations were of no avail, for as the attacking party neared the heights the Indians broke from their hiding place in conjunction with the charge from the west. The enemy fled to the east, the only portion of the battlefield that was not presenting British muskets, and thus ended the battle of Queenston Heights on the thirteenth of October, one hundred years ago, since which time no foreign flag has floated over this historic ground.

The Ultimate Solution

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

"WANTED—A respectable party, lady preferred, who knows something about philately, to act as private secretary. Fair salary. Apply to Mr. Hargreaves, Eucalyptus Grove, Santa Cruz."

"I suppose there must be dozens of people applying for the position," Lillian Eldridge mused, as with newspaper clipping in hand she pushed open the heavy wooden gate and went nervously up the broad, well kept path leading to the large gabled house, well surrounded by trees, and to which a garage in the rear, whose doors were wide open, exposing to view a big touring car, lent an added air of obvious opulence.

"Perhaps I may be one of the first to answer it in person," she continued musingly. "Oh, I do hope so! There can't be one in a thousand who knows as much about philately as I do, for not many make a hobby of collecting postage stamps. If I only get the chance of speaking to this Mr. Hargreaves I know he'll find that I know pretty well everything about every postage stamp that was ever issued. Probably more than he does himself."

Which was very likely to be true, for she had been her crippled father's sole helper in his absorbing hobby, and he had justly prided himself that his collection was one of the finest in the country.

In the terrible earthquake and fire which devastated San Francisco, his house, himself, and all that belonged to him had perished on that fateful morning, with the exception of his only daughter, Lillian, who, luckily, happened to be passing the night with a girl friend in a more fortunate part of the city.

A few hundred dollars, on deposit in a savings bank, was the only remnant

of his once comfortable fortune and all that Lillian could rely upon for future support. The bank officials sympathized with her, kindly allowed her to draw out the sum and she instantly busied herself to find something that she could do to earn an honorable living.

The advertisement, aforementioned, had caught her eye and she had hastened to Santa Cruz to answer it in person.

With a nervous hand she pressed the button at the side of the door and almost repented of her temerity in seeking the position on hearing the answering tinkle of the bell, for this was her first effort of the kind and she was fearful of what she could or should not say at the coming interview. She was not kept long in suspense, however, for less than a minute the door was opened with a flourish by a tall, sombre looking butler of advanced middle age. He was unmistakably an Englishman, pompous in manner and his solemn, haughty countenance adorned with long, pointed side whiskers, commonly known as "Dundrearys."

He swept the girl from top to toe with a questioning glance, and on her timidly extending the newspaper clipping and stating the cause of her advent he condescended to open the door to its fullest extent.

"Oh! Ah, Yes," he said, with what he considered to be the proper amount of deference to one who might perchance be a future inmate of the household. "Quite so. This way, please. Mr. Hargreaves is in the library."

Lillian followed him across the hall, and entered the door, which, after a gentle rap, the butler had opened.

"A lady, Sir, in answer to the 'ad'"

he announced in forceful tones, and instantly withdrew, closing the door behind him.

The room into which she was ushered was large and solidly furnished, whilst around the walls high book shelves filled with leather bound volumes denoted the sanctum of an enthusiastic reader. At the far end of the room was a glass door, open, leading into the garden and through which the gentle summer sea breeze was being agreeably wafted. Seated at a table to the right of the glass door, with his back towards her and apparently busily engrossed in writing, was a figure of a gentleman in black whose bowed and bald head was scantily fringed with snow white hair.

The girl stood timidly for the space of a full minute and then advanced timidly into the room, waiting patiently for the old gentleman to finish whatever was absorbing him so closely and then coughed slightly to attract his attention. He made no responsive movement, nor showed in any way that he was aware of her presence, so she approached closer to his chair and coughed a little louder, repeating the appeal for recognition several times.

Still he made no stir with either head or body and feeling vaguely alarmed Lillian made a slight detour towards the glass door, thus bringing her to face the rigid figure in the chair.

His arms, she noticed, were stretched in front of him across the table and his face was resting upon it, so she surmised that he must have fallen asleep over his work and thought it better to withdraw without disturbing him and to inform the butler that she would wait until he awoke.

She passed behind his chair to make her exit, when her eyes alighted upon a small object that froze her to the spot.

It was the handle of a knife or dagger, of black ebony, jutting out from between the shoulder blades of the black coated old man, and which harmonized so well with the tone of the coat that it had escaped her immediate attention.

She peered fearfully at the face resting on the table and saw that it was

ashen gray and distorted as with a sudden terror, whilst from the rigidly parted lips, there issued a small red stream, still flowing; so, she instantly surmised, the knife thrust must have been very recently delivered.

She turned to the door to call loudly for assistance and then realized with horror that she was on the scene of a gruesome assault, perhaps a murder and, more likely than not, would be herself accused of it. There was no obvious evidence of the crime when she had been ushered into the room, her nervous manner would be commented on by the butler, and she had been left entirely alone with the victim!

The glass door stood invitingly open and directly upon a garden path, leading, as she could see, to a side gate and the road beyond, and after a hasty glance, which swept the garden, she was satisfied that there was not a soul in sight. With her heart palpitating with a nameless terror, she slipped through the door and borne by the wings of fear had gained the gate and was several hundred yards up the road before sheer want of breath caused her to break into a walk. She did not pause, realizing that now that she had taken the step she had, that suspicion of the dreadful crime was bound to fall upon her and the greater the distance she placed between herself and that house of ill-omen, the better it would be for her in every way.

She had brought no baggage with her to Santa Cruz, for, in case she had been successful in her mission she had intended to return to San Francisco and secure her few belongings which she had left at a temporary lodging, but the few hundred dollars which constituted her whole fortune, she carried on her person, in a little chamois purse, cunningly sewn to and secreted beneath the bosom of her shirt waist.

As far as her eye could see, the road was bare, so the chances were that her headlong flight had not been noticed, but she knew that her presence, alone on the broad road, was likely to be remarked by any passing car or automobile and herself, maybe, recognized later, so she branched off at the first lone way she came to, and seeing a car line

at a short distance across some fields, she skirted them by the side of a sheltering hedge and somewhat relieved at last, brought herself to a halt and awaited the first passing car.

She was not sorry to find that it was on its way from, and not, to the town, as she had feared the telephone connection and arrest on reaching Santa Cruz, and now she had every chance of halting pursuit.

It was a short line car she had boarded and carried her only as far as the picnicking grounds at Twin Lakes, but by traversing a short block she found herself on the beach road and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hailing a car that carried her to the pretty resort of Capitola.

On enquiring at the depot she found that a train for San Francisco would leave in about an hour, so she passed the period in a small restaurant and satisfied her hunger, then boarded the train and landed without mishap, four hours later, back in San Francisco.

Intuitively knowing that the supposed author of the crime would be immediately searched for along the Pacific Coast, she decided to make a far flitting, and having all her life had a longing to visit the glittering thoroughfares of New York and having no ties to bind her to the city by the Golden Gate, she decided to essay her fortune in the big metropolis.

She hastened at once to a booking office and purchased a ticket and then hurried to her lodging and secured her belongings. In less than an hour she was at the station and happily installed in a train that was on the verge of pulling out.

A sickening sense of fear assailed her as she entered the depot on hearing the howling newboys crying the inviting details of "A horrible murder in Santa Cruz!" and she thought an evening paper, but could not bring herself to glance at it until her train was some miles on its journey.

It was then she realized that she had indeed done wisely in escaping from the house as she had, for the crime had, on the butler's evidence, been, naturally, immediately fastened on the girl whom

he had ushered into the room shortly before the discovery of the murder.

The paper stated that the knife had reached the old gentleman's heart, and wonder was expressed that such a terrific thrust should have been delivered by such a slim young girl as the butler had described.

The chauffeur, from the garage window, it appears, had seen her enter the house, but no one had seen her leaving it, though it was naturally surmised she had stopped through the open glass door and so escaped. It was aptly described as an extraordinary mystery and would require a good deal of solving at the hands of the local police.

Lillian thought so, too, if by her presence at the house was the only clue that was to be followed, and her mental attempts at the unraveling of the mystery kept her thoughtfully busy until she reached New York.

To a girl with Lillian's appearance and persistency, the obtaining of a position was not difficult and three weeks later she found herself on board an Atlantic liner bound for Europe as companion to an old lady, who was contemplating a lengthy stay in Switzerland.

Mrs. Elmendorf was an able woman of the world, and a traveled New Yorker, in affluent circumstances and of wide acquaintance, so Lillian was soon in a vortex of society utterly strange, but delightfully pleasant. Her employer had taken a sincere liking to her from the start and treated her more as a protégée than as a paid companion and few, if any, at the Pension Beau Sejour in which they had located themselves at their arrival at Lausanne, knew the true position in which she stood.

The old lady saw to it that she had a suitable wardrobe and at the hotel dances, which occurred twice a week, Lillian made as brave a showing as any girl in the ballroom and never lacked for partners. Thoroughly American, as she was, the many foreigners to whom she was introduced found little favor in her eyes, but there was a fair sprinkling of Americans and, amongst them, one to whom she drifted as ne-

tunately as if he had been snapped out to complete her existence.

Howard Montgomery was a Harvard graduate, bent on seeing all there was to be seen and tested in the Old World before settling down to earnest work in the only country he cared to claim as Home. They soon discovered that their tastes and viewpoints of life were in common after having satisfied themselves that their steps were suited in the dance and Mrs. Elmendorf lent herself readily to the budding romance and played the matchmaker to perfection. Having no children of her own she took as much interest in Lillian's "little affair," as she called it, as if she were her own daughter, and when she discovered that Howard was a young man of wealth and refinement she encouraged his presence in their daily outings and sundry excursions.

There is no spot on earth more conducive to healthy lovelinking than beautiful Lausanne and the adjacent shores of Lake Geneva, so it was not surprising that matters were brought quickly to a crisis and a wedding arranged for on their return to New York.

In the early fall they took their leave of Europe, Howard accompanying them, and Mrs. Elmendorf easily persuaded Lillian not to keep him in suspense and, of course, herself gave the bride away, having provided her with a befitting trousseau and a liberal cheque as a wedding gift.

It was not, however, until the first week of the honeymoon was nearly spent, and for which they had chosen a quiet village up the Hudson, that Lillian received the first terrifying shock since leaving the golden State of California. Her husband had announced that he was expecting a man servant, who had been for years in the employ of the uncle from whom he had inherited the bulk of his fortune; who was to act as his valet and afterwards as butler when they should settle down in their permanent home, and she was seated with Howard on the porch of the small hotel overlooking the river, after a plain but well cooked dinner, when a rig from the depot drove up and deposited the expected servant and his baggage.

"Yes, that's Skose," said Howard, peering through the gloom at the tall, pouponous figure struggling with a hag and suitcase to the side entrance to the hotel, and fortunately not noticing the strained expression of horror on the face of the bride, who had instantly recognized the drooping side whiskers as belonging to the man who had haunted her waking thoughts and fitful dreams and who was the very last person on earth she desired to meet.

It was the butler who had ushered her into the scene of the crime on that fateful morning eight months before.

By what extraordinary chance he should happen to have found himself in the employ of her husband she could not conjecture and what the consequences to herself would now be she dared not think. She steered herself as well as she could, however, and ventured a question as to where he had come from.

"Oh, haven't I told you?" answered Howard. "He was my Uncle's butler for years and was with him at the time he was killed. I have never told you about that, Lillian, as the whole thing was so dreadful. I hardly like to talk about it myself. He was awfully good to me after my father died. He was my mother's brother, you see, and he sort of adopted me and paid for my education and everything."

"I see," said Lillian, forcing a composure she was far from feeling. "And what happened?"

"He was stabbed, sitting in his chair in his library at Santa Cruz by a young girl who had gained an entrance under some pretext or other and who then made her escape by a door that was open and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. It's a most extraordinary mystery, because nobody suspected he had an enemy in the whole world."

"But, a young girl?" protested Lillian. "Surely no young girl would commit a crime like that! He wasn't robbed as well, was he?"

"No, nothing touched, so far as we know. Of course there may have been some circumstance in his past life which I never heard of and which

might have led to an act of revenge. He was an old man and had quite a career. He was an Englishman and was an officer in the English army before he came to this country with his sister, who was my mother."

"Oh, then, you're half English," said Lillian, taxing her brain afresh for some solution to the mystery, and dreading more each moment the coming meeting with the butler.

"Yes, on my mother's side, but my father's people were New Yorkers from away back. Old uncle Hargreaves bought a lot of real estate in California and did pretty well on the whole. Now, I don't want you to get any silly notions in your head about the mystery, dear, because I'm going to take you to Santa Cruz for a few months and—"

"S-S-Santa Cruz!" interjected the bride, trembling. "Where the—the—"

"Yes, but you mustn't let your mind dwell on that. Ah, here is Skose, now!"

Lillian gripped the arms of her rocker as the tall figure skirted round the pillars of the porch and greeted his employer with a deferential bow, and then raising his eyes, in so far as the dim light permitted, covertly scrutinized the new mistress of the household.

"This is Mrs. Montgomery, Skose," said Howard, by way of introduction, after he had enquired after the butler's health and the details of his journey. "I have just been telling her that when we have traveled 'round a few weeks I am going to take her for a stay in Santa Cruz. I have given her to understand what a good butler you are, too."

"Thank you, Sir," the man replied obsequiously, backing away to relieve them of his presence, with a puzzled expression on his face which Lillian was quick to note.

Would he recognize her? And if he did, what would he do? Or even if he did see a more than strong resemblance in his master's bride, would he not argue that such resemblance was but purely accidental and that not within the bounds of probability or possibility could she be the girl who, he must surely be convinced was the perpetrator of that dreadful crime?

She decided to dress her hair differ-

ently, at any rate, and to alter her appearance as far as lay in her power and trust to daily association to obliterate any such doubt or suspicion he might at first experience, but her honeymoon was completely spoiled, of that she was sure, and every moment that Howard, whom she loved dearly, should be alone with his butler, would, she knew, be fraught with danger, though she felt assured that her husband would not credit such a tale as he would have to tell, and Skose could bring forward no evidence.

As she reviewed the state of affairs, whilst replying at random to Howard's remarks, she reasoned that it was not too hopeless, and ere she retired to bed had made up her mind to carry herself bravely and to meet the butler on the morrow with as calm a manner as her innocence warranted. No matter what he might or might not think, she had done no wrong, so why should she fear him?

In broad daylight she met him the next morning as she was issuing from her room with Howard and returned his salutation coolly and graciously, but she could see that he was sorely puzzled and was staring after her, and she descended the stairs, with a thoroughly bewildered expression.

She schooled herself to meet her husband daily as if nothing was on her mind and though she was suffering tortures she never allowed him to suspect for a moment the severe strain to which she was being subjected. In fact so well did she carry out her line of action that she was practically satisfied at the end of the two weeks that followed; which they spent in traveling about and visiting various points of interest; that any suspicion the butler may have held, had been allayed, for he had made no move.

So, it was with more or less a feeling of assurance that she faced the journey across the continent to California when Howard decided to take her there to settle down for some months, so that he could devote necessary time in looking after the real estate interests bequeathed to him by his uncle, and in due course she found herself once more entering

the house from which she had made such an unexpected and undignified exit.

It was but natural, of course, that she should experience trepidation on entering the library, but that soon wore off, and in two or three days she entered it as freely as any room in the house and found much delight in scanning its well filled bookshelves.

She was beginning to feel quite secure and had banished all thought of danger from her mind, but that was more or less due to the fact that Howard was always within call, but on the fifth morning after their arrival he had to go into Santa Cruz on business and as it was raining heavily she elected not to accompany him.

The most cheery and cosy room in the house was the library, and when he had taken his departure, she returned to it and was preparing for a comfortable reading when the door opened and Skose entered without knocking and closed the door deliberately behind him. Utterly taken aback, she stared at him from the window seat she had chosen, but could form no demand with her lips as to why he had entered so unceremoniously.

There was no need for putting a question to him, however, for he advanced to where she sat and stood menacingly before her.

"I suppose you know what I have come to talk about?" he queried, in a tone far different from the respectful one he had hitherto employed when addressing her. Lillian gripped her book with both hands and bravely met his gaze.

"No," she replied curtly. "What is it?"

"You know," he retorted, "and there's no good pretendin' you don't. You thought I didn't recognize you or, maybe, thought I wasn't quite sure, but I knew you again the minute I set my eyes on you."

Lillian assumed a bewildered and indignant expression and rose from her chair.

"I don't know what on earth you are driving at, Skose, and I don't like your

attitude at all. Please explain yourself."

"Aw, go on," he answered rudely. "What's the use of trying to fool me? You're the same lady that I let into this room just before the old gentleman was killed and that was looked for everywhere. I ain't such a fool as not to know you when I see you again."

"How dare you?" cried Lillian, with well simulated indignation. "Do you know what you are trying to insinuate? Why, you must be crazy!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," he declared firmly. "You're the party all right. I ain't forgotten you, so, don't think it! I don't know where you went to after you left here, or how you come to marry Mr. Montgomery, but you're the young lady that's wanted by the police and that I'm ready to swear to in a court of law."

"Oh, is that so?" she returned disdainfully. "You may, of course, imagine you see some resemblance to the person you think I am, but you have absolutely no proof."

"Oh, 'aven't I?" he replied, slipping his hand to a breast pocket and deftly extracting an envelope. "I suppose you thought you didn't leave no clue, but I found this, where you dropped it, near the window there," and opening the envelope he drew forth a small crumpled handkerchief.

Lillian shivered involuntarily and the room seemed to sway under her feet. "That's nothing," she argued bravely. "A handkerchief might belong to anybody."

"Yes, but 'ow about the h'initials?" queried the Englishman, with a satisfied leer. "I ain't everyone has I. E. on their 'ankerchiefs, and them h'initials was yours before you became Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Lillian h'Eldridge was your name and this 'ere 'ankerchief is all the proof the police'll want. 'Ow about that?"

"The—the—the police?" stammered Lillian.

"That's what I said. The police. I've only got to tell 'em what I know, and you're being married to Mr. Montgomery fifty times over won't save you."

The girl's knees trembled and her face blanched. "Oh!" she ejaculated, and stared blankly at her accuser.

She was so stunned to think, but she duly realized the frightful error she had made in not summoning the household when she had made the gruesome discovery that afternoon and trusting to rightful methods to have proved her innocence. Now, her stealthy flight could but be construed to her guilt and no argument on her part would be believed. She had woven a chain of evidence around herself that it would be well nigh impossible to break.

And then, her husband! The deception she had practiced on him was brought home to her with full force. The whole outlook was terrifying.

The butler placed the handkerchief back into the envelope and returned it to his pocket.

"So, you see, I've got you," he continued grimly. "I've got you in the 'ollow of my 'and. Now, if I turns you over to the police, which I ought to do, it won't do me no good, and I should lose my place, of course. I've looked at it from all sides, and I'm going to make a proposition which you can take or leave, as you like."

"A—A proposition?" faltered, Lillian, as he came to a pause. The butler approached closer and brought his tones to a whisper.

"Yes, and one that you'll 'ave to agree to, or I'll go straight to the police this minute. If you give me five hundred dollars, I'll keep my mouth shut. I won't say a word."

"F—Five hundred dollars?" echoed the bride weakly.

"Yes, no more and no less. If you haven't got it, you can get it from Mr. Montgomery, if you give 'im a good excuse. If you don't, of course you can take the consequences, and you know what that means?" The chair.

"The chair?" faltered Lillian.

"Wh—what's that?"

"It's what the uses instead of 'anging 'em in this State," returned the butler brutally. "It's 'orrible."

The poor girl shuddered and panic-stricken she consented to his terms,

which fortunately were easy, as she was in ample funds, owing largely to Mrs. Elsenodorf's substantial wedding gift and her husband's liberality. She immediately gave a check, payable to "bearer," for the stipulated amount, but failed to secure the handkerchief from him in return, and he was obdurate to all her pleadings.

For this she was soon made to suffer, for, once having made sure of his ground, he returned again and again and repeated threats, each time increasing his demands, and it was not before long that she was driven to drawing on her husband to meet them.

Her waking moments were torture, for she dreaded the frequent approaches of the butler, and she dared not let Howard suspect that she was suffering, whilst her dreams were more fitful nightmares, so it is little wonder that she commenced to lose considerably in weight and took little pleasure in going beyond the confines of the house.

The library held a peculiar fascination for her and the greater part of the day, when alone, she spent in delving into rare volumes and poring over the wonderful collection of postage stamps, bequeathed to his nephew by the late owner of the property. The books of the popular authors she did not trouble, for she had read most of them, so the bookshelves devoted to their occupancy were for many weeks untouched. One morning, however, she turned to them, without much enthusiasm, and extracted some volumes of Dickens, more for the sake of looking at the quaint old prints than to study their pages, and had perused several in this cursory manner, when she met with an unexpected surprise.

In her hand she held the leather bound cover of David Copperfield, but within its folds reposed, not the well known story or steel engravings of the immortal Micawber, but a carefully penned diary of the late John Edward Hargreaves, which appeared to cover the period of many years.

This was indeed, a find, and taking it to her room she read and read on, devouring each page with frantic interest until the gong sounded for lunch

and the return of Howard from his morning's work warned her to stop, but it was indeed a radiant face that greeted him when he entered the room, and the tears that welled from her eyes and coursed down her pale cheeks, as she clasped her arms around his neck, were not the tears of sorrow.

The call to luncheon went unheeded and three times did Skose have to sound the gong impatiently before they appeared, for Lillian's excited and feverish explanation of the result of her findings in the diary required some little time.

The butler was quite unconscious of the cause of their delay nor were his suspicions aroused when Howard left the table to seek the telephone in the little room off the hallway.

If he had overheard the communication which immediately took place, however, it is doubtful whether his demeanor would have remained so calm or the glances directed at the mistress of the household so sneeringly threatening.

The meal was hardly finished when a natty machine dashed up the drive, containing two stalwart men in uniform, and when Skose opened the door in answer to the impatient ringing, he found confronting him no less a personage than the Captain of Police of the town of Santa Cruz.

Howard briskly entered the hall and greeted the hurly captain, then turned and pointed an accusing finger at his butler.

"That's him," he announced curtly.

The officer promptly stretched out an arm and before the astounded and terror-stricken servant had brought his senses to a focus he felt a grip of steel that pinioned him against the doorway. In answer to a call the patrolman hurried from the machine and took the butler from his chief's hands, and, then, at Howard's request, escorted him to the library, where Lillian was anxiously awaiting their appearance.

* * *

"Now, I don't want to prosecute the man if by any possibility it can be avoided," said Howard, after a two

hour's cross-examination of both his wife and servant and a close perusal of the murdered man's diary. "We have got from his trunk the three thousand dollars which he took from my wife and, of course, I shall discharge him. There are not many people who employ a butler in these parts, so he'll have a hard time. There is no doubt but that he honestly believed Mrs. Montgomery was guilty and so he committed another felony by not exposing her. He black-mailed her instead."

"Yes that's it," said the Captain of Police, grimly. "We've got him on the two counts."

"Yes, I know," said Howard. "But all the same I'd much prefer to see him go free. My wife's name will be dragged into the papers and all the world will be made to know that she was suspected of the crime. As it is the discovery of this diary and the mysterious disappearance of that little wooden god explains everything. It's funny we never missed it before."

The Captain of the Police turned to the butler. "Didn't you notice it was gone?" he queried sternly.

"No, Sir," replied Skose, all his pomposity sadly lacking and his drooping whiskers looking comically lugubrious. "It was there so long amongst all them other 'ornaments on the bracket that I never took no stock of it. I never thought to look for no clues, Sir, 'cause I was so sure the young lady had done it."

"Yes, you see we had no inkling of the real perpetrator of the crime," interjected Howard. "As you can see from the diary, my uncle's life was attempted at least five or six times and it must have been his love of danger that made him hold on to that little god."

"Yes, for more than thirty years, according to his own account," said the Captain. "He had got all right."

"Those Hindus must be dreadful people," said Lillian, shuddering. "To think of their following him all over the world in order to get their revenge! It doesn't seem possible."

"You must remember they considered it a very serious crime," Howard informed her gravely. "Of course he

was only a young officer in the army and thought it a huge joke at the time. There's no doubt if they'd caught him when he was swiping that little god from the temple they would have killed him then. As it was they never lost sight of him."

"It's funny your uncle never told you anything about it, Howard," said Lillian, looking happier now, than she had for months past.

"He was afraid of scaring me, I guess. You say you remember seeing a Hindu around the town about that time?" queried Howard turning to the Captain of the Police.

"Yes, two of 'em. They didn't wear turbans or any queer sort of clothes, and I thought they were Chinamen at first, but now that I come to think of them I can see they were Hindu's all right. So you want me to let this fellow go, do you?" The Captain demanded, with a holler. "Oh, yes; please," urged Lillian, placing her hand on the officer's braided sleeve. "I don't want to be dragged into the papers, and he will be

punished enough by losing a good place like this. Please. Please let him go, Captain!"

The guardian of the Police pondered the question deeply for a minute, surveying Skose closely with an unkindly eye.

"All right, Ma'am," he cried, at last, and then motioned to his subordinate. "Here, take him to his room and make him pack his trunk. We'll take him to the depot and see that he ships himself to San Francisco, and mind this," he added, addressing the trembling servant, "if you're ever found putting your foot inside this township again you'll be brought straight to me, and if you are, I swear by those whiskers of yours that you'll be the sorriest man in California."

The patrolman led the crest-fallen Englishman from the room and Lillian heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked up at the police captain and gratefully seized one of his hands in both of hers.

"Thank you," she cried.

THE COMMUNITY AS A SILENT PARTNER

Most successful men are apt to think that their fortunes have been built up wholly by their own skill and management; but the fact is, it is the people, the community, that make most fortunes possible. If New York had remained a village, the Astors and many other millionaires could not have made their fortunes out of real estate. It was the growth of New York that made a great many vast fortunes possible, not the skill of individuals. The people are partners. It is the same with the railroads. The settling up of the country made the vast railroad fortunes possible. Indeed, the only way a man can make a fortune is by partnership of the community, the partnership of the people. If Chicago had remained a little straggling Indian village, as it was seventy-five years ago, many great fortunes of its residents could not have been possible.

Women and Their Novels

DOES THE WOMAN WRITER POSSESS A MORBID LOVE OF THE UNWHOLESOME, AND DO WOMEN READERS DEMAND THAT TYPE?—A CHARGE AND A DEFENCE

By H. B. Mortimer

What sort of novels do women readers like best? It has been said, and apparently with truth, that they themselves can best answer the question. But now comes the rather startling announcement that women writers—who are supposed to typify their class and cater particularly to women readers—possess to a greater degree than do men a morbid love of the unclean and unwholesome. The problem therefore grows in interest. What sort of novels do most women like best?

A WELL known writer has recently made the startling and somewhat daring assertion that women novelists seem to possess a "morbidity love of the unclean." As to how far this is true the writer goes on to state that the output of British novels is from two to three thousand annually; that thirty per cent. of these are written by women, and that at least half of that thirty per cent. deal with unwholesome subjects.

Obviously the mistake the writer makes is to attack women novelists as a whole. Surely the type of women who produce unclean and unwholesome books are a type to themselves? Many of the best books that have ever been published have been written by women. What book could be more inspiring than, for instance, "John Halifax, Gentleman"? But good and exceptional novels written by women are so numerous that references are unnecessary. There are many phases of life with which women are far more capable of dealing exhaustively than men.

It is manifestly unfair to make an accusation which involves a mass or body of people. That the majority of unpleasant books that are published are

written by women, that these books reflect a certain unhealthiness which seems peculiar to the feminine mind is beyond argument, but surely it is a certain type of feminine which they reflect rather than the feminine mind as a whole? While there are unpleasant people in the world there will ever be unpleasant books. To say that the minds of women writers are, as a rule, unwholesome and unclean, and that the books written by them go to prove it, is an assertion no reasonable man or woman would tolerate in silence.

DECADENCE OF UNWHOLESOMENESS.

We must admit that the percentage of women writers who deal with unwholesome and unclean subjects is far greater than the percentage of men writers who produce such work. In the majority of cases it is unnecessary with these books to glance at the fly leaf to learn that a woman is responsible. The unwholesomeness is clearly feminine unwholesomeness, and probably no male writer could attain just the same effect.

During the last decade more unwholesome and unclean novels have been

turned out than during any decade previously. Glancing through these books, however, we find that half a dozen present day authoresses are largely responsible. That these women are a disgrace to their sex, and further that they are a disgrace to a profession which at one time was considered one of the highest and most honorable, there are hundreds of women writers only too ready to agree.

The harm that can be done by an unwholesome or unclean novel is indeed unlimited. One book of a particular type which "takes hold" is sure to be followed by other books of a similar type. The demand for such literature is to-day greater than ever before, and it is deplorable to note that the people who support and encourage it are mostly women readers. Recently several novels have been recommended to me by women as good and exceptional novels. Exceptional, indeed, the majority of these books are, but they belonged to the same class. Though not equally bad books, they have an unclean atmosphere about them. The sentiments are unreal; the characters hysterical or deplorably mailed, while in some cases the sole object of the book seems to have been to illustrate some phase of life which would be better left alone. Surely, then, the fault lies not only with the woman writer but with the woman reader—that vast multitude of women who accept, with open arms, the sensational and so-called dramatic love story?

I do not believe that women as a whole, both writers and readers, possess "a morbid love of the unclean,"—any more than I believe that the young girl, who aspires to become an authoress, possesses a natural taste for this particular style of literature. Writers and readers are to a large extent what the publishers have made them, and journalists to-day is not as it was twenty years ago—thanks to certain Hosses whose wealth and power have enabled them to partially control the market. To these Hosses journalism is a mere huckstering trade, concerned only in what will sell at the greatest profit.

PUBLISHERS ARE BLAMED.

The young authoress, craving for success, is compelled to conform to the demands of the publishers. She learns, at an early stage, that the ordinary love story will not sell—that if she is to succeed her writings must have some distinguishing feature. Naturally, for new inspiration, she turns to the works of those who have already met with success.

It is in this frame of mind, then, that the morbid and unwholesome appeals to her; and unwholesome thoughts cannot for long retain possession of the mind without introducing the unclean.

Thus, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred the undesirable novel comes into existence. It is not, in the first place, that the woman writer possesses "a morbid love of the unclean." At an early stage in her career she learned that she must search out the sensational, and if she were to succeed, and had she followed her own inspirations she would have turned out better and higher work.

It cannot be denied that, at the age of twenty and thereabout—and it is at this age that writers are made or marred—the feminine mind is more susceptible to the influence of environment than the male mind. That the girl reader dwells more upon the novels that she reads than the boy reader—that the morbid and sensational makes a more lasting impression upon her, we all know to every Editor and sub-Editor who has to deal with the work of both sexes. Few young authors are strictly original; most of them are guilty of plagiarism; and that the majority of first novels published by women are drawn from unwholesome or unclean works goes to prove how great an impression these works have made upon them.

The style of literature that appeals to the boy reader is entirely different. Whereas the morbid and unclean appear, in many cases, to appeal most strongly to the girl, it is the exciting and drastic that appeal most strongly to the boy. Bad literature may land him in the Criminal Courts, it may drag him eventually to the gallows, but it

will not, at any rate make a novelist of him.

I do not believe that fifty per cent. of the women novelists are unwholesome in mind. I believe that many of them, who write unpleasant books, could equally well write pleasant ones. That so many of them are women, of good education and refined tastes, and further that many of their earlier works which were never published were of a cleaner and higher nature, goes to prove that influence rather than disposition is responsible for the evil. Here is a pitiable example:

A short time ago a well dressed woman was arrested in London for being in a drunken and inebriate condition. At her trial it was discovered that she was an authoress, employed by a firm of publishers who have since, fortunately, retired from business. Her "style," was highly sensational fiction, and in a public court this woman frankly confessed that she could not meet the demands of the publishers unless in an inebriated state.

A few days later I procured a novel published by this firm—a cheap novel that held a prominent place on the news agent's stall, and which was doubtless selling readily to the servant girl class of reader. Having perused the first two chapters I did not hesitate a moment in accepting the woman's statement, but it was somewhat of a shock to learn, some weeks later, that the firm in question was controlled and partially owned by one of the best known publishing Hosses in the world!

Never before was the low class reader so liberally catered for as to-day. The penny novel has leapt into popularity. The majority of these and similar works are written by literary hacks—men and women who are paid at so low a rate that they are compelled to turn out an immense quantity of work in order to keep themselves going. To attain anything like a standard of interest they are forced to introduce far fetched and highly colored features which not only excite their own imaginations but those of their readers.

But though the penny novel may be unwholesome, it is not as a rule unclean.

That sort of work is left to the "high-class" publication—the book that is written with a so-called motive. Only the better class publishers dare attempt to intrude the unclean. That is the most hateful part about the whole business—to have this sort of thing dragged before us so tempered and intermingled with sentiment that to the weak-minded it appeals as powerful and sorrowful truth.

Apart from the sale of cheap literature, the demand for good and wholesome novels is to-day as great as ever it was. No writer is more popular than Dickens; no writer is more widely read or discussed with such love and enthusiasm. His work touches upon the truth and reality of everyday life, and not a little of its humor. That is why Dickens is loved, and so long as there are men and women in the world who live their lives as nature intended, such writers will continue to be loved. Ask any well read man or woman which is their favorite novel, and they are almost sure to mention one of the names of which is almost a household word—a book renowned for its purity and simple truth. It is years since they read it, perhaps, but it lives in their memory. The modern novel may have changed the tastes of a large percentage of the reading public, and even intellectual men will tell you that they cannot wade through the old books which at one time had so great a charm for them, but the love of the true and aspiring still remains.

What does the reading public really want? It wants books that get down to the very soul of things, just as it always did. Books in which it can taste the freedom of the prairies, or the wholesome gaieties of city life; books in which it can hear the laughter of little children, and now and then, perhaps, can feel the tears of those who care for them; outdoor books of the broad highways, and of real adventure, with quite a liberal smattering of real love.

It is a mistake to think that the tastes of the public have changed. They will never change so far as general motives are concerned.

The Venturers

By O. Henry

LET the story wreck itself on the spreading rails of the *Non Sequiter* Limited, if it will; first you must take your seat in the observation car "*Raison d'être*" for one moment. It is for no longer than to consider a brief essay on the subject—let us call it: "What's Around the Corner."

Omne mundus in duas partes divisa est—men who wear rubbers and pay poll-taxes, and men who discover new continents. There are no more continents to discover; but by the time overcoats are out of date and the poll has developed into an income tax, the other half will be paralleling the canals of Mars with radium railways.

Fortune, Chance, and Adventure are given as synonyms in the dictionaries. To the knowing each has a different meaning. Fortune is a prize to be won. Adventure is the road to it. Chance is what may lurk in the shadows at the roadside. The face of Fortune is radiant and alluring; that of Adventure flushed and heroic. The face of Chance is the beautiful countenance—perfect because vague and dream-born—that we see in our tea-cups at breakfast while we growl over our chop and toast.

The Venturer is one who keeps his eye on the hedgerows and wayside groves and meadows while he travels the road to Fortune. That is the difference between him and the Adventurer. Eating the forbidden fruit was the best record ever made by a Venturer. Trying to prove that it happened is the highest work of the Adventurer. To be either is disturbing to the cosmogony of creation. So, as bracket-sawed and city-directorized citizens, let us light our pipes, chide the children and the cat, arrange ourselves in the willow rocker under the flickering gas

jet at the coolest window and scan this little tale of two modern followers of Chance.

"Did you ever hear that story about the man from the West?" asked Billinger, in the little dark-room to your left as you penetrate the interior of the Powhatan Club.

"Doubtless," said John Reginald Forster, rising and leaving the room.

Forster got his straw hat (straws will be in and maybe out again long before this is printed) from the check-room boy, and walked out of the air (as Hamlet says). Billinger was used to having his stories insulted and would not mind. Forster was in his favorite mood and wanted to go away from anywhere. A man, in order to get on good terms with himself, must have his opinions corroborated and his moods matched by some one else. (I had written that "somebody," but an A. D. T. boy who once took a telegram for me pointed out that I could save money by using the compound word. This is a vice versa case.)

Forster's favorite mood was that of greedily desiring to be a follower of Chance. He was a Venturer by nature, but convention, birth, tradition and the narrowing influences of the tribe of Manhattan had denied him full privilege. He had trodden all the main-traveled thoroughfares and many of the side roads that are supposed to relieve the tedium of life. But none had sufficed. The reason was that he knew what was to be found at the end of every street. He knew from experience and logic almost precisely what end each digression from routine must lead. He found a depressing monotony in all the variations that the music of his sphere had grafted upon the tune of life. He

had not learned that, although the world was made round, the circle has been squared, and that its true interest is to be found in "What's Around the Corner."

Forster walked abroad aimlessly from the Powhatan, trying not to tax either his judgment or his desire as to what streets he traveled. He would have been glad to lose his way if it were possible; but he had no hope of that. Adventure and Fortune move at your beck and call in the Greater City; but Chance is oriental. She is a veiled lady in a sedan chair, protected by a special trained squad of dragomans. Cross-town, uptown, and downtown you may move without seeing her.

At the end of an hour's stroll, Forster stood on a corner of a broad, smooth avenue, looking disconsolately across it at a picturesque old hotel softly but brilliantly lit. Disconsolately, because he knew that he must dine; and dining in that hotel was no venture. It was one of his favorite caverns, and so silent and swift would be the service and so delicately choice the food, that he regretted the hunger that must be appeased by the "dead perfection" of the place's cuisine. Even the music there seemed to be always playing *de capo*.

Fancy came to him that he would dine at some cheap, even dubious, restaurant lower down in the city, where the erratic chefs from all countries of the world spread their national cookery for the omnivorous American. Something might happen there out of the routine—he might come upon a subject without a predicate, a road without an end, a question without an answer, a cause without an effect, a gulf stream in life's salt ocean. He had not dressed for evening; he wore a dark business suit that would not be questioned even where the waiters served the spaghetti in their shirt sleeves.

So John Reginald Forster began to search his clothes for money; because the more cheaply you dine, the more surely must you pay. All of the thirteen pockets, large and small, of his business suit he explored carefully and found not a penny. His bank book

showed a balance of five figures to his credit in the Old Ironsides Trust Company, but—

Forster became aware of a man nearby at his left hand who was really regarding him with some amusement. He looked like any business man of thirty or so, neatly dressed and standing in the attitude of one waiting for a street car. But there was no car line on that avenue. So his proximity and unconcealed curiosity seemed to Forster to partake of the nature of a personal intrusion. But, as he was a consistent seeker after "What's Around the Corner," instead of manifesting resentment he only turned a half-embarrassed smile upon the other's grin of amusement.

"All in?" asked the intruder, drawing nearer.

"Seems so," said Forster. "Now, I thought there was a dollar in—"

"Oh, I know," said the other man, with a laugh. "But there wasn't. I've just been through the same process myself, as I was coming around the corner. I found in an upper vest pocket—I don't know how they got there—exactly two pennies. You know what kind of a dinner exactly two pennies will buy?"

"You haven't dined, then?" asked Forster.

"I have not. But I would like to. Now, I'll make you a proposition. You look like a man who would take up one. Your clothes look neat and respectable. Examine personalities. I think mine will pass the scrutiny of a head waiter, also. Suppose we go over to that hotel and dine together. We will choose from the menu like millionaires—or, if you prefer, like gentlemen in moderate circumstances dining extravagantly for once. When we have finished we will match with my two pennies to see which of us will stand the brunt of the house's displeasure and vengeance. My name is Ives. I think we have lived in the same station of life—before our money took wings."

"You're on," said Forster, joyfully. Here was a venture at least within the borders of the mysterious country of Chance—anyhow, it promised some-

thing better than the stale infestivity of a table d'hôte.

The two were soon seated at a corner table in the hotel dining room. Ives chucked one of his pennies across the table to Forster.

"Match for which one of us gives the order," he said.

Forster lost.

Ives laughed and began to name liquids and viands to the waiter with the absorbed but calm deliberation of one who was to the menu born. Forster, listening, gave his admiring approval of the order.

"I am a man," said Ives, during the oysters, "who has made a lifetime search after the to-be-continued-in-or-next. I am not like the ordinary adventurer who strikes for a coveted prize. Nor yet am I like a gambler who knows he is either to win or lose a certain set stake. What I want is to encounter an adventure to which I can predict no conclusion. It is the breath of existence to me to dare Fate in its blindest manifestations. The world has come to run so much by rote and gravitation that you can enter upon hardly any foothold of chance in which you do not find signboards informing you of what you may expect at its end. I am like the clerk in the Circumlocution Office who always complained bitterly when any one came in to ask information.

"He wanted to know, you know" was the kick he made to fellow-clerks. Well, I don't want to know, I don't want to reason. I don't want to guess—I want to bet my hand without seeing it."

"I understand," said Forster delightedly. "I've often wanted the way I feel put into words. You've done it. I want to take chances on what's coming. Suppose we have a bottle of Moselle with the next course."

"Agreed," said Ives. "I'm glad you catch my idea. It will increase the animosity of the house toward the loser. If it does not wreny you, we will pursue the theme. Only a few times have I met a true venturer—one who does not ask a schedule and map from Fate when he begins a journey. But, as the world becomes more civilized and wiser,

the more difficult it is to come upon an adventure the end of which you cannot foresee. In the Elizabethan days you could assault the watch, wring kneecaps from doors and have a jolly set-to with the blades in any convenient angle of a wall and 'get away with it.' Nowadays, if you speak disrespectfully to a policeman, all that is left to the most romantic fancy is to conjecture in what particular police station he will land you."

"I know—I know," said Forster, nodding approval.

"I returned to New York to-day," continued Ives, "from a three-day's ramble around the globe. Things are not much better abroad than they are at home. The whole world seems to be overrun by conclusions. The only thing that interests me greatly is a premise. I've tried shooting big game in Africa. I know what an express rifle will do at so many yards; and when an elephant falls to the bullet, I enjoy it about as much as I did when I was kept in after school to do a sum in long division on the blackboard."

"I know—I know," said Forster.

"There might be something in aeroplanes," went on Ives, reflectively. "I've tried ballooning; but it seems to be merely a cut-and-dried affair of wind and ballast."

"Women," suggested Forster, with a smile.

"Three months ago," said Ives. "I was pottering around in one of the bazars in Constantinople. I noticed a lady, veiled, of course, but with a pair of especially fine eyes visible, who was examining some amber and pearl ornaments at one of the booths. With her was an attendant—a big Nubian, as black as coal. After a while this attendant drew nearer to me by degrees and slipped a scrap of paper into my hand. I looked at it when I got a chance. On it was scrawled hastily in pencil: 'The arched gate of the Nightingale Garden at nine to-night.' Does that appear to you to be an interesting premise, Mr. Forster?"

"Go on," said Forster eagerly.

"I made inquiries and learned that the Nightingale Garden was the property of an old Turk—a grand visier, or

something of the sort. Of course I prospected for the arched gate and was there at nine. The same Nubian attendant opened the gate promptly on time, and I went inside and sat on a bench by a perfumed fountain with the veiled lady. We had quite an extended chat. She was Myrtle Thompson, a lady journalist, who was writing up the Turkish harems for a Chicago newspaper. She said she noticed the New York cut of my clothes in the bazaar and wondered if I couldn't work something into the metropolitan papers about it."

"I see," said Forster. "I see."

"I've crossed through Canada," said Ives, "down many mounds and over many falls. But I didn't seem to get what I wanted out of it because I knew there were only two possible outcomes—I would either go to the bottom or arrive at the sea level. I've played all games at cards, but the mathematicians have spoiled that sport by computing the percentages. I've made acquaintances on trains, I've answered advertisements, I've rung strange door-bells, I've taken every chance that presented itself; but there has always been the conventional ending—the logical conclusion to the premise."

"I know," repeated Forster. "I've felt it all. But I've had few chances to take my chance at chances. Is there any life so devoid of impossibilities as life in this city? There seems to be a myriad of opportunities for testing the undeterminable; but not one in a thousand fails to land you where you expected it to stop. I wish the subway and street cars disappointed one as seldom."

"The sun has risen," said Ives, "on the Arabian nights. There are no more culprits. The fishermen's vase is turned to a vacuum bottle, warranted to keep any genie boiling or frozen for forty-eight hours. Life moves by rote. Science has killed adventure. There are no more opportunities such as Columbus and the man who ate the first oyster had. The only certain thing is that there is nothing uncertain."

"Well," said Forster, "my experience has been the limited one of a city man. I haven't seen the world as you have;

but it seems that we view it with the same opinion. But, I tell you I am grateful for even this little venture of ours into the borders of the haphazard. There may be at least one breathless moment when the bill for the dinner is presented. Perhaps, after all, the pilgrims who traveled without scrip or purse found a keener taste to life than did the knights of the Round Table who rode abroad with a retinue and King Arthur's certified checks in the linings of their helmets. And now, if you've finished your coffee, suppose we match one of your insufficient coins for the impending blow of Fate. What have I up?"

"Heads," called Ives.

"Heads it is," said Forster, lifting his hand. "I lose. We forgot to agree upon a plan for the winner to escape. I suggest that when the waiter comes you make a remark about telephoning to a friend. I will hold the fort and the dinner check long enough for you to get your hat and be off. I thank you for an evening out of the ordinary, Mr. Ives, and wish we might have others."

"If my memory is not at fault," said Ives, laughing, "the nearest police station is in Maudsoul Street. I have enjoyed the dinner, too, let me assure you."

Forster crooked his finger for the waiter. Victor, with a locomotive effort that seemed to owe more to pneumatics than to pedestrianism, glided to the table and laid the card, face downward, by the loser's cup. Forster took it up and added the figures with delicate care. Ives leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Excuse me," said Forster; "but I thought you were going to ring up Grimes about that theatre party for Thursday night. Had you forgotten about it?"

"Oh," said Ives, settling himself more comfortably. "I can do that later on. Get me a glass of water, waiter."

"Want to be in at the death, do you?" asked Forster.

"I hope you don't object," said Ives, pleadingly. "Never in my life have I seen a gentleman arrested in a public

restaurant for swindling it out of a dinner."

"All right," said Forster, calmly. "You are entitled to see a Christian die in the arena as your *pousse-ouf*."

Victor came with the glass of water and remained, with the disengaged air of an incorable collector.

Forster hesitated for fifteen seconds, and then took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled his name on the dinner check. The waiter bowed and took it away.

"The fact is," said Forster, with a little embarrassed laugh, "I doubt whether I'm what they call a 'game sport,' which means the same as a 'soldier of Fortune.' I'll have to make a confession. I've been dining at this hotel two or three times a week for more than a year. I always sign my checks." And then, with a note of appreciation in his voice: "It was first-rate of you to stay and see me through with it when you knew I had no money, and that you might be scopped in, too."

"I guess I'll confess, too," said Ives, with a grin. "I own the hotel. I don't run it, of course, but I always keep a suite on the third floor for my use when I happen to stray into town."

He called a waiter and said: "Is Mr. Gilmore still behind the desk? All right. Tell him that Mr. Ives is here, and ask him to have my rooms made ready and aired."

"Another venture cut short by the inevitable," said Forster. "Is there a conundrum without an answer in the next number? But let's hold to our subject just for a minute or two, if you will. It isn't often that I meet a man who understands the flaws I pick in existence. I am engaged to be married a month from to-day."

"I reserve comment," said Ives.

"Right; I am going to add to the assertion. I am devotedly fond of the lady; but I can't decide whether to show up at the church or make a sneak for Alaska. It's the same idea, you know, that we were discussing—it does for a fellow as far as possibilities are concerned. Everybody knows the routine—you get a Kiss flavored with Ceylon tea after breakfast; you go to the office;

you come back home and dress for dinner—there's twice a week—bills—moping around most evenings trying to make conversation—a little quarrel occasionally—maybe sometimes a big one, and a separation—or else a settling down into a middle-aged contentment, which is worst of all."

"I know," said Ives, wisely.

"It's the dead certainty of the thing," went on Forster, "that keeps me in doubt. There'll never more be anything around the corner."

"Nothing around the corner," said Ives. "I know."

"Understand," said Forster, "that I am in no doubt as to my feelings toward the lady. I may say that I love her truly and deeply. But there is something in the current that runs through my veins that cries out against any form of the calculable. I do not know what I want; but I know that I want it. I'm talking like an idiot, I suppose, but I'm sure of what I mean."

"I understand you," said Ives, with a slow smile. "Well, I think I will be going up to my rooms now. If you would dine with me here one evening soon, Mr. Forster, I'd be glad."

"Thursday?" suggested Forster.

"At seven, if it's convenient," answered Ives.

"Seven goes," assented Forster.

At half-past eight Ives got into a cab and was driven to a number in one of the corner West Seventies. His card admitted him to the reception room of an old-fashioned house into which the spirits of Fortune, Chance and Adventure had never dared to enter. On the walls were the Whistler etchings, the steel engravings by Oh-what-his-name the still-life paintings of the grapes and garden truck with the watermelon seeds spilled on the table as natural as life, and the Gruze head. It was a household. There were even brass andirons. On a table was an album, half-morocco, with oxidized-silver protections on the corners of the lids. A clock on the mantel ticked loudly, with a warning click at five minutes to nine. Ives looked at it curiously, remembering a time-piece in his grandmother's home that gave such a warning.

And then down the stairs and into the room came Mary Marden. She was twenty-four, and I leave her to your imagination. But I must say this much—youth and health and simplicity and courage and greenish-violet eyes are beautiful, and she had all these. She gave Ives her hand with the sweet cordiality of an old friendship.

"You can't think what a pleasure it is," she said, "to have you drop in once every three years or so."

For half an hour they talked. I confess that I cannot repeat the conversation. You will find it in books in the circulating library. When that part of it was over, Mary said:

"And did you find what you wanted while you were abroad?"

"What I wanted?" said Ives.

"Yes. You know you were always queer. Even as a boy you wouldn't play marbles or baseball or any game with rules. You wanted to dive in water where you didn't know whether it was ten inches or ten feet deep. And when you grew up you were just the same. We've often talked about your peculiar ways."

"I suppose I am an incorrigible," said Ives. "I am opposed to the doctrine of predestination, to the rule of three, gravitation, taxes and everything of the kind. Life has always seemed to me something like a serial story would be if they printed above each installment a synopsis of *succeeding chapters*."

Mary laughed merrily.

"Bob Ames told us once," she said, "of a funny thing you did. It was when you and he were on a train in the South, and you got off at a town where you hadn't intended to stop just because the brakeman hung up a sign in the end of the car with the name of the next station on it."

"I remember," said Ives. "That 'next station' has been the thing I've always tried to get away from."

"I know it," said Mary. "And you've been very foolish. I hope you didn't find what you wanted not to find, or get off at the station where there wasn't any, or whatever it was you expected wouldn't happen to you

during the three years you've been away."

"There was something I wanted before I went away," said Ives.

Mary looked in his eyes clearly, with a slight, but perfectly sweet smile.

"There was," she said. "You wanted me. And you could have had me, as you very well know."

Without replying, Ives let his gaze wander slowly about the room. There had been no change in it since last he had been in it, three years before. He vividly recalled the thoughts that had been in his mind then. The contents of that room were as fixed, in their way, as the everlasting hills. No change would ever come there except the inevitable ones wrought by time and decay. That silver-mounted album would occupy that corner of the table, those pictures would hang on the walls, those chairs be found in their same places every morn and noon and night while the household hung together. The brass andirons were monuments to order and stability. Here and there were relics of a hundred years ago which were still living mementoes and would be for many years to come. One going from and never coming back to one house would never need to forecast or doubt. He would find what he left and leave what he found. The veiled lady, Chance, would never lift her hand to the knocker on the outer door.

And before him sat the lady who belonged in the room. Cool and sweet and unchangeable she was. She offered no surprises. If one should pass his life with her, though she might grow white-haired and wrinkled, he would never perceive the change. Three years he had been away from her, and she was still waiting for him as established and constant as the house itself. He was sure that she had once cared for him. It was the knowledge that she would always do so that had driven him away. Thus his thoughts ran.

"I am going to be married soon," said Mary.

On the next Thursday afternoon Forster came hurriedly to Ives' hotel. "Old man," said he, "we'll have to

put that dinner off for a year or so; I'm going abroad. The steamer sails at four. That was a great talk we had the other night, and it decided me. I'm going to knock about the world and get rid of that incubus that has been weighing on both you and me—the terrible dread of knowing what's going to happen. I've done one thing that hurts my conscience a little; but I know it's best for both of us. I've written to the lady to whom I was engaged and explained everything—told her plainly why I was leaving—that the monotony of matrimony would never do for me. Don't you think I was right?"

"It is not for me to say," answered Ives. "Go ahead and shoot elephants if you think it will bring the element of

chance into your life. We've got to decide these things for ourselves. But I tell you one thing, Forster, I've found the way. I've found out the biggest hazard in the world—a game of chance that never is concluded, a venture that may end in the highest heaven or the blackest pit. It will keep a man on edge until the clock falls on his coffin, because he will never know—not until his last day, and not then will he know. It is a voyage without a rudder or compass, and you must be captain and crew and keep watch, every day and night, yourself, with no one to relieve you. I have found the VENTURE. Don't bother yourself about leaving Mary Marsden, Forster. I married her yesterday at noon."

RESPECT WHAT YOU DO

Never depreciate the importance of your vocation. If you are a farmer and are talking with a congressman or a governor, do not say: "I am only a plain farmer and have not had much experience." Do not apologize for it and tell him that if you had had a chance to go to college, as other boys had, you would not have remained on the farm. You would have done something worth while.

Your business is just as important as his. No matter how high a position the man holds, make him feel by the superb way in which you do your work and by your manly bearing that you have made a profession of farming, that you have lifted it into great dignity by your scientific methods, that you have mixed brains with the soil.

You may be sure that there is always some lack, some weakness in people who are always depreciating the importance of their work. These are the earmarks which show the man is an artisan instead of an artist in his line—that he has not made the most of it.

Every man should have a superb pride in his vocation. It should be something which he loves to dwell upon, always a subject of absorbing interest to him, because it is really a part of himself. The atmosphere which surrounds his vocation indicates what is in himself. His business or profession is but his self-expression. There is an air of refinement or coarseness, of harmony or discord, of order and system, or slovenliness and slipshodness, a quality of honesty and square dealing, or of trickery and fraud, just according to the quality of his ideal which he has worked out in his specialty.

The Making of an Exhibition

SOME FACTS ABOUT GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITIONS, HOW THEY ARE CONCEIVED, THE ENORMOUS EFFORT INVOLVED IN THEIR CREATION, AND FEATURES WHICH MAKE FOR THEIR SUCCESS OR FAILURE

By Brian Bellasis

Exhibitions are made and not born. There is no exception to the rule. Moreover, they are evolved at great expense and enormous effort. Few people, in hurrying through modern expositions, pause to ponder these points. Yet the inner workings of these gigantic enterprises, from the time they take shape in the mind of some genius, on through the various stages of construction, and finally to the period of fruition, constitute a subject which fairly bristles with features of interest—all unknown to the general public. This article describes the unseen part of a big international exhibition.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Toronto had a little Fall Fair—just like a hundred "Show Fairs" that are held all over the country to-day. Since then it has grown to be something more like a big international exhibition. Winnipeg has an exhibition that is also on its way into the "big" class, so has Ottawa; so have several other Canadian cities. Toronto expects a million visitors this year, next year she may have more; but a million in a short two weeks is quite enough to put her in the same class with those big shows which were born in Hyde Park, London, in 1851, and which break out spasmodically all over the world every year.

The Toronto Exhibition, however, though it approaches the big shows in size is by way of being exceptional in that it is an annual event and has only a fortnight's life. That it is held annually gives it something of an advantage. Its buildings can be permanent, the money is laid out on parks and side-walks and roadways in money invested in a permanency and not squandered on

a short five months of life; moreover, it is assured of a regular, permanent and always increasing attendance and experience has taught it how to fence its future pretty well from year to year.

Still, an exhibition is an exhibition, a show is a show and the work of building and running and maintaining the big National Exhibition of Toronto must be, generally speaking, very much on a par with the same work in other big exhibitions the world over. The buildings may not have to be erected every year, but they have to be burnished up, decorated and made to look just a little different and more attractive than the year before; exhibits have to be put from all parts of the world and returned safely to exhibitors when the show is over; treaties have to be entered into with the side-show people; the "big attraction" arranged for and managed; all the thousands of details attended to that every exhibition calls for.

It is a fascinating work. "Once a showman always a showman;" the man who has once had to do with the or-

ganization of an exhibition is never happy until he can get to work on another one—although each show is more heartbreaking, exasperating, nerve-racking than the one before. Not one in a thousand of the thousands of visitors to an exhibition realizes what labor has gone to the planning and equipping of all those beautiful, white, wedding-cake-looking buildings; the difficulties there have been in dove-tailing its myriad details together; what rush and nervous

money. But with most big exhibitions it is far otherwise. It is days—often weeks—after the public have been admitted, before the last man in overalls, the last pick-and-shovel and hammer and paint-brush men, the last showcase and decoration men have tied up the shavings and gone away. And the public says: "Bad management." Why are exhibitions never finished in time?¹⁰

Let me tell the tale of an exhibition from the inside. It is not the tale of any



General view over French gardens and some of the buildings at the St. Louis World Fair.

strain it has taken to get things somewhere near completion on the opening day.

For nearly always in exhibition work everything has to be done with a rush. Let the organizer plan as he may a thousand things conspire to hold his work back. Toronto, as I say, is in a class by itself; owing to its permanency it is relieved of many of the trials of a single season exhibition; and there, at any rate, things are usually completely finished in time for the opening cere-

particular show, but is made up from the histories of three or four. It is nevertheless, a true tale of an exhibition, and it might be the story of fifty. We will call it the Anglo-Canadian Exhibition and place it in London. But if it were called the Americo-Fijian and held in Parnambuco the story would be substantially the same.

All the preliminaries it is unnecessary to consider. They go back four or five or even more years before the date suggested for the show itself. They in-

clude the raising of capital, negotiations with the government of the Dominion and those of the various provinces, interviews with foreign governments, long waits for parliamentary discussions and the passing of appropriations, the un-

teigiate," and a good long dazzling list of influential and titled patrons and supporters has been scratched together.

Then comes the opening of a banking account, the formation of a committee of management made up of prominent



The wonderful exhibits, the Champs de Mars, at Paris.

ravelling of miles of red tape. There have been preliminary prospectuses, proposed plans, letters and interviews and voyages innumerable, and at last Canada has consented to co-operate, various foreign countries have "desired to par-

Englishmen and Canadians, and all the ponderous machinery is arranged of an organization which will spend up to five or six million dollars. All these preliminaries may have taken anywhere from six months to six years to entry



Canada is usually well represented at all the leading exhibitions. This illustration shows the Canadian building at a British exhibition.

through. We will suppose that the exhibition has a clear two years' start in which to get ready for its five months of life—May to October.

WORK OF ORGANIZER.

Behind all the ponderous machinery of committees is the organizer—the man with the original idea—the showman who knows "what the public wants." Although the committee "approve" and countersign the cheques, on his shoulders falls the work.

He has had his eye on a suitable site for some time and he now gets to work to get it on reasonable terms. It is a hundred acres of erstwhile brickfield and market-garden in a nearer suburb. It is comparatively easily reached from all parts of London, and however hopeless a desert to the untrained eye, is a perfect canvas to the exhibition planner.

The organizer has his notion of what the exhibition should look like and in the days of promotion he has collected vast piles of rough sketches, half

thought out ideas and indecipherable hieroglyphs on bits of paper. On these were based his first rough estimates. He also has dream drawings of magnificent buildings and wonderful gardens made by an architect. On these was based some more accurate figuring. These dreams must now be made realities, and estimates final or definite.

The architect goes down and gazes at the mud of the brickfield and some of his young men drag chains and measuring rods all over it. The architect's tame landscape gardener comes, looks thoughtfully at the deserted brick-kilns, sniffs dismally and scribbles plans on the back of an envelope. Photographs are taken.

Then the architect and the gardener and the organizer get together with all their notes and sketches before them and by degrees the exhibition takes form. The desolate 100 acres blossom into a paradise of architect's drawings. The first scale plan is made and is approved by committee. A matter of fact

list of specifications grows out of the confusion and is approved by committee. Nothing now remains but to build the exhibition.

In the intervals of conferring with the architect and modifying the expensive ideas of the landscape gardener, the organizer has been dickering with innumerable contractors. There is the contract for levelling the ground and carrying out the landscape gardener's plans; for the erecting the steel framework of the buildings; for concrete slab walls; for glass roofing; for all the "staff plaster" work which makes the buildings so wedding-cakey and beautiful; for laying gas, water and electricity supplies; for all the things, in fact, and one or two more, that would go to the building of an ordinary town.

Day after day the organizer keeps up a running fight, cutting prices here, detouring more for the money there, getting all that he can out of his contractors and seeing that no wily con-

tractor gets more than he should out of the exhibition. At last all the contracts are awarded and approved by committee and the organizer can draw his first breath of relief. At last the actual building can be begun.

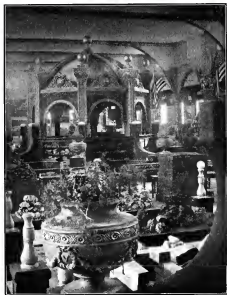
As the contracts are signed, the brickfield is invaded by gangs of men with picks and shovels and lumbering carts; little board shacks spring up here and there; the organizer has to drop everything about ten times a day and personally conduct tilted patrons and eminent committeemen over the scene of operations. His chief clerk begins to have a lively time stalling off a growing crowd of foremen with complaints, applicants for jobs, inventors with suggestions, a thousand and one people sane, raving mad or merely idiotic all bent on seeing Mr. —.

ROUNDING INTO FORM.

Meanwhile time is slipping along. Getting the ground surveyed and the



An Indian palace at a big exposition, showing some of the unique features which characterize the various buildings.



Interior of one of the exhibits at Jamestown Exposition.

plans drawn and the contracts awarded and above all, endless committee meetings and conferences with eminent Canadian and English patrons has run away with nine months. Only fifteen months remain in which to build and equip forty acres of elaborate buildings and lay out sixty acres of gravel walk, flowerbed and grass plot. And that is only one corner of the work anyway. There are other things to be done.

Away back some time ago when the architect was getting his scale plans into shape the organizer set up two whole nights and wrote another prospectus. This set forth the advantages of ex-

hibiting goods in the exhibition. It estimated the hundreds of thousands of visitors that would flock to the late brickfield every day; it gave facts and figures about the buildings; the pitch of it was the remark that the charge for space in such and such a building was \$-per square foot. Approved by the committee—Oh! that committee with its delays and impractical suggestions—it was printed and illustrated with architect's drawings and large plans of all the future buildings neatly ruled off in blocks of available stands.

Presently large bundles of this prospectus began to come in from the prin-

ter and the organizer had to get them distributed. He had to get out lists of every firm, English and Canadian, that might possibly be interested and see that a prospectus was sent to every one. He had to engage an army of persuasive canvassers and send them out to visit all these firms. He had to keep up a rapid fire of letters and cables with the Canadian agents and canvassers. All this he called "getting busy and selling space."

ACTUAL WORK PROGRESSES.

By the time the contractors have begun their contracting, but long before there is a sign of an actual building, he

begins to see results. On the wall in his office is pinned a large map which changes color by slow degrees. First, a little solitary 40x40 square scribbled in blue pencil appears in the blank thousands of square feet in the vast machinery hall; a little cluster of blue squares breaks the void of the Transportation building; there is a scattering of them in the Palace of Textiles. Exhibitors begin to take an active and noisy part in the Organizer's life. Letters arrive asking for information, rebates, reductions, free space; letters threatening withdrawal unless competing firms are kept out; letters asking whether 2x4 scantling may be used in stall construc-



The Festival Hall at the St. Louis World's Fair.

tion or must it be 4x2; letters pleading, threatening, furious, abusive, or merely silly. The Organiser's hair turns white visibly hour by hour—but space is being sold.

Out in the brickfield strange things have happened. Out of a welter of yellow clay and raw piles of material gaunt steel skeletons are arising and between and around them men wallow in the clay, flattening hills, raising artificial mountains, digging canals and lakes.

Some of the skeletons are already beginning to clothe their bones in a thin flesh of concrete slabs. The frameworks are becoming rough grey buildings, half way between barns and jails in appearance.

IS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

And the Organiser has to be everywhere at once. By degrees he has gathered round him quite a staff of assistants. The Exhibition has been divided to departments and over each is a



Installing the lights on the Exhibition buildings of a large World's Fair



Important countries find it profitable to be represented at big exhibitions by separate buildings. The above is the Australian building at one of the recent exhibitions.

chief. There is one department to look after the buildings—at present, their erection, and later, their maintenance and management; there is a grounds department; departments for the various sections of exhibits—machinery, textiles, and so on; a department for issuing tickets and passes; and half a dozen other departments and sub-departments and divisions of departments with perhaps a couple of hundred chiefs and assistants and clerks to run them.

In Exhibitions—impermanent exhibitions at any rate—it is impossible to run departments like clockwork as one may in other businesses. Trained men familiar with the eccentricities of Exhibitions are rare, almost non-existent. There are a thousand things continually cropping up which leave the ordinary clerk, even the ordinary intelligent business organiser utterly at sea, gasping and bewildered.

So inside and outside and on top of every Department the Organiser must be. He has to keep them all whipped up to time, for he knows full well how in Exhibition work all calculations of time are upset. He has to be familiar with all the details of their work and know at every moment what stage their work has reached. He has to see that they all keep step and work in harmony. Every day each one of them has complaints for him to settle, puzzles for him to solve, unknown difficulties for him to help them over. He is the target for batteries of written memoranda; in and out of his office flows a continuous procession of people asking questions and demanding orders.

The Organiser has to be artist, showman, man of imaginative ideas and practical business man all at once. He has to keep all his attributes jumping fences together. Above all, he must justify his title.

Meanwhile two very important items have not yet been mentioned. These are the Press and the "Attractions." As the Organizer has said at half a dozen banquets, the object of the Exhibition is "to display side by side the products commercial, agricultural, artistic and industrial of the Mother Country and her Imperial Daughter and thereby to cement still more firmly the bonds of Empire which unite them" (loud and continuous cheering); but he knows full well that the cement would be a weak solution if it were not stiffened by "Attractions."

Away back a couple of years ago when he was planning the Exhibition proper he had one or two brain waves and he handed them on to engineers to work into practicable shape. There was the "Bobbly Bob," for instance, in which pleasure (?) seekers were to be bounced from one side of the Exhibition to the other in a ball of steel springs; there were the "Motor Roller Skates" which people were to hire at the Exhibition entrance and which would carry them round the grounds; there was the "French-Canadian Village" wherein habitants were to be shown "in their habit as they live, amidst all their quaint surroundings and with their old world manners and customs" (vide prospectus.)

And ever since the day the first preliminary paragraph announcing the Exhibition appeared in the papers the Organizer has been splashed, deluged and half drowned by the brainwaves of other people. Investors in squadrons and platoons have descended upon him with ideas good, bad and more than indifferent. The air of his office has been perfumed with the cigars of regular showmen: fat men with fancy waistcoats; lean, lantern-jawed men who looked like undertakers but whose show was "one continuous scream of laughter." Americans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen; owners of entirely novel optical illusions, engineers of scenic railways, Princess of the Wiggle Woggle and the House of Wonders, Kings of the Dirig-

ible Balloon and Captive Aeroplane, Dukes of the Cinematograph; all the great hierarchy whose gospel is lifting Slesary's watchword "the people must be amused."

So his Concessions Department is one of the most important. Foot by foot the ground set apart for the "Midway" has been sold to the sideshow people. Over every inch there has been a wrangle, for the Exhibition terms are high and the showman, above all other men, knows the exact value of a dollar. There are endless battles with inventors who wish the Exhibition to advance the capital to start their shows. But the attractions shape up nicely; good fat lumps of rent come plumping into the Exhibition treasury and there is prospect of further fat percentages on takings.

MUST HANDLE SKILLFULLY.

And the Press. From the very inception of the scheme the Press has been the vital necessity and the active nuisance of the Organizer's existence. He has had to court and make friends with the newspapers; half his own time and nearly all his secretary's has been taken up with getting and keeping publicity. But as time went on and novelty wore off the task becomes bigger and bigger till at last a real live Press Department and a real live Press Representative become an absolute necessity.

So just before Christmas a Pressman comes and enters into hell where he will remain until next October. Next to the Organizer he is, perhaps, the most harried and hard-worked man in the show. These two men have to be all things to all men and, what is much more, they have to be genial and polite for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In London there are about twelve leading dailies, half a dozen evening papers, and heaven knows how many weeklies, besides country and "Provincial" papers beyond number. Two or three times a week a "good story" must go to all of them. The Pressman must find material for the story—it may concern something really important and

imperial that has its roots or branches in the Exhibition, it may be merely a devastating "figure story" with lists of the number of thousands of tons of steel in the buildings, or the miles of gravel walks, or the thousands of pounds worth of exhibits. Whatever it is it must be made to "look like news" so that even the most suspicious papers may be inveigled into printing a bit of it at least. It is written amidst a thousand interruptions and multiplied by an unintelligent office-boy on an unwilling duplicator. Unless, as once happened, the boy gets his lists twisted and sends fifty copies of the same story to each of ten newspapers, it will go to five hundred London, Provincials, and special correspondents—and the pressman will weep tears of joy if half a dozen two inch paragraphs come back from the cutting agency as the result of all his labors. When a column of news, or a special article, or an illustrated magazine story appears the pressman celebrates by taking an extra three minutes leisure at lunch time. Body and soul he must devote himself to cultivating a constant crop of "publicity" which will keep the public eye fixed with hungry expectancy on the swiftly rising show.

And the visitors! Newspaper men are touchy and the gateman has orders to be lenient with all who profess and call themselves journalists even when their credentials are doubtful. The pressman's visitors are a motley throng. There are plenty of bona fide "special men" and reporters who will really do the Exhibition good and who are worth while spending perfectly good time upon. But there are many thousands of others on whom every minute spent is a minute wasted, and most of the time it is almost impossible to distinguish between them. The "Times" man who gets half an hour of respectful affability turns out to be not the London Times, but the Times of Little Puddington, or the "Special London Representative" of the Times of Higgins' Landing, Sork., and the real object of his visit hinges on a Press season ticket and an invitation to the opening banquet.

There are seedy foreigners with crossed and ancient identification cards who claim all the rights, privileges and advantages customarily granted to the press, on the strength of a monthly article to the *Revue Hebdomadaire de Poitiers-Marse*. There are the lady journalists of every variety who demand material for articles on "Canadian Cookery at the Exhibition," or "French Canadian Marriage Customs," or "Women at the Exhibition," or just in a large and airy way—"something really important for my column in the 'Hearth Darling's Weekly.' Please Mr. —."

Sandwiched between the real and non-newspaper people are hundreds of others whom the necessary leniency of the gateman admits. All the cranks and inventors who have failed to get at the "old man" drift, somehow, into the Press Department and pour their sorrows into the pressman's ear. The exhibitors spend most of their time visiting him and alternately imploring and truculently commanding him to get them publicity, to send out a "par" describing their transcendently interesting exhibit. The organizer and the committee—singly or in awful conclave—forever grumble and enquire why the papers aren't saying more about the show.

The pressman could write an epic of his portion of the show if he had time; he could stock forty novels with the extraordinary characters he meets and adventures he undergoes. But the average exhibition visitor if he has any suspicion that there is a press department at all, probably imagines that it has something to do with the clothing section.

And now a new class of workmen appear in the transformed brickfield. The torn and harried earth around the buildings becomes littered with wonderful snow-white sculptures, sections of twiddle towers, jiggery pokery mouldings and cornices, life size statues apparently of solid marble which are easily carried by two men.

Swarming on scaffolding and ladders are men busily clothing the naked concrete barns in this "marble" raiment. Section upon section of the "staff plaster" work is fitted together; artist workmen wallow in masses of creamy plaster; somewhat to everyone's surprise, except the organizer's, the place assumes a remote resemblance to the architect's dream drawings.

Still the Exhibition is far, far from being complete and there are now a bare four months to the opening date. What nightmares of delays there have been! The contractors of course, fore-sware themselves to a man and are all from six to eight weeks behind their schedules. That is not entirely their fault. There has been a strike of the whole 2,000 workmen; that hard frost hung everything up for two weeks; and that spell of rainy weather set things back even longer. All the side-show people kept backing and filling for months, hoping to get more favorable terms—and consequently the Mountain Railway, the Alaskan Village, the "Vibrona," the "Jiggle Jangle," and half a dozen other shows, each with at least three months of building in it, are not even started yet. Then the German Government changed its plans at the last minute so its building has had to wait until fresh designs could be prepared. The Liberator Government had an unexpectedly hard time getting their legislation appropriation through the Legislature, so their building has been hung up. To exp everything the County Council Building Inspector man arrived last week in a bad temper, hopped like an agile chamois with an eagle eye from building to building and condemned about half of everything he saw—so most of the "Palaces of Arts and Commerce" are in course of partial demolition and rebuilding.

If the weather holds and there are no more delays we may possibly scrape through.

A PERFECT PANDEMONIUM.

The beginning of March finds the Administration Building a perfect pan-

demonium night and day. The offices are never closed; workmen are busy in the grounds all night long under flaring naphtha flames and cracking areas. In the offices there is a continual clatter of typewriters and hum of tired, querulous voices. Angry exhibitors have begun to enliven the scene.

Months ago when the space was being booked the exhibitors were strictly enjoined to be on deck early in March. The inexperienced took the injunction literally and so did even those with experience which covered only ready-made, perennial exhibitions such as Toronto, where the buildings are built and things can move to the minute. So now the offices swarm with exhibitors and exhibitors' agents vainly trying to find their allotted positions in buildings that are still steel skeletons; trying to find their goods; trying to find someone with time, patience and ability to tell them something; trying to make head or tail of the chaos into which they have been plunged from the orderly quiet of their ordinary business lives.

With them arrive thousands of packing cases of every shape and size, but chiefly very large and difficult to handle. The exhibits for the huge Canadian half of the exhibition come flocking in from every part of the Dominion. Agricultural machinery, sheaves of grain, butter, apples, canoes, pulp and pulp wood, live bears and beaver—everything the country makes or produces. Nobody understands the marks on the cases and they get hopelessly mixed with other cases from Germany and Cambodia and Manchester and Peking and Peru, and exhibitors and special commissioners from all the towns and countries concerned wander hither and thither trying to sort things out and working themselves into a state of ravine and righteous indignation.

TROUBLE NEVER CEASES.

This all sounds unnecessary and inexcusable enough, but there is really plenty of excuse for it. You must remember that there are some fifteen hun-

dred individual exhibitors to be looked after besides the Imperial and foreign governments who have sections and buildings of their own; there are, by now, anywhere from three to four thousand workmen on the ground, laborers, carpenters, standfitters, decorators, and so forth; exhibits worth from two to five million dollars have arrived from the four corners of the earth, or are expected to arrive, or to the intense anxiety of everyone concerned, have not arrived at all; and all these people and things have to be distributed and arranged in twenty different buildings which are in various stages of completion.

But by degrees things straighten themselves out. Some of the most important buildings are rushed to completion; the mountains of packing cases that have been piled under every roof that was watertight find their way to their allotted stations, and the hammer of the standfitter is heard in the land. In April some of the exhibits are actually in place, some of the sideshows are ready to undergo the County Council tests for safety. Gravel walks are smoothing over the chaotic ruts; flower beds are appearing; sailors climb among the roof girders with festoons of colored cotton; and although two or three buildings at the far end of the grounds are still in the skeleton stage and on others the plaster work is hardly half done; although you cannot move anywhere without becoming involved in wet paint and unhardened concrete, there is a general atmosphere of "settling down." There is noticeably less confusion and more hope of final order.

THE CLOSING PREPARATIONS.

The memory of the final month of preparation is a welter of detached incidents each of enormous and overwhelming importance at the moment and totally forgotten the moment after. There was the giant log of redwood from British Columbia, for instance. After breaking down innumerable wagons on the way from the docks and blocking half the principal thoroughfares of London, it finally stuck in the

road at a strategic point in the grounds and for three days denied all access to two of the most important buildings till it could be jacked up and rolled out of the way. There were the hundred and eighty-two cases shipped by the Ontario Government which were collected, after five days' hard detective work, from exactly one hundred and eighty-two different parts of the exhibition. There was the erring clerk who sent out five thousand workmen's entrance vouchers instead of five thousand invitations to the opening ceremony.

A week before the opening. All work on outlying unfinished portions of the show is dropped. Everything is concentrated on the main centres and the route mapped out for the Royal Prince and the Premier of Canada who, after declaring the exhibition open, are to make a tour of the grounds in company with the galaxy of distinguished patrons. Scaffolding is hurriedly taken down and stowed away out of sight. Bits of scenery are painted and stretched across unsightly corners. The exhibitors are exhorted to redoubled energy in getting their stands completed and their exhibits arranged. No one eats or sleeps or laughs or has any regular hours. By the morning of the great day it is possible to believe—as long as you don't go too far or pry into obscure corners—that the exhibition is finished.

For another month there will be the same story of rush, emergency and hard work—on a smaller and gradually lessening scale, perhaps, but now complicated by the presence each day of from one to five hundred thousand members of the public who have to be kept, almost by force, from getting under falling beams, sitting on wet paint, violating corners plainly marked "private."

But on the first of May the organizer can feel that at last his years of hard labor have found their reward. He has banqueted with and been toasted by a prince and premier; he has been complimented on the magnificent transformation of the brickfield. At last he can listen to the merry music of the clacking turnstiles—each click another shilling to the exhibition's bank account.

In Such a Night

By Atkinson Kimball

AS SOON as Ann Torrance finished supper, she went out on the piazza to wait for Graham Ewatts. He never came before eight o'clock, but she liked to sit ready to receive him and anticipate his coming. Across the intervening lawn with its plummy boundary line of shrubs, Ann could hear the gay sound of Alice Cantor's little court, that, during the long, soft summer evenings, bounding on the steps or swaying in the hammocks, paid her the informal homage masculine youth delights to render to girlhood and beauty. Alice Cantor's young men always came before eight o'clock, sometimes before eight in the morning; and they usually left en masse at an hour when the joyous noise of their departure awoke the sleeping silence of the wide, dim-shaded street.

Ann Torrance did not envy Alice Cantor her little court. Her own girlhood, at thirty-three, was past, and her beauty was no more than a fresh wholeness; but as eight o'clock drew near, with a foreboding only a woman can feel, she began to listen for a certain voice to float to her in laughter from the neighboring piazza. The strength of her desire not to have it so made her clairvoyant that Ewatts was lounging with the others at Alice Cantor's feet; but it was not until the twilight had brightened into moonlight that she caught, amid the young boys' growls and tenor peals, the note of Ewatts' seasoned baritone.

The established custom of Ewatts' friendly calls was the most precious thing in Ann's life. He had got into the habit of calling some five years before, when, as junior partner of the law firm with which Ann's aunt had shared her legal worries, the diplomatic bar-

den of soothing the irritable and nervous old lady had fallen to his lot. After the death of Ann's aunt, who had had the satisfaction during her lifetime of knowing that Ann was earning the money she intended to leave her, Ewatts had not intermitted his calls until lately, when he had begun to share with Alice Cantor the evenings dedicated to Ann.

At nine o'clock Ann got up from her chair and entered the house. She had decided to go to bed. She went through the hall to the kitchen to tell Katie to be sure to lock up. There was no light in the kitchen, but there was a smell of perfume and cloves in the warm darkness. On the kitchen porch, Ann saw two figures sitting close together on the top step. Katie's happy Irish face was etherealized by the moonlight. The young man beside her put his arm around her and drew her face against his. Ann tiptoed back through the dim hall and sat down on the piazza again.

Over on the grass and about the trunks of the elms floated a diaphanous mist. The flowers in the border at either side of the walk leading to the gate looked taller than they did in daylight; panicles of blossoms among their green leaves showed as masses of faint color and gray shadow, as if carved out of some ineffable marble. In a shrub on the lawn, a song-sparrow, dreaming of love, softly trilled an unfinished cadenza. The whole earth, in such a night as this, knew what Ann Torrance had never known. In such a night as this, it seemed to Ann that her life was summed up in one fact; Graham Ewatts would never love her.

It was after ten when Katie's young man left and Katie came to the front door to bid her mistress goodnight.

Still Ann waited. Ewatts might drop in for a moment; and she waited and listened with an ever-increasing desire, subdued of its intensity, and shameless because of it.

She was not jealous, she told herself. She had no right to that bitter enemy; she would have welcomed its pangs if she could have possessed their sweet justification. But she had nothing; no treasure of memory, even; no word or look of love; no rare, free moment of self-betrayal.

Over at Alice Cantor's, a quartet of fresh voices were declaring, to the accompaniment of a banjo, that they were seeing Nellie home, as fresh young voices have declared on summer nights for generations. The singers apparently had no immediate intention of extending the like courtesy to any one else. And then the gate clicked, and Graham Ewatts came up the walk and up the steps. Ann's light dress showed him where she sat in the shadow of the vine-hung piazza.

"Is that you, Ann?" He refused the chair she pushed forward toward him, and sat down on the top step, with his back against one of the tapering white columns that supported the piazza and gave a Southern graciousness to its New England stability. "What a night, what a night!" he exclaimed, looking at the round, high-riding moon.

His face and figure were bathed in the light. Ann from her dark vantage-ground watched his face. He looked excited, expectant. She saw that he had something to tell her, but she made no attempt to hasten his confidence. She never hastened his confidences; and he sometimes delayed telling them for the pleasure of feeling that she was waiting on his good time, ready with her interest, her sympathy, her appreciation, even her condonation, if he should call for that.

After a moment he said, "Do you know, Ann, I've begun to realize that I'm getting on in years?"

"It's a habit we all form sooner or later," Ann said.

"Yes, and it's a good habit, if you can get some one else to form it with you. It's growing old alone that's per-

nicious." He drew his long legs up on the top step and clasped his hands about his knees. "There have been times during the last few months in the evenings, after I've been here, say, and gone back to my room, when I've been so confounded homesick for something or other—I didn't know what—that if I'd been a woman, I'd have cried. The fact is, Ann, a man of my age finds out that life is pretty empty if he isn't married. Just as a young girl falls in love with love, a middle-aged bachelor falls in love with marriage. Now, what do you suppose I've thought of doing?"

It was significant of their relation that Ann was the only woman to whom he ever vouchsafed personal revelations. Nature had bestowed on him an inscrutable exterior; and, more or less consciously, he had adopted a manner to correspond—a species of protective coloration not uncommon. He was tall, thin, slow of motion; his dark blue eyes had a weary expression; and his face, with its lean, square jaw and high-bridged nose, was impassive. He wore a drooping, light mustache, and looked altogether like an American girl's ideal of an Englishman. He bore the reputation of an engaging cynicism; in reality, he was shy, conscientious, and rather romantic.

Ann made no reply to his question. She could not have told whether wild hope or certain fear tied her tongue. Ewatts smiled and looked toward her, but, not being able to make out her expression in the shadow, he transferred his smile to the bright obscure of the sky.

"I am going to ask Alice Cantor to be my wife."

Ann moved her chair farther into the shadow. "She is very attractive," she said.

"The queer thing is that I didn't discover how attractive she is until a few weeks ago. One night I had been calling here, and Alice's kindergarten had just left, and she was leaning on the gate as I passed. I stopped to speak to her, and, somehow, I stopped a good while. She asked me to call, and the next time I was coming here, I went in

there for a minute or two. After that, I kept going; and to-night, all of a sudden, it flashed over me that I must be in love with her." He gave a conscious laugh. "I know a man sounds like a conceited ass when he announces that he is going to ask a woman to marry him. But it's the only way he can find out whether she cares. Even if she refuses him at first, his question has given her a push in the right direction. A man doesn't expect a woman to begin by loving for him as much as he cares for her." He paused and looked again toward his companion. "Why don't you encourage me, Ann? I came to you for encouragement."

"Alice Cantor will not refuse you," Ann said.

Ewatts laughed. "Your words would flatter me if your tone didn't seem to sound my doom. Don't you approve of Alice Cantor, Ann?"

"I don't know her well. She is much younger than I am. She is very beautiful. She will make you a charming wife."

"You'll have us married before I propose, so I guess I'd better carry out my intention." From trying to discern Ann's face, he turned again to the moonlit sky. "I'm going back to Alice Cantor's to-night. When I hear the kindergarten leave, I'm going back and ask her to marry me. A man of my age must act when the spirit moves him or he'll never act."

As if his words had been a cue in their little drama, the young voices across the lawn broke into a chorus of farewells.

"They're going," Ann said. "You must go," and she added slowly, "You will never be here like this again."

Ewatts looked toward her with a puzzled frown. "Granting your prophecy comes true, of course I shall be here just as much as ever."

"You must go," Ann said. "You'll be too late."

"There's no hurry. The chap with the banjo has taken to playing after the others. Listen."

Some one on the piazza next door struck desultory chords on a banjo in fragmentary accompaniment to the

singing that swelled in volume as the singers passed Ann's gate; then grew faint, sweeter, fainter, sank to silence.

"See here, Ann," Ewatts began, "are you trying to tell me that our friendship must cease if I get married?"

"I am trying to tell you that it will cease. It is inevitable. You're come here because you were lonely. Well, you'll be lonely no longer. You'll have a home of your own, a wife of your own, children of your own. You'll never again feel that life is empty. Affectionate human contacts will wrap you in a warm garment. Your heart will become a storehouse of tender memories."

Ewatts stared thoughtfully at the moon. An early cricket, first, far harbinging of fall, shrilled with sad, cheery insistence under a stone in the walk between the flowers. With the air of having made a psychological discovery, Ewatts said, "You're lonely yourself, Ann. I never thought you might be lonely."

"I miss my aunt," Ann said. "She was all I had."

Neither spoke again for some moments. The moon, the luminary of lovers since the world began, flooded the garden with its mysterious radiance. Ann's eyes, resting on Ewatts' face, were full of the love of which he must never know. The prohibition and finality of this thought oppressed her heart like a physical weight.

"Graham," she began abruptly, "I want to tell you something." Her customarily quiet voice was rough and vibrant, so that Ewatts half rose as if to go to her. "Please stay where you are," she went on. "I want to see your face as I talk. No, don't look at me."

"I can't see you if I do," he said.

"I know, but don't do it. I couldn't tell you if you could see me. I never expected to tell you; but, suddenly, as we sat here waiting for Alice Cantor to be alone, it seemed as though I must tell you, that I could tell you at this one moment in my whole life. Before you sleep to-night, Alice Cantor will have promised to be your wife; but for this one moment you are free."

"That's a formidable beginning," Ewatts said, trying to speak lightly.

"What makes you so sure about Miss Cantor?"

"I know it, I feel it. No woman could refuse you!" Ann ended passionately.

A deep, painful blush swept up over Ewatts' face.

"Oh, I know I embarrass you. I put you in an impossible position. Forgive me. You'll think I'm crazy, and I suppose I am. I make you unhappy, and I gain nothing for myself. It's just because I can gain nothing, because I can hope for nothing, that I can speak to you, as I sat here waiting for you, wondering whether you'd come, knowing where you were, the emptiness of my life seemed more than I could bear. I suppose I felt what people feel when they say they have never lived. If only for an instant, I wanted to free my heart. And so, when you said you were going to ask Alice Cantor to marry you, I saw my one chance—not my chance to receive, but my chance to give." She broke off with a little laugh that was half sob. "To give where my gift isn't wanted. The only tender memory in my heart will be that once, face to face, I told you that I loved you."

Ewatts, after the first shock of Ann's self-betrayal, had sat staring out across the lawn, listening to her with a concentration that seemed to leave no room for personal embarrassment. Now, as she passed, he opened his lips to speak, but closed them without speaking.

"No, don't say anything," Ann said. "There isn't anything you can say. My only can do is listen." Her voice faltered; but as she went on it became grim again, full of tender endurances that were a rich confirmation of her words. "I've loved you ever since I knew you. I don't believe there's been a waking hour of my life that I haven't thought of you. Everything I did, I mentally referred to you. I wanted to share with you every experience."

Ewatts turned toward his companion, throwing out his hands in an eager, affirmative gesture.

"Yes, I know," Ann interpreted, before he could speak, "you came to me with everything, too; our friendship

was so perfect. But what I've felt for you hasn't been friendship, however perfect."

From Alice Cantor's, a banjo tinkled as if hostily caught up. Ann rose and moved swiftly toward the front door; but Ewatts, springing up, barred her entrance.

"You're not going in?" he entreated. "Ann, you mustn't leave me like this. You must listen to me; you must let me explain."

"There isn't anything to explain. Oh, Graham, don't say anything! Don't you see that it was because you couldn't say anything that I could?"

For answer, Ewatts stepped from the doorway, and drew her close within his arms. "If you won't let me tell you I love you, you've got to feel I do," he said almost fiercely.

She made no attempt to free herself; but he felt her shrink and stiffen. "Let me go!" she whispered. "You humiliate me. You cover me with shame. You mean to be kind, I know," she ended piteously.

Ewatts stepped back to the doorway. The sound of a banjo, softly struck, swelled in volume as the player passed the gate; then grew fainter, sweeter, fainter, sank to silence.

"You must go; he has gone," Ann said.

"I'm never going. Don't you understand, Ann, that I was in love with you all the time, and didn't know it? That I was lonely for you? I thought I was in love with Alice Cantor because I really was in love with you. My love was like a stream diverted from its channel. I got into the habit of going to see her, because I was so forlorn when I left you. The young crowd I met there amused me and made me feel more cheerful, so at last I decided I must be in love with Alice. And then the night played its part—a fellow vaguely feels that love and moonlight harmonies. Any way," he concluded abruptly, conscious that the analysis of his emotion was not convincing logic, "I know now that I love you, and have loved you ever since I knew you."

Mechanically Ann reiterated, "You must go."

Ewats took her by the hand and led her out into the moonlight at the edge of the piazza. "Look at me, Ann. Can't you see that I love you?"

Ann stood before him, her brown head lowered, her free hand covering her eyes.

"Look at me, Ann."

She dropped her hand, lifted her head, and looked up into his face. It was as if she were gazing in a mirror at her own face; she saw in his the same transfiguration she knew was in her own.

"You must go," she said, smiling tremulously, and placing her hand

against his breast as if to push him from her. In an instant, transformed by that glance of mutual surrender, she had become a different woman from the one who had confessed a hopeless love. To Ewats's sense, she had veiled herself again in feminine reserves as delicate as the mist that floated about the trunks of the elms. She had put on the charming incomprehensibility of the woman who is loved; she had become a creature eternally to be wooed, although forever won.

In a shrub on the lawn, a song-sparrow, dreaming of love, trilled an unfinished cadence; the moon, small, round, lustrous, swung through the high heavens.

The Hurry Habit Spoils Life

RUINED CAREERS, DESTROYED HAPPINESS AND WASTED ENERGY
THE TOLL OF MAD RUSH WHICH IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE AGE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Vital problems only are being treated by Dr. Marden in his series of articles running in this magazine. The secrets of success are being revealed, the means of achievement analyzed. One of the greatest hindrances to getting on in the world is the feverish haste to get results, the disposition to hurry, the chafing at waiting for growth. The manner in which this "hurry habit" spoils life, ruins careers, destroys happiness, wastes energy, is set forth in this article.

THE "OH, WHAT IS THE USE?" PHILOSOPHY

Tens of thousands of people are held down by the "what is the use?" philosophy. Everywhere we hear them saying, "Well, I had money, but I lost it in speculation," or in some foolish venture, and they do not believe they will ever get on their feet again. They are always talking about their misfortunes, rehearsing their losses and unfortunate experiences.

No will power is strong enough to rise out of such mental gloom without a change of the attitude of mind, without a change of thought. There must be a complete turning about and facing towards the light.

If there is no uplook in the life, how can a man expect to climb? How can he expect to get up when he is always looking down?

Suppose Theodore Roosevelt had said to himself when a youth: "It is no use for me to try to do anything very great. I have a delicate constitution. I am not a genius. I have money enough to live easily. What is the use of my making a great effort?" What would he have amounted to?

But no, he set his face towards a great career without knowing just how it was coming about. He prepared himself for something grand and large; and he did everything he undertook so well, with so much energy and determination, that it opened the door to a larger thing.

THE hurry of this age ruins more careers, destroys more happiness, wastes more energy and time, and mars life more than almost anything else.

Everybody is in a hurry. Our children are hurried through childhood, rushed through their studies. Their knowledge is jumbled, their minds confused, everything in their development is forced and unnatural. The youth cannot wait to get his education or proper training for his career. He must rush into business or a profession half prepared. He wants to rear his superstructure before he has laid his foundation stones, and the result is disappointment, failure. The client must pay for the half-educated lawyer's blunders and inexperience; the patient for the physician's superficial knowledge. Precious lives are sacrificed to the lack of training and a good medical foundation.

A great many young men are like the child which pulls up every few days the bulb or the seed which it has planted to see how it is getting along. They cannot bear to give time enough for their efforts to take root. They are impatient of results. Everything is touched with the fever of hurry; the throttle valve is thrown wide open, everything must be run at top speed.

There is no more time for accommodation trains, and we find even our expresses are too slow. We must have the lightning express, the twentieth century limited.

Most ambitious people seem to think that they must hurry, that they will gain so much if they do, but the hurried brain is always a superficial, inefficient brain. I have never known a man, who was always in a hurry, to do good work. The faculties do not give up their best when hurried, forced. The man who tries to hurry up his mental processes does so at the expense of power. How often authors spoil their books by trying to rush them! Many an artist spoils his picture, because he is in such a hurry to get the money for it! Art is too shy and coy a maiden to be won in haste.

"Ruined by haste" would make a good epitaph for the tombstones of many a man's aspirations and ambitions.

The hurrier always wastes his energy and slights his work no matter how good his intentions. Hurry is a fatal enemy of efficiency, quality. "When hurry comes, growth goes." There is no poise of mind, no balance of character in the man who is always hurrying.

With many people the hurry habit has become almost a disease. We get so accustomed to the rapid pace that we cannot slow down even when we are not in a hurry. Our movements, habits, manners give us the appearance of always being in a rush, and we hurry even when we play. Hurrying and driving has become such a disease with our men, especially in large cities, that even when they are away on their vacations, we see them hurrying about as though something very important were waiting for their attention.

It is not so much because it is important or necessary that men rush and drive so all the time as from force of habit. The same amount of work can be accomplished and in as good time, if a person works coolly, collectedly, and without undue haste and agitation, but the hurry habit is so fixed in most men that they do not know how to take it easy. They cannot shut off their power; they do not know how to slow down.

It is interesting to watch these habitual hurriers as they go about the city. They rush for the street car, run to the ferry boats, even when they know perfectly well that they have plenty of time, simply from force of habit.

There is nothing more difficult to cure than the hurry habit. I know a victim of it who lives in the country, a mile from a station, and frequently walks to the train in the morning. He tells me that he sometimes starts fifteen or twenty minutes earlier than is necessary, in order to enjoy a wonderful bit of scenery on the way through a piece of romantic, wooded park, but his habit of hurrying in everything he does is such that he often finds himself rushing through this park and spending all the extra time he planned for his enjoyment, sitting in the dingy railroad station.

He says that for forty years he hurried and drove himself so that now, when he does not need to exert himself he cannot slow down.

He travels a great deal abroad, and although he tries to take things leisurely, carefully to examine works of art, and to drink in the beauty of the scenery, he is constantly detecting him-

self hurrying through the art galleries and taking only a hasty glance at paintings that are priceless, simply because there seems to be something within him prodding him and hurrying him up.

It is positively painful to some people to do anything deliberately. Their brain, their nervous system, their muscles have become so accustomed to hurrying that it is easier to keep going than to stop, even when there is nothing to be gained by it.

I know a New Yorker who has become such a victim of this hurry habit that when you meet him on the street or in a restaurant, or on a train, he has that same nervous movement. His muscles are uneasy, his eye restless. He gives you the impression that he is hurrying up for some appointment or a train.

Most people railroad themselves through life. To live in this way is like going through wonderful scenery in an automobile at full speed or in an express train where only a glimpse may be caught here and there of the marvellous beauties of nature.

I have seen people "doing Europe" with the same rush and go with which they would attend to their business. Men will go past such marvellous pictures as the Madonna of Raphael, in the Dresden Gallery, glancing at it superficially and "doing" perhaps a dozen pictures in five minutes. These express train people get very little out of life. They never stop long enough to enjoy anything.

When we are in a great rush to catch a train or to keep an appointment, we cannot enjoy anything on the way; the mind is so preoccupied that we cannot get the attention of our aesthetic, our appreciative faculties. Victims of the hurry habit little realize that they are losing a great many of the best things in life.

The majority of people do not know what nature really means; they have no idea of the marvellous beauties that exist in every growing object. How few people ever see the glory in the clouds, in a sunset!

How many people do you know that have time to enjoy life? Do not most of

the people we meet act as though they were always late for a train? Stop a business man on the street for five minutes and the chances are he will take out his watch two or three times to remind you that he must hurry along. There are many people who are always in such a hurry, that they never have time even to give a decent salutation on the street, or stop to say a friendly word. "How do" is about all you hear as they rush by.

How many of us really enjoy our friends? Many of us lose good friends from a lack of time to see them, really to enjoy them.

Very few business men take time to enjoy their meals. They bolt their foods, get dyspepsia, and have to drug themselves to counteract the bad effects of haste.

One of the worst phases of the hurry habit is the effect it has upon the nervous system. It is absolutely abnormal. The brain and the nerves were not intended to stand such a strain, and they often give out. The result is that many of us are nervous wrecks in middle life.

I know of a man who had this chronic hurry-up habit, who was recommended by a friend until he began to

think the matter over. He decided that he had made a fool of himself, and that he would try just to be natural, and not to hurry unless for something very urgent. He made up his mind not to run for trains or ferry boats, but to appear more complacent, and not as though everything depended upon his getting to a particular place at just such a time. He was surprised to see what a change this wrought in him. He found he could get around on time just as well, and could do his work much more easily, and that it was not necessary for him to go about town with his watch in his hand, always on the jump. He takes his time and he finds that his health is much better, that he is not so nervous.

If you wish to break the hurry habit, which enslaves you, you will find great relief by moving more slowly physically. If you hurry about your mind will also feel hurried. People who are always rushing have no composure. They excite their minds and lack poise. If they will only learn to go a little slowly, to do things with greater deliberation, they will gradually learn to conserve their mental processes and thus prevent a tremendous waste of mental energy and vitality.

LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE

By what law or philosophy can a man who has failure written all over him, in his manner and attitude, expect to succeed?

A man must think he is going to be a success before he possibly can be. He must believe he is going to be prosperous before he can attract prosperity.

It is not what we would like to become or wish we could become, but what we really believe we can and will become that counts.

It is not difficult for the world to tell which way we are going, because everything about us points in some direction or other. We are all covered with sign-boards, each one pointing in a certain direction. We are tagged so plainly that the world can read our destination, which is written in our very convictions, our confidence or lack of it. People know whether our life is running parallel with our desires or in the opposite direction; whether we are praying and working for one thing and really expecting something else.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE TEN: In which Smoke Bellew and Others figure
in a remarkable "Flutter in Eggs"

By Jack London

It was in the A. C. Company's big store at Dawson, on a morning of crisp frost, that Lucille Arral beckoned Smoke Bellew over to the drygoods counter. The clerk had gone on an expedition into the store-rooms, and, despite the huge, red-hot stoves, Lucille had drawn on her mittens again.

Smoke obeyed her call with alacrity. The man did not exist in Dawson who would not have been flattered by the notice of Lucille Arral, the singing soubrette of the tiny stock company that performed nightly at the Palace Opera House.

"Things are dead," she complained, with pretty petulance, as soon as they had shaken hands. "There hasn't been a stampede for a week. That masked ball Skiff Mitchell was going to give has been postponed. There's no dust in circulation. There's always standing room now at the Opera House. And there hasn't been a mail from the outside for two whole weeks. In short, this burg has crawled into its cave and gone to sleep. We've got to do something. It needs livening, and you and I can do it. We can give it excitement if anybody can. I've broken with Wild Water, you know."

Smoke caught two almost simultaneous visions. One was of Joy Gastell, the other was of himself, in the midst of a bleak snow-stretch, under a cold Arctic moon, being pot-shot with accuracy and despatch by the aforesaid Wild Water. Smoke's reluctance at

raising excitement with the aid of Lucille Arral was too patent for her to miss.

"I'm not thinking what you're thinking at all, thank you," she chided, with a laugh and a pout. "When I throw myself at your head you'll have to have more eyes and better ones than you have now to see me."

"Men have died of heart disease at the sudden announcement of good fortune," he murmured in the unvarnished gladness of relief.

"Liar," she retorted graciously. "You were more scared to death than anything else. Now take it from me, Mr. Smoke Bellew, I'm not going to make love to you, and if you dare to make love to me Wild Water will take care of your case. You know him. Besides, I . . . I haven't really broken with him."

"Go on with your puzzles," he jeered. "Maybe I can start guessing what you're driving at after a while."

"There's no guessing, Smoke. I'll give it to you straight. Wild Water thinks I've broken with him, don't you see?"

"Well, have you, or haven't you?"

"I haven't—there! But it's between you and me in confidence. He thinks I have. I made a noise like breaking with him, and he deserved it, too."

"Where do I come in? Stalking horse or fall-guy?"

"Neither. You make a pot of money, we put across the laugh on Wild

Water and cheer Dawson up, and, best of all and the reason for it all, he gets disciplined. He needs it. He's . . . well, the best way to put it is, he's too

prettiest little woman in Alaska," Smoke interpolated.

"Yes, and because of that, too, thank you, is no reason for him to get riotous.



LUCILLE ARRAL

turbulent. Just because he's a big husky, because he owns more rich claims than he can keep count of—"

"And because he's engaged to the

He broke out last night again. Sowed the floor of the M. & M. with gold dust. All of a thousand dollars. Just opened his poke and scattered it under the feet

of the dancers. You've heard of it, of course."

"Yes; this morning. I'd like to be the sweeper in that establishment. But still I don't get you. Where do I come in?"

"Listen. He was too turbulent. I broke our engagement, and he's going around making a noise like a broken heart. Now we come to it. I like eggs."

"They're off!" Smoke cried in despair. "Which way? Which way?"

"Wait."

"But what have eggs and appetite got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Everything, if you'll only listen."

"Listening, listening," he chanted.

"Then for heaven's sake listen. I like eggs. He knows it. Dawson's only a limited supply of eggs in There."

"Sure. I know that too. Slavovitch's restaurant has most of them. Ham-and-one egg, three dollars. Ham-and-two eggs, five dollars. That means two dollars an egg, retail. And only the swells and the Arrals and the Wild Waters can afford them."

"He likes eggs, too," she continued.

"But that's not the point. I like them. I have breakfast every morning at eleven o'clock at Slavovitch's. I invariably eat two eggs." She paused impressively.

"Suppose, just suppose, somebody corners eggs."

She waited, and Smoke regarded her with admiring eyes, while in his heart he backed with approval Wild Waters' choice of her.

"You're not following," she said.

"Go on," he replied. "I give up. What's the answer?"

"Stupid! You know Wild Water. He's like his name, as impetuous and turbulent as a mountain stream. When he sees I'm languishing for eggs—and I know his mind like a book, and I know how to languish—which will be do?"

"You answer it. Go on."

"Why, he'll just start stampeding for the man that's got the corner in eggs. He'll buy that corner, no matter what it costs. Picture: I come into Slavo-

vitch's at eleven o'clock. Wild Water will be at the next table. He'll make it his business to be there. 'Two eggs, shirred,' I'll say to the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral,' the waiter will say; 'they ain't no more eggs.' Then up speaks Wild Water, in that big bear voice of his: 'Waiter, six eggs, soft boiled.' And the waiter says 'Yes, sir,' and the eggs are brought. Picture: Wild Water looks sideways at me, and I look like a particularly indignant icicle and summon the waiter. 'Sorry, Miss Arral,' he says, 'but them eggs is Mr. Wild Water's. You see, Miss, he owns 'em.' Picture: Wild Water, triumphant, doing his best to look unconscious while he eats his six eggs."

"Another picture: Slavovitch himself bringing two shirred eggs to me and saying, 'Compliments of Mr. Wild Water, Miss.' What can I do? What can I possibly do but smile at Wild Water, and then we make up, of course, and he'll consider it cheap if he has been compelled to pay ten dollars for each and every egg in the corner."

"Go on, go on," Smoke urged. "At what station do I climb on to the choo-choo cars, or at what water-tank do I get thrown off?"

"Ninny! You don't get thrown off. You ride the egg-train straight into the Union Depot. You make that corner in eggs. You start in immediately, to-day. You can buy every egg in Dawson for three dollars and sell out to Wild Water at almost any advance. And then, afterward, we'll let the inside history come out. The lough will be on Wild Water. His turbulence will be some subdued. You and I share the glory of it. You make a pile of money. And Dawson wakes up with a grand ha! ha! . . . Of course . . . if . . . if you think the speculation too risky, I'll put up the dust for the corner."

This last was too much for Smoke. Being only a mere mortal Western man, with queer obsessions about money and women, he declined the proffer of her dust with scorn.

II.

"Hey! Shorty!" Smoke called across the main street to his partner, who was trudging alone in his swift, slack-jointed way, a naked bottle with frozen contents conspicuously tucked under his arm.

Smoke dodged the congested dog-sled traffic and crossed over.

"Where have you been all morning? Been looking for you everywhere."

"Up to Doc's," Shorty answered, holding out the bottle. "Something's wrong with Sally. I seen her night at feedin' time, the hair on her tail an' flanks was fallin' out. The Doc says—"

"Never mind that," Smoke broke in impatiently. "What I want—"

"What's estin' you?" Shorty demanded in wide-eyed and indignant astonishment. "An' Sally gettin' naked bold in this crimp weather! I tell you that dog's sick. Doc says—"

"Let Sally wait. Listen to me—"

"I tell you she can't wait. It's cruelty to animals. She'll be frost-bit. What are you in such a fever about anyway? Has that Monte Cristo strike proved up?"

"I don't know, Shorty. But I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure," Shorty said pallantly, immediately appressed and acquiescent. "What is it? Let her rip. Me for you."

"I want you to buy eggs for me—"

"Sure, an' Florida water an' talcum powder, if you say the word. An' poor Sally sheddin' something scandalous! Look here, Smoke, if you want to go in for high-livin' you go an' buy your own eggs. Beans an' bacon's good enough for me."

"I am going to buy, but I want you to help me buy. Now shut up, Shorty. I've got the floor. You go straight to Slavovitch's. Pay as high as three dollars, but buy all he's got."

"Three dollars!" Shorty groaned. "An' I heard tell only yesterday that he's got seven hundred in stock! Twenty-one hundred dollars for hen-

fruit!—Say, Smoke, I tell you what. You run right up and see the Doc. He'll tend to your case. An' he'll only charge you an ounce for the first prescription. So long. I gotta be pullin' my freight."

But Smoke caught his partner by the shoulder, arresting his progress and whirling him around.

"Smoke, I'd sure do anything for you," Shorty protested earnestly. "If you had a cold in the head an' was layin' with both arms broke, I'd set by your bedside, day an' night, an' wipe your nose for you. But I'll be everlastingly damned if I'll squander twenty-one hundred good iron dollars on henfruit for you or any other two-legged man."

"They're not your dollars, but mine, Shorty. It's a deal I have on. What I'm after is to corner every blessed egg in Dawson, in the Klondike, on the Yukon. You've got to help me out. I haven't time to tell you of the inwardness of the deal. I will afterward, and let you go half on it if you want to. But the right thing now is to get the eggs. Now you hustle up to Slavovitch's and buy all he's got."

"But what'll I tell 'm? He'll sure know I ain't goin' to eat 'em."

"Tell him anything. Money talks. He sells them cooked for two dollars. Offer him up to three for them uncooked. If he gets curious, tell him you're starting a chicken ranch. What I want is the eggs. And then keep on; nose out every egg in Dawson and buy it. Understand? Buy it! That little joint across the street from Slavovitch's has a few. Buy them. I'm going over to Klondike City. There's an old man there, with a bad leg, he's broke and who has six dozen. He's held them all winter for the rise, intending to get enough out of them to pay his passage back to Seattle. Ill see he gets his passage, and I'll get the eggs. Now hustle. And they say that little woman down beyond the sawmill who smokes moccasins has a couple of dozen."

"All right, if you say so, Smoke. But

Slavovitch seems the main squeeze. I'll just get an iron-bound opium, black an' white, an' gather in the scuttlers' first."

"All right. Hustle. And I'll tell you the scheme to-night."

But Shorty flourished the bottle.

"I'm goin' to doctor up Sally first. The eggs can wait that long. If they ain't all eaten, they won't be eaten while I'm takin' care of a poor sick dog that's saved your life an' mine more'n once."

III.

Never was a market cornered more quickly. In three days every known egg in Dawson, with the exception of several dozen, were in the hands of Smoke and Shorty. Smoke had been more liberal in purchasing. He unblushingly pleaded guilty to having given the old man in Klondike City five dollars apiece for his seventy-two eggs. Shorty had bought most of the eggs, and he had driven bargains. He had given only two dollars an egg to the woman who made moccasins, and he prided himself that he had come off fairly well with Slavovitch, whose seven hundred and fifteen eggs he had bought at a flat rate of two dollars and a half. On the other hand, he grumbled because the little restaurant across the street had held him up for two dollars and seventy-five cents for a paltry hundred and thirty-four eggs.

The several dozen not yet gathered in were in the hands of two persons. One, with whom Shorty was dealing, was an Indian woman who lived in a cabin on the hill back of the hospital.

"I'll get her to-day," Shorty announced next morning. "You wash the dishes, Smoke. I'll be back in a jiffy, if I don't bust myself s-hovin' dust at her. Gimme a man to deal with every time. These blamed women—it's something sad the way they can hold out on a buyer. The only way to get 'em is sellin'. Why, you'd think them eggs of hers was solid nuggets. That's how she values them."

In the afternoon, when Smoke returned to the cabin, he found Shorty

squatting on the floor, rubbing ointment into Sally's tail, his countenance so expressionless that it was suspicious.

"What luck?" he asked carelessly, after several minutes had passed.

"Nothing doing," Smoke answered. "How did you get on with the squaw?"

Shorty cocked his head triumphantly toward a tin pail of eggs on the table.

"Seven dollars a clatter, though," he confessed, after another minute of silent rubbing.

"I offered ten dollars finally," Smoke said, "and then the fellow told me he'd already sold his eggs. Now that looks bad, Shorty. Somebody else is in the market. Those twenty-eight eggs are liable to cause us trouble. You see, the success of the corner consists in holding every last—"

He broke off to stare at his partner. A pronounced change was coming over Shorty—one of agitation masked by extreme deliberation. He closed the salve-box, wiped his hands slowly and thoroughly on Sally's furry coat, stood up, went over to the corner and looked at the thermometer, and came back again. He spoke in a low, toneless, and super-polite voice.

"Do you mind kindly just repeating over how many eggs you said that man didn't sell to you?" he asked.

"Twenty-eight."

"Hum," Shorty commended to himself, with a slight duck of the head of careless acknowledgment. Then he glanced with slumbering anger at the stove. "Smoke, we'll have to dig up a new stove. That firebox is burned plumb into the oven so it blacks the biscuits."

"Let the firebox alone," Smoke commanded, "and tell me what's the matter."

"Matter? An' you want to know what's the matter? Well, kindly please direct them handsome eyes of yours at that there pail settin' on the table. See it?"

Smoke nodded.

"Well, I want to tell you one thing, just one thing. They's just exactly, precisely, nor nothin' more or any-

thing less'n twenty-eight eggs in that pail, an' they cost, every danged last one of 'em, just exactly seven great big round iron dollars a throw. If you stand in cryin' need of any further little items of information, I'm willin' and free to impart."

"Go on," Smoke requested.

"Well, that geezer you was dickerin' with is a big back Indian. Am I right?"

Smoke nodded, and continued to nod to each question.

"He's got one cheek half gone where a bald-face grizzly swatted him. Am I right? Hes a dog-trader—right, eh? His name is Scar-Face Jim. That's so, ain't it? D'ye get my drift?"

"You mean we've been bidding—"

"Against each other. Sure thing. That squaw's his wife, an' they keep house on the hill back of the hospital. I could'a got them eggs for two a throw if you hadn't butted in."

"And so could I," Smoke laughed, "if you'd kept out. But it doesn't amount to anything. We know now that we've got the corner. That's the big thing."

Shorty spent the next hour wrestling with a stub of a pencil on the margin of a three-year-old newspaper, and the more interminable and hieroglyphic grew his figures, the more cheerful he became.

"There she stands," he said at last. "Pretty! I guess yes. Lemme give you the totals. You an' me has right now in our possession exactly nine hundred an' seventy-three eggs. They cost us exactly two thousand seven hundred an' sixty dollars, reckusin' dust at sixteen an ounce an' not roamin' time. An' now listen to me. If we stick up Wild Water for ten dollars a egg we stand to win, clean net an' all to the good, just exactly six thousand nine hundred and seventy dollars. Now that's book-makin' what is, if anybody should ride up on a dog-sled an' ask you. An' I'm in half on it! Put her there, Smoke. Smoke, I'm that thankful I'm sure droolin' gratitude. Book-makin'!—Sav, I'd sooner run with the chicks than the ponies any day."

IV.

At eleven that night Smoke was routed from sound sleep by Shorty, whose fur parka exhaled an atmosphere of keen frost and whose hand was extremely cold in its contact with Smoke's cheek.

"What is it now?" Smoke grumbled. "Rest of Sally's hair fallen out?"

"Nope. But I just had to tell you the good news. I seen Slavovitch. Or Slavovitch seen me, I guess, because he started the sence. He says to me: 'Shorty, I want to speak to you about them eggs. I've kept it quiet. Nobody knows I sold 'em to you. But if you're speculating, I can put you wise to a good thing.' An' he did, too, Smoke. Now what'd you guess that good thing is?"

"Go on. Name it."

"Well, maybe it sounds incredible, but that good thing was Wild Water Charley. He's lookin' to buy eggs. He goes around to Slavovitch an' offers him five dollars an egg, an' before he quits he's offerin' eight. An' Slavovitch ain't got no eggs. Last thing Wild Water says to Slavovitch is that he'll beat the head of 'em him if ever he finds out Slavovitch has eggs oached away anywhere. Slavovitch had to tell 'm he'd sold the eggs, but that the buyer was secret."

"Slavovitch says to let him say the word to Wild Water who's got the eggs. 'Shorty,' he says to me, 'Wild Water 'll come a ramin'. You can hold him up for eight dollars.' 'Eight dollars your grandmother,' I says. 'He'll fall for ten before I'm done with him.' Anyway, I told Slavovitch I'd think it over and let him know in the mornin'. Of course we'll let 'm pass the word on to Wild Water. Am I right?"

"You certainly are, Shorty. First thing in the morning tip off Slavovitch. Have him tell Wild Water that you and I are partners in the deal."

Five minutes later Smoke was again aroused by Shorty.

"Say, Smoke! Oh, Smoke!"

"Yes?"

"Not a cent less than ten a throw. Do you get that?"

"Sure thing—all right," Smoke returned sleepily.

In the morning Smoke chanced upon Lucille Arral again at the dry goods counter of the A. C. Store.

"It's working," he jubilated. "It's working. Wild Water's been around to Slavovitch, trying to buy or hully eggs out of him. And by this time Slavovitch has told him that Shorty and I own the corner."

Lucille Arral's eyes sparkled with delight.

"I'm going to breakfast right now," she cried. "And I'll ask the waiter for eggs, and he so plaintive when there aren't any as to melt heart of stone. And you know Wild Water's heart is anything but stone. He'll pay the corner if it costs him one of his mines. I know him. And hold out for a stiff figure. Nothing less than ten dollars will satisfy me, and if you sell for anything less, Smoke, I'll never forgive you."

That noon, up in their cabin, Shorty placed on the table a pot of henna, a pot of coffee, a pan of scorch-dried biscuits, a tin of butter and a tin of condensed cream, a smoking platter of moose meat and bacon, a plate of stewed dried peaches, and called "Grub's ready. Take a slant at Sally first."

Smoke put aside the harness on which he was sewing, opened the door and saw Sally and Bright spiritedly driving away a bunch of foraging sled-dogs that belonged to the next cabin.

Also, he saw something else that made him close the door hurriedly and dash to the stove. The frying pan, still hot from the moose-meat and bacon, he put back on the front lid. Into the frying pan he put a generous dab of butter, then reached for an egg, which he broke and dropped spluttering in the pan. As he reached for a second egg, Shorty gained his side and clutched his arm in an excited grip.

"Hey! What you doin'?" he demanded.

"Frying eggs," Smoke informed him, breaking the second one and throwing off Shorty's detaining hand. "What's the matter with your eyesight? Did you think I was combing my hair?"

"Don't you feel well?" Smoke queried anxiously, as Smoke broke a

third egg and dexterously thrust him back with a stiff-arm jolt on the chest. "Or are you just plain loco? That's thirty dollars' worth of eggs already."

"And I'm going to make it sixty dollars' worth," was the answer, as Smoke broke the fourth. "Get out of the way, Shorty. Wild Water's coming up the hill, and he'll be here in five minutes."

Shorty sighed vastly with commingled comprehension and relief, and sat down at the table. By the time the expected knock came at the door, Smoke was facing him across the table, and, before each, was a plate containing three hot, fried eggs.

"Come in!" Smoke called.

Wild Water Charley entered and shook hands. He was a strapping young giant, just a fraction of an inch under six feet in height and carrying a clean weight of one hundred and ninety pounds. Blond he was, with sandy yellow hair, a smooth-shaven, front-rotted skin, and eyes of dangerous blue. In them lurked the madness of temperament and the fearlessness of the brute unhester. Born a thousand years earlier in the world, he would have worn a winged helmet, laughed at the lash of frezing seas, drunk the blood of his enemies from his enemies' skulls, and sacked castles and convents on soft Southern coasts. As it was, born a thousand years too late for such primitiveness, he was a freeholder of the Northland, looting the frozen soil of the Arctic of its gold, afraid neither of man, beast nor elements, a proved fighter and prodigious lover.

"Set down an' have a bite, Wild Water," Smoke invited. "Smoke, fry him some eggs. I'll bet he ain't noffed an egg in a coon's age."

Smoke broke three more eggs into the hot pan, and in several minutes placed them before his guest, who looked at them with so strange and strained an expression that Shorty confessed afterward his fear that Wild Water would slip them into his pocket and carry them away.

"Say, them swells down in the States ain't got nothin' over us in the matter of eat," Shorty gloated. "Here's you

an' me an' Smoke gettin' outside ninety dollars' worth of eggs an' not haddin' an eye."

Wild Water stared at the rapidly disappearing eggs and seemed petrified.

"Pitch in an' eat," Smoke encouraged.

"They—they ain't worth no ten dollars," Wild Water said slowly.

Shorty accepted the challenge.

"A thing's worth what you can get for it, ain't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, but —"

"But nothin'." I'm tellin' you what we can get for 'em. Ten a throw, just like that. We're the egg trust, Smoke an' me, an' don't you forget it. When we say ten a throw, ten a throw goes."

He mopped his plate with a hascuit. "I could almost eat a couple more," he sighed, then helped himself to the beans.

"You can't eat eggs like that," Wild Water objected. "It—it ain't right."

"We just dote on eggs, Smoke an' me," was Shorty's excuse.

Wild Water finished his own plate in a half-hearted way and gazed dubiously at the two comrades.

"Say, you fellows can do me a great favor," he began tentatively. "Sell me, or lend me, or give me, about a dozen of them eggs."

"Sure," Smoke answered. "I know what a yearning for eggs is myself. But we're not so poor that we have to sell our hospitality. They'll cost you nothin' —"

Here a sharp kick under the table admonished him that Shorty was getting nervous. "A dozen did you say, Wild Water?"

Wild Water nodded.

"Go ahead, Shorty," Smoke went on. "Cook them up for him. I can sympathize. I've seen the time myself when I could eat a dozen straight off the hat."

But Wild Water laid a restraining hand on the eager Shorty as he explained. "I don't mean cooked. I want them with the shells on."

"So that you can carry 'em away?" Shorty broke in.

"That's the idea."

"But that ain't hospitality," Shorty objected. "It's—it's tradin'."

Smoke nodded concurrence. "That's

different, Wild Water. I thought you just wanted to eat them. You see, we went into this for a speculation."

The dangerous blue of Wild Water's eyes began to grow dangerous. He advertised plainly that he knew they were playing with him.

"I'll pay for them," he said sharply. "How much?"

"Oh, not a dozen," Smoke replied. "We couldn't sell a dozen. We're not retailers we're speculators. We can't break our own market. We've got a hard and fast corner, and when we sell out it's the whole corner or nothin'."

"How many have you got, and how much do you want for them?"

"How many have we, Shorty?" Smoke inquired.

Shorty cleared his throat and performed mental arithmetic aloud.

"Lemme see. Nine hundred an' seventy-three minus nine, that leaves nine hundred an' sixty-two. An' the whole shootin' match, at ten a throw, will tote up just about nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty iron dollars. Of course, Wild Water, we're playin' fair, an' it's money back for bad ones, though they ain't none. That's one thing I never seen in Klondike—a bad egg. No man's fool enough to bring in a bad egg."

"That's fair," Smoke added. "Money back for the bad ones, Wild Water. And there's our proposition, nine thousand, six hundred and twenty dollars for every egg in the Klondike."

"You might play 'em up to twenty a throw an' double your money," Shorty suggested, pouring a cup of coffee for their guest.

Wild Water shook his head sadly and helped himself to the beans.

"That would be too expensive, Shorty. I only wanted a few. I'll give you ten dollars for a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty—but I can't buy 'em all. What'd I do with them? I'm no trader."

"All or none," was Smoke's ultimatum.

"Look here, you two," Wild Water said in a burst of confidence. "I'll be perfectly honest with you, an' know I'll let it go any further. You don't Miss

Arral an' I was engaged. Well ebe's broken everything off. You know it. Everybody knows it. It's for her I want them eggs."

"Huh!" Shorty jeered. "It's clear an' plain why you want 'em with the shells on. But I never thought it of you."

"Thought what?"

"It's low-down mean, that's what it is," Shorty rushed on, virtuously ignorant. "I wouldn't wonder somebody filled you full of lead for it, an' you'd deserve it, too."

Wild Water began to flame toward the verge of one of his notorious Berserker rages. His hands clenched until the cheap fork in one of them began to bend, while his blue eyes flashed warning sparks.

"Now, look here, Shorty, just what do you mean? If you think anything underhand—"

"I mean what I mean," Shorty retorted doggedly, "an' you bet your sweet life I don't mean anything underhand. Overhand's the only way to do it. You can't throw 'em any other way."

"Throw what?"

"Eggs, prunes, baseballs, anything. But Wild Water, you're makin' a mistake. They ain't no crowd over me at the Opera House that'll stand for it. Just because she's a actress is no reason you can publicly lambaste her with hen-fruit."

For the moment it seemed that Wild Water was going to burst or have apoplexy. He drank a mouthful of scalding coffee and slowly recovered himself.

"You're in wrong, Shorty," he said with cold deliberation. "I'm not going to throw eggs at her. Why, man," he said, with growing excitement, "I want to give them eggs to her, on a platter, skinned—that's the way she likes 'em."

"I knowed I was wrong," Shorty cried gleefully. "I knowed you couldn't do a low-down trick like that."

"That's all right, Shorty," Wild Water forgave him. "But let's get down to business. You see why I want them eggs. I want 'em bad."

"Do you want 'em ninety-six hundred

an' twenty dollars' worth?" Shorty queried.

"It's a hold-up, that's what it is," Wild Water declared irritably.

"It's business," Smoke retorted. "You don't think we're peddling eggs for our health. When you bought that fraction on Bonanza for five hundred dollars you didn't do it for your health."

"Health!" Shorty sneered. "He took forty thousand out of a that same fraction in the next three months."

"Aw, listen to reason," Wild Water pleaded. "I only want a couple of dozen. I'll give you twenty pieces for 'em. What do I want with all the rest of them eggs? I've went years in this country without eggs, an' I guess I can keep on managin' without 'em somehow."

"Don't get het up about it," Shorty counseled. "If you don't want 'em, that settles it. We ain't a-forcin' 'em on you."

"But I do want 'em," Wild Water complained.

"Then you know what they'll cost you—ninety six hundred an' twenty dollars, an' if my finger's wrong, I'll treat."

"But maybe they won't turn the trick," Wild Water objected. "Maybe Miss Arral's lost her taste for eggs by this time. How do I know? I've been right free an' foolish with my dust, I know that, but I've reformed. In the future you won't never track me by the dust I've spilled."

"I should say Miss Arral's worth the price of the eggs," Smoke put in quietly.

"Worth it!" Wild Water stood up in the heat of his eloquence. "She's worth a million dollars. She's worth all I got. She's worth all the dust in Klondike." He sat down, and went on in a calmer voice. "But that ain't no call for me to gamble ten thousand dollars on a breakfast for her. Now, I've got a proposition. Lend me a couple of dozen of them eggs. I'll turn 'em over to Slavovitch. He'll feed 'em to her with my compliments. She ain't smiled to me for a hundred years. If them eggs gets a smile for me, I'll take the whole boiling off your hands."

"Will you sign a contract to that effect?" Smoke said quickly; for he knew that Lucille Arral had agreed to smile.

Wild Water gasped.

"You're almighty swift with business up here on the hill," he said, with a hint of a snarl.

"We're only accepting your own proposition," Smoke answered.

"All right—bring on the paper—make it out, hard and fast," Wild Water cried in the anger of surrender.

Smoke wrote the document, wherein Wild Water agreed to take every egg delivered to him at ten dollars per egg, provided that the two dozen advanced to him brought about a reconciliation with Miss Lucille Arral.

Wild Water paused, with uplifted pen, as he was about to sign.

"Hold on," he said. "When I buy eggs I buy good eggs."

"They ain't a bad egg in the Klondike," Shorty snorted.

"Just the same, if I find one bad egg you've got to come back with the ten I paid for it."

"That's all right," Smoke placated.

"It's only fair."

"An' every bad egg you come back with I'll eat," Shorty declared.

Smoke inserted the word "good" in the contract, and Wild Water, sullenly signed, received the trial two dozen in a tin pail, pulled on his mittens, and opened the door.

"Good bye, you robbers," he growled back at them, and slammed the door behind them.

V.

Smoke was a witness, next morning, at eleven, in Slavovitch's, to the play. He sat, as Wild Water's guest, at the table adjoining Lucille Arral's. Almost to the letter, as she had forecasted it, did the scene come off.

"Haven't you found any eggs yet?" she murmured plaintively to the waiter.

"No, ma'am," came the answer.

"They say somebody's cornered every egg in Dawson. Mr. Slavovitch is trying to buy a few just especially for you.

But the fellow that's got the corner won't let loose."

It was at this juncture that Wild Water beckoned the proprietor to him, and, with one hand on his shoulder, drew his head down.

"Look here, Slavovitch," Wild Water whispered hoarsely, "I turned over a couple of dozen eggs to you last night. Where are they?"

"In the safe, all but six that I have all thawed and ready for you any time you sing out."

"I don't want 'em for myself," Wild Water breathed in a still lower voice. "Shir' 'em up and present 'em to Miss Arral there."

"Better not," Slavovitch warned.

"What d'ye mean?" Wild Water demanded, a swift ablation of anger flashing to his eyes. "They're my eggs, ain't they?"

"A thousand pardons, but you do not understand," Slavovitch hurried nervously to explain. "What I meant was not to send her six. She never eats more than two. Six might disgust her. Shall I say, then, two shirred?"

Wild Water nodded.

"I'll attend to it personally myself," Slavovitch assured him.

"An' don't forget—compliments of me," Wild Water concluded, relaxing his detaining clutch on the proprietor's shoulder.

Pretty Lucille Arral was gazing forlornly at the strip of breakfast bacon and the tinned mashed potatoes on her plate, when Slavovitch placed before her the two shirred eggs.

"Compliments of Mr. Wild Water," they at the next table heard him say.

Smoke acknowledged to himself that it was a fine bit of acting—the quick, joyous flash in the face of her, the impulsive turn of the head, the spontaneous forerunner of a smile that was only checked by a superb self-control which resolutely drew her face back so that she could say something to the restaurant proprietor.

Smoke felt the kick of Wild Water's moccasin foot under the table.

"Will she eat 'em?—that's the ques-

tion—will she eat 'em?" the latter whispered agonizingly.

And with sidelong glances they saw Lucille Aral hesitate, almost push the dish from her, then surrender to its lure.

"I'll take them eggs," Wild Water said to Smoke. "The contract holds. Did you see her? Did you see her? She almost smiled. I know her. It's all fixed. Two more eggs to-morrow an' she'll forgive an' make up. If she wasn't here I'd shake hands, Smoke, I'm that grateful. You ain't a robber; you're a philanthropist."

VII.

Smoke returned jubilantly up the hill to the cabin, only to find Shorty playing solitaire in black despair. Smoke had long since learned that whenever his partner got out the cards for solitaire it was a warning signal that the bottom had dropped out of the world.

"Go 'way, don't talk to me," was the first rebuff Smoke received.

But in not many minutes Shorty thawed into a fresher of speech.

"It's all off with the big Swede," he growled. "The corner's busted. They'll be selling 'sherry an' egg in all the saloons to-morrow at a dollar a flip. They ain't no starvin' orphan child in Dawson that won't be wrappin' its tummy around eggs. What d'ye think I run into?—a greaser with three thousand eggs—d'ye get me? Three thousand, an' just freighted in from Forty Mile." "Fairy stories," Smoke doubted.

"Fairy hell! I seen them eggs. Gautereux's his name—a whackin' big blue-eyed French-Canadian husky. He asked for you first, then took me to the side and jabbed me straight to the heart. It was our cornerin' eggs that got him started. He knowed about them three thousand at Forty Mile an' just went an' got 'em. 'Show 'em to me,' I says. An' he did. There was his dog-teams, an' a couple of Indian drivers, restin' down the bank where they'd just pulled in from Forty Mile. An' on the sleds was soap-boxes—teeny wooden soap-boxes."

"We took one out behind a ice-jam in the middle of the river an' busted it open. Eggs—full of 'em, all packed in sawdust. Smoke, you an' me lose. We've ben gunblin'. D'ye know what he had the gall to say to me?—that they was all ours at ten dollars a egg. D'ye know what he was doin' when I left his cabin?—drawin' a sign of eggs for sale. Said he'd give us first choice, at ten a throw, till two p.m., as' for after that, if we didn't come across, he'd bust the market higher'n a kite. Said he wasn't no business man, but that he knowed a good thing when he seen it—meanin' you an' me, as I took it."

"It's all right," Smoke said cheerfully. "Keep your shirt on an' let me think a moment. Quick action and team play is all that's needed. I'll get Wild Water here at two o'clock to take delivery of eggs. You buy that Gautereux's eggs. Try and make a bargain. Even if you pay ten dollars apiece for them, Wild Water will take them off our hands at the same price. If you can get them cheaper, why, we make a profit as well. Now go to it. Have them here by not later than two o'clock. Borrow Colonel Bowie's dogs and take our team. Have them here by two sharp."

"Say, Smoke," Shorty called, as his partner stared down the hill. "Better take a umbrella. I wouldn't be none surprised to see the weather rainin' eggs before you get back."

Smoke found Wild Water at the M. and M., and a stormy half hour ensued.

"I warn you we've picked up some more eggs," Smoke said, after Wild Water had agreed to bring his dust to the cabin at two o'clock and pay on delivery.

"You're luckier at finding eggs than me," Wild Water admitted. "Now how many eggs have you got now, an' how much dust do I tote up the hill?"

Smoke consulted his notebook. "As it stands now, according to Shorty's figures, we've three thousand, nine hundred and sixty-two eggs. Multiply by ten—"

"Forty thousand dollars!" Wild Water bellowed. "You said there was only something like nine hundred eggs. It's a stick-up. I won't stand for it."

Smoke drew the contract from his pocket and pointed to the pay on delivery. "No mention is made of the number of eggs to be delivered. You agreed to pay ten dollars for every egg we delivered to you. Well, we've got the eggs, and a signed contract is a signed contract. Honestly, though, Wild Water, we didn't know about those other eggs until afterward. Then we had to buy them in order to make our corner good."

For five long minutes, in choking silence, Wild Water fought a battle with himself, then reluctantly gave in.

"I'm in bad," he said brokenly. "The landscape's fair sproutin' eggs. An' the quicker I get out the better. There might come a landslide of 'em. I'll be there at two o'clock. But forty thousand dollars—"

"It's only thirty-nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty," Smoke corrected.

"It'll weigh two hundred pounds," Wild Water raved on. "I'll have to freight it up with a dog-team."

"We'll lend you our teams to carry the eggs away," Smoke volunteered.

"But where'll I cache 'em? Where'll I cache 'em?—never mind. I'll be there. But as long as I live I'll never eat another egg. I'm full sick of 'em."

VIII.

At half past one, doubling the dog-teams for the steep pitch of the hill, Shorty arrived with Gautereux's eggs.

"We dang near double our winnings," Shorty told Smoke, as they piled the soap-boxes inside the cabin. "I holds 'em down to eight dollars, an' after he cussed loco in French he falls for it. Now that's two dollars clear profit to us for each egg, an' they're three thousand of 'em. I paid 'em in full. Here's the receipt."

While Smoke got out the gold-scales and prepared for business, Shorty devoted himself to calculation.

"There's the figures," he announced triumphantly. "We win twelve thou-

san' nine hundred an' seventy dollars. An' we don't do Wild Water no-harm. He wins Miss Aral, an' he said himself she was worth all the dust in Klondike. Besides, he gets all them eggs. It's sure a bargain-counter all around. Nobody loses."

"Even Gautereux's twenty-four thousand to the good," Smoke laughed, "minus, of course, what the eggs and the freighting cost him. And if Wild Water plays the corner, he may make a profit out of the eggs himself."

Promptly at two o'clock, Shorty, peeping, saw Wild Water coming up the hill. When he entered he was broke and businesslike. He took off his big bearskin coat, hung it on a nail, and sat down at the table.

"Bring on them eggs, you ninetes," he commenced. "An' after this day, if you know what's good for you, never mention eggs to me again."

They began on the miscellaneous assortment of the original corner, all three men counting. When two hundred had been reached, Wild Water suddenly cracked an egg on the edge of the table and opened it deftly with his thumb.

"Hey! Hold on!" Shorty objected.

"It's my egg, ain't it?" Wild Water snarled. "I'm pavin' ten dollars for it, ain't I? But I ain't buyin' no pig in a poke. When I cough up ten bucks an' egg I want to know what I'm gettin'."

"If you don't like it, I'll eat it," Shorty volunteered maliciously.

Wild Water looked and smiled, and shook his head.

"No you don't, Shorty. That's a good egg. Gimme a pill. I'm goin' to eat it myself for supper."

Three again Wild Water cracked good eggs experimentally and put them in the pill beside him.

"Two more than you figured, Shorty," he said at the end of the count. "Nine hundred an' sixty-four, not sixty-two."

"My mistake," Shorty acknowledged handsomely. "We'll throw 'em in for good measure."

"Guess you can afford to," Wild Water accepted grimly. "Pass the bath. Nine thousand, six hundred an' twenty dollars. I'll pay for it now. Write a receipt, Smoke."

"Why not count the rest," Smoke suggested, "and pay all at once?"

Wild Water shook his head. "I'm no good at figgers. One batch at a time an' no mistakes."

Going to his fur coat, from each of the side pockets he drew forth two sacks of dust, so round and long that they resembled bologna sausages. When the first batch had been paid for, there remained in the gold-sacks not more than several hundred dollars.

A soap-box was carried to the table, and the count of the three thousand began. At the end of one hundred, Wild Water struck an egg sharply against the edge of the table. There was no crackle. The resultant sound was like that of the striking of a sphere of solid marble.

"Frozen solid," he remarked, striking more sharply.

He held the egg up, and they could see the shell powdered to minute fragments along the line of impact.

"Huh!" said Shorty. "It ought to be solid, seein' it has just ben freighted up from Forty Mile. It'll take a axe to bust it."

Smoke brought the axe, and Wild Water, with the clever hand and eye of the woodsman, split the egg cleanly in half. The appearance of the egg's interior was anything but satisfactory. Smoke felt a premonitory chill. Shorty was more valiant. He held one of the halves to his nose.

"Smells all right," he said. "But it looks all wrong," Wild Water contended. "An' how can it smell when the smell's frozen along with the rest of it? Wait a minute."

He put the two halves into a frying pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove. Then the three men, with distended, quivering nostrils, waited in silence. Slowly an unnamable odor began to drift through the room. Wild Water forebore to speak,

and Shorty remained dumb despite conviction.

"Throw it out," Smoke cried, gasping, unable longer to endure the awfulness of it.

"What's the good?" asked Wild Water. "We've got to sample the rest."

"Not in this cabin," Smoke coughed and conquered a quail. "Chop them open, and we can test by looking at them. Throw it out, Shorty! Throw it out! Phew! And leave the door open!"

Box after box was opened; egg after egg, chosen at random, was chopped in two; and every egg carried the same message of hopeless, irremediable decay.

"I won't ask you to eat 'em, Shorty," Wild Water jeered, "an', if you don't mind, I can't get out a here too quick. My contract called for good eggs. If you'll loan me a sled an' team I'll haul them good ones away before they get contaminated."

Smoke helped in loading the sled. Shorty sat at the table, the cards laid before him for solitaire.

"Say, how long you ben holdin' that corner?" was Wild Water's parting gibe.

Smoke made no reply, and, with one glance at his absorbed partner, proceeded to fling the soap-boxes out into the snow.

"Say, Shorty, how much did you say you paid for that three thousand?" Smoke queried gently.

"Eight dollars. Go 'way. Don't talk to me. I can figger as well as you. We lose seventeen thousan' on the flutter, if anybody should ride up on that dog-eared an' ask you. I figgered that out while waitin' for the first egg to smell."

Smoke pondered a few minutes, then again broke silence.

"Say, Shorty. Forty thousand dollars gold weighs two hundred pounds. Wild Water borrowed our sled and team to haul away his eggs. He came up the hill without a sled. Those two sacks of dust in his coat pocket weighed about twenty pounds each. The un-



He put the two halves into a frying-pan and placed the latter on the front lid of the hot stove.

understanding was cash on delivery. He brought enough dust to pay for the good eggs. He never expected to pay for those three thousand. He knew they were bad. Now how did he know they were bad? What do you make of it anyway?"

Shorty gathered the cards, started to shuffle a new deal, then paused.

"Huh! That ain't nothin'. A child could answer it. We lose seventeen thousan'. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan'. Then eggs of Gauthereux's was Wild Water's all the time. Anything else you're curious to know?"

"Yes. Why in the name of common sense didn't you find out whether those eggs were good before you paid for them?"

"Just as easy as the first question. Wild Water swung the huncus game timed to seconds. I hadn't no time to examine them eggs. I had to hustle to get 'em here for delivery. An' now, Smoke, lemme ask you one civil question. What did you say was the party's name that put this egg-corner idea into your head?"

Shorty had lost the sixteenth consecutive game of solitaire, and Smoke was resting about to begin the preparation of supper, when Colonel Bowie knocked at the door, handed Smoke a letter, and went on to his own cabin.

"Did you see his face?" Shorty raved. "He was almost bustin' to keep it straight. It's the big hu! ha! for you an' me, Smoke. We won't never dass show our faces again in Dawson."

The letter was from Wild Water, and Smoke read it aloud.

"Dear Smoke and Shorty:—I write to ask, with the compliments of reason, your presence at a supper-to-night at Slavovitch's joint. Miss Arval will be there and so will Gauthereux. Him and me was

partners down at Circle five years ago. He is all right and is going to be best man. About them eggs. They come into the country four years back. They was had when they come in. They was had when they left California. They always was bad. They stopped at Carluk one winter, and one winter at Nutlik, and last winter at Forty Mile where they was sold for storage. And this winter I guess they stop at Dawson. Don't keep them in a hot room. Lucille says to say you and her and me has sure made some excitement for Dawson. And I say the drinks is on you, and that goes.

"Respectfully your friend,
"W. W."

"Well?—what have you got to say?" Smoke queried. "We accept the invitation, of course?"

"I got one thing to say," Shorty answered. "An' that is Wild Water won't never suffer if he goes broke. He's a good actor—a grub-blamed good actor. An' I got another thing to say; my fingers is all wrong. Wild Water wins seventeen thousan' all right, but he wins more'n that. You an' me has made him a present of every good egg in the Klondike—nine hundred an' sixty-four of 'em, two thrown in for good measure. An' he was that ornery, mean cussed that he packed off the three opened ones in the pail. An' I got a last thing to say. You an' me is legitimate prospectors an' practical gold miners. But when it comes to finance we're sure the fattest suckers that ever fell for the get-rich-quick huncus. After this it's you an' me for the high rocks an' tall timber, an' if you ever mention eggs to me we dissolve partnership there an' then. Get me?"

Hunting in the Forest Province

AFTER MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN NEW BRUNSWICK, THE MICMAC COUNTRY OF BIG GAME—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND HUNTING METHODS

By S. E. Sangster

With the approach of the autumn hunting season it is but proper that some reference should be made to the unrivalled opportunities which are offered sportsmen for the pursuit of their favorite pastime in Canada. The Dominion, indeed, is a veritable hunting ground. In the accompanying sketch something is the way of hunting experiences in New Brunswick, the "Forest Province," is presented, together with several illustrations typical of the fall hunting season.

NEW BRUNSWICK, Canada's extreme south-eastern mainland province, lies shutting the State of Maine, and is still known as the "Forest Province." Naturally it is yet a vast game preserve and for every one of its seventeen thousand square miles of timbered area reputable and conservatively-inclined guides have claimed that a moose roams, while no attempt has been made to estimate the total number of caribou there extant.

The Micmac tribe, once so powerful and widespread a nation of hunting wood Indians, in the long ago, made their hunting grounds of Eastern Quebec, the Gaspé Peninsula and

Northern New Brunswick, which is still known as the "Micmac Country."

Where in those days of long ago the Wood Indian had only his canoe and the silver network of streams to enable him to reach the interior game-land, to-day we find a yet vaster network of steel, where the Dominion Government-owned Intercolonial Railway and its branches gut these seventeen thousand square miles of forest—everywhere one finds it paralleling the interior streams, winding far into the wilderness, and one can almost pick on any one of the many little names of hickwood settlements, shown on the map in very minute let-



"He is yours if you hold true."



Packing out by canoe in November after the first snow.

ters, and haphazardly decide to go there—being practically assured of getting his chances at the game sought.

However, it is true here as elsewhere that certain sections are better hunting grounds than others. Anywhere on the branch line between Matapédia and the village of Campbellton; this section including that stretch known as the "North Shore" is splendid moose ground.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

Primarily, there are three divisions that may be said to include the great bulk of big game territory in this Province. The Restigouche section lies, shrouded in mighty mountains of virgin growth, the sweeping river of the same name splitting the range in its mad tumble toward the far-distant sea. Jutting off from this mighty hand of rushing water at frequent intervals are dozens of feeders whose sources lie far into the distant heart of the Silences, and one has, consequently, a hundred points of choice as to actual location. Then there is the famous Nipisiguit river territory—an immense section, cut here and there by typical eastern streams, similar to the feeders of the Restigouche,

and like them allowing one to get far from steel by that easiest of woodland travel—the canoe. Up at the headquarters of the Nipisiguit lies that paradise of big game hunting around Bald Mountain. This is probably the best known district for moose and caribou in America—including as it does the headquarters of not only the Nipisiguit, but also the Miramichi, the Tobique and the southern arm of the Restigouche. Immediately adjacent hereto lies Nipisiguit lake, into which a hundred lilj-strewn streams spill their laughter—and only three miles distant is Nickel lake, the source of the Tobique waters. Add to these the Renous, the Serpentine and the Pebody lakes, and we have the greatest home of moose and caribou known within reasonable reach of the average sportsman. It can be reached from Montreal, from New York or from Boston in a minimum of time and over a modern railroad equipment.

A big, unwieldy brute is a mature bull moose. His hair is, generally speaking, a coarse, brownish black, the belly and legs showing a touch of yellow.

low. A bull weighing anything over 850 lbs. is an average animal, while a spread better than 50 inches is considered a fair trophy. The record head taken from New Brunswick showed a spread of 68½ inches, and was shot by a sportsman from an eastern state in 1907. This is the record, also, for all Eastern America.

SOME HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

The season in New Brunswick opens on September 15th, but the writer would advise that, unless one's trip has to be taken earlier, the best time is between October 10th and November 15th. Of course many sportsmen wish to hunt during the rutting season, which is around September 25th to October 15th. Early in the season one finds it a good move to hunt occasionally by canoe, at dawn and at dusk only, however. By the middle of the afternoon Bull Moose is again working out to the ponds and dead-waters, feeding as he travels, and many a night you will hear him splashing and wallowing in the lake when it is too dark to see twenty feet ahead. Possibly you decide to attempt to try for the old fellow anyway—I know I

have. Your guide paddles silently over the limpid waters, and just when you are standing down—splash-splash right ahead of the bow—you come up with a jerk and reach for the rifle, peering vainly for the black form you are hoping for, but only to hear the whistle of wings for it is but a flock of duck that you jumped. You swallow hard and pull your shaken nerves together, wondering the while how a few duck can stir up such a commotion. You won't see any more, and by this time you will have reached that conclusion—one your guide knew all the time, but wouldn't pass his opinion upon. As you crawl into your blankets a distant loon laughs in its shrill treble, and you figure sleepily that "perhaps the laugh's on you."

METHODS OF HUNTING.

Two methods are in vogue for hunting moose—"Colling," which is feasible only during the rutting season and which, therefore, limits this to the latter part of September and the first two weeks or 18 days of October, and "still hunting," which is the practice in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario be-



A typical "camp" and guides in New Brunswick.

between the middle of October and November, especially when the first snows come. Then, too, one might refer to the use of a canoe for paddling along the shore in the evenings. "Culling" offers the greatest excitement of all methods. There is no more nerve-trying and yet fascinating experience than waiting in the deepening twilight while an old bull moose comes slowly, always evidencing that wariness he is noted for, thrashing

toward you—grunting now and then in response to the guide's low-pitched cull. You are probably crouched on the shore of a little pond of "dead-water" and, shaking less from the chill of the evening than repressed excitement, you ponder how you are going to see him in the dim light and whether you'll ever be able to hold the ivory head on his fore

shoulder if you do see him. He comes constantly nearer, louder and louder you can hear his grunted "wuffs," the alder branches crack as he shakes his antlered head; you hear the splash of his hoofs as he wades through the mud and ooze—and finally, there, almost on top of you is your moose; he's yours then if you hold true—and whether you do or not, those few tense, high-strung moments are yours for all time to come, and let me assure the "never-been-there" that the

memories alone are worth traveling a long way to obtain.

Then there is still hunting, especially desirous when the first November snowfall comes. You start out early with your guide and tramp many miles, over mountains, through ravines, hardwood ridges and across typical caribou "parks." Many sportsmen prefer this mode of hunting to those of the earlier season, as it provides more exercise and

requires more stable hunting ability than any other system of bringing about the sought-for end—i. e., the getting of a bull moose and yourself within reasonable talking distance of the rifle. You are up against its native wariness and stalking your game is no child's play.

Some of the visiting sportsmen take their wives into the gameland, and if the director of your home has a fondness for the outdoors, she will here enjoy such days and nights as she wot not of, sometimes, if she is out when the evenings are frosty, you will find her persuading the guide to make a fire for her—it is really the call of the open, the tinted leaves and the crisp northern air that she is enjoying, and not so much the actual killing of game—though some women enjoy killing their moose or caribou quite as much as their



"It is a proud moment when you stand over your first moose."



A moose is a hunter's den. The shed moose horns over the fireplace have a spread of forty inches, its hind web and 38 points.

"better-halves." By all means, if you can persuade her to go along, take your wife—it won't do anybody any harm; but have her dress properly. She may enjoy the warmth of a fire when it is chilly, and while it perhaps is not con-

ducive to attracting game, still that is a minor consideration.

You can never tell when you are going to come on a caribou, either alone or a herd, and let me tell you who have not "been there" that a woodland stag



"You can hardly resist helping your guide skin him out!"



"The bull moose is worth a long trip alone."

caribou makes an imposing spectacle as he trots across a barren or a "park," his magnificently antlered head a trophy that will make your heart thump to call all your own. His head at two hundred yards looks more like a decorated rocking-chair than anything else I can suggest. I have shot several of these splendid animals, and each time I have felt that I have done murder out there in the Silence—yet each time no earthly power could have held me from stopping my quarry. One of the best caribou districts is the Tahusintac harrens, lying east of Bathurst and Newcastle. Some hunters have seen over sixty on these barrens in one afternoon, while over one hundred have been seen in a day. The old Bathurst and Newcastle coaching road, built prior to the days of the Intercolonial railway, crosses the Tahusintac half way between the two towns, twenty-five miles from either. In fact, anywhere between these two towns is a good jumping-off place for both moose and caribou. Then, north of Bathurst a few miles lie the Tetagouche lakes, also splendid caribou ground.

Late October or early November is suggested as the best time for caribou hunting. For either species of big game you must have guides, and nowhere on the Continent can be found a better class or more capable and obliging sportsmen. Place yourself in their hands when you enter—leave the task of sighting game to their judgment, and you will surely have your chance.

New Brunswick is essentially a forest province, intersected in all directions by splendid mountains and equally beautiful valleys. Everywhere you will encounter Nature at her best—she will thunder at you in the hills, she will sing to you at night through the forest leaves, and she will cure for you and make of you a new, a rejuvenated being, better able to cope with life's task during the next eleven months. So you will find this great Gameland and so leave it—and every year the red gods will call you back to where the moose and caribou raise their offspring and the salmon spawn—always, so long as your blood has its normal proportion of red corpuscles, will this be true.

Among Thieves

By Robert Adger Bowen

BLINKY MAGINNIS lightly scaled the wide wall, and dropped softly among the rhododendron bushes on the other side, listening. It was habitual with Blinky to listen. His trained acuteness of hearing, no less than his deftness of touch, was a professional asset.

Satisfied and assured, he crept forward stealthily toward the indistinct mass of the old house. There were lights in a lower room, and from above, through closely-drawn shades, a pallor shone, as though a shrouded night-leap burned dimly.

No cat could have sprung more noiselessly to the low veranda than did Blinky Maginnis. He paused again, crouching in the shadow of a rounded column. Through the shuttered window from which the inner glass doors were thrown back, came the murmur of a voice. Blinky crept nearer and looked in.

A man and a woman stood together in the centre of the room. A large table near them was strewn with loose papers, other papers in envelopes, papers docketed in boxes that had been slid from their pigeonholes in some respectacle—a glance about the room showed Blinky whence, for a small steel safe with wide open door revealed empty spaces. Apparently the seekers had found that for which they sought, for in her hand the woman held a folded paper, while from another of similar size the man was reading. Blinky, his keen ears alert, caught the purport of the words.

The man ceased.

"You see," he said, folding up the paper, and reaching out for that which his companion held, "that leaves all to

me, while this"—he opened the other paper—"dated a year ago, leaves pretty nearly everything to this girl. Now, if we could be sure she doesn't know—"

"She doesn't. I've sounded her. And she's as blind as a bat, any way. The more I know of her, the less was I have for her. Give me the thing!"

She held out her imperious hand, the gleam of cupidry in her eyes perfectly intelligible to Blinky Maginnis.

"But suppose my brother doesn't die to-night," said her partner, hesitating. "He has had these attacks before. He might send for these, and he would find out! The fact that he has never destroyed the first shows—"

"That he has some sense of justice left. Why should this girl, because she was engaged to his son, who is dead, get what by rights should be yours? It isn't even as if she had been his wife."

She took the paper from him, at the same time picking up from the table the envelope containing the other will.

"Another man would have destroyed it," she exclaimed, "instead of merely marking the envelope 'Void'; but your brother was always one of those careful people who never get rid of anything. The envelope! It is as if he had meant to make things easy for you, Jim!"

They looked at each other, and the man's eyes shifted furtively. The woman pondered.

"If it were not for those little bequests, we might destroy both," she remarked, "but I suppose that might be risky."

He nodded.

Definitely the woman exchanged the papers in the envelopes, then went over to the hearth, where a coal fire burned low. Her companion, who had begun restor-

ing the other papers to their places in the safe, halted her by a gesture.

"Why not?" she asked, straightening up.

"Someone is coming," he whispered. He seized the packages from her, and thrust them into the safe. He had time only to close the steel door, leaving the combination unprung, before a girl entered the room. As Blinky Maginnis saw her an oath rumbled in his throat. She went up to the man, apparently ignoring the woman with him.

"I'm afraid he is dying," she cried, a tremor in her voice. "You wished me to let you know. Will you come?"

The man and the woman exchanged glances. The girl, moving behind them, was too absorbed in her grief to notice, but Blinky Maginnis saw, and understood. His admiring eyes watched the girl. He began to mutter. Blinky had a way of communing with himself which was not wise at all times.

Something like a laugh followed his mummings. The shutter opened gently to his cooing pressure, and he stepped into the room, switching off the electric lights. Again he laughed, as if he were taking intense enjoyment in what he was about.

A moment later he was upon his knees before the safe, his bull's-eye playing over the exposed interior. He found the two envelopes, and once again, under his nimble fingers, they exchanged contents. He replaced them where he had found them, got to his feet, and looked about.

Indistinct sounds came to him from above, then the more definite fall of

steps in the hall beyond. He started, the grin on his face vanishing with the snapping of the shutter of the bull's-eye. In a single spurt he reached the window, opened it, and stepped out. As he did so, the lights in the room were flashed on.

Peering through the slats, Blinky saw the older woman hurriedly cross the room toward the safe. Her motions were nervous, her hands shaking. Blinky Maginnis held his breath.

She found the wills, took them up, and looked closely at the endorsements on their envelopes. Blinky trembled lest she should open them to give a final glance at their contents, but she did not. What she did was to incline the packages more directly toward the light, select one, then carefully place the other back in the safe and close the door. And this time she took thought to spring the combination before she went to the fire with the other envelope in her hand. A moment, and the blaze of its burning in the garish light of the room threw a sickly reflection upon the woman's bent figure.

Blinky chuckled. The sight he had witnessed gave him huge satisfaction. A moment longer he lingered, to see the man enter the room.

"He's gone!" he muttered. "And it's gone," his wife said, facing him calmly. "We're rich, Jim! And we've put that girl's nose out of joint for good and all!"

Blinky's shoulders lifted and fell in a spasm of silent mirth. Then he stepped back from the window, dropped lightly to the ground, and stole away amid the shadows.

What is a Good Bond Yield?

WITH INCREASED COST OF LIVING INVESTORS ARE DEMANDING
LARGER RETURNS—DANGERS OF SACRIFICING
CONVERTIBILITY OR SAFETY

By Frank J. Drake

What are the essentials of a good bond investment? This question provides a basis for the following article, which is one of a series calculated to present in brief and popular form the various phases of financial problems. The aim is to discuss money questions in terms which will be readily understood by the average reader. The writer of the series is associated with The Financial Post, the leading Canadian journal for investors.

THE essentials of a good bond investment are safety, fair yield and convertibility. Most bonds meet one or two of the requirements for a good all round investment but the number of issues that combine all three qualities is limited. Many bonds, in fact most bonds, are safe. Some bonds are easily convertible. But comparatively few issues sell at a price to yield a satisfactory return on the money invested and at the same time are easily marketable and safe beyond a doubt.

To-day the question of yield is becoming more and more important. The increased cost of living has caused a demand for higher return on invested capital. The tendency is clearly marked. It would not be true, perhaps, to say that safety was sacrificed by the average investor, but it is undoubtedly a fact that yield now occupies a more prominent place in his demands than was the case some years ago.

Once a price or a net yield is set by an investor, the other essentials must be sacrificed to some extent. The higher the yield, in most cases, the greater the risk incurred or the narrower the market for the bond.

A wide market not only means that the bonds are more easily sold, but in many cases insures greater price stability. Many bond issues are not a good investment simply because there is practically no market for them. This means not only that they are hard to dispose of but also that the quotations may fluctuate several points between sales. A new feature in this connection is the increasingly important part the big bond houses are playing in making and keeping a market for their bond. Many of the better known bond concerns will see that the market for the issues brought out by them is maintained. It is to their interest to see that the purchaser has no reason to be discontented with his purchase, and it is certainly an added attraction to a bond issue when the buyer knows that he can rest assured of a market for his bonds.

As a result of this acceptance of responsibility for their issues by the bond houses there has been less listing of bonds on the various stock exchanges. In the United States last year hardly more than a third of the total sales were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Two years earlier considerably



over two-thirds of the total sales were listed. This indicates the trend.

The value of the listing of a bond issue consists in added convertibility and stability. Of course the listing of a bond does not make sure of a fixed price nor insure against depreciation in market values. It does mean that there is a wider market for the bond, however, and this is the principal advantage of listing bonds. The decreasing percentage of bonds listed is accounted for by the practice of the bond houses to assume a certain amount of responsibility for the issues underwritten and sold by them.

The question of convertibility would not be such an important one if the average investor bought bonds with the intention of holding them until due date and merely drawing the interest as it came due. This, of course, is the intention of many purchasers, but to the ordinary man who buys a bond it is necessary that there should be some kind of a market as he may find it necessary to convert his holdings into cash at any time. For this reason, it is necessary to consider the marketability of a bond before purchasing.

To the business man or firm investing surplus in bonds it is especially necessary that there should be a wide market for his holdings. Such a pur-

chase is in the nature of a reserve and, of course, such a reserve must be available at times when needed. It is one of the fundamental principles of such an investment that the security into which business funds are put should be of a character sufficiently different from the business in which the purchaser is engaged that a depression in his own line will be unlikely to seriously affect the company whose securities he holds as a reserve.

Canada offers to the bond investor many attractive opportunities to purchase high class bonds at a price which yields a comparatively high return and also offers good chances of appreciation. It has been said that the common stock of most Canadian companies represents only partly earning power, and is partly "water." Perhaps this criticism is justified to some extent, but the fast expansion of the country has in most cases soon developed earning power sufficient to pay dividends on all classes of stock. As regards bonds there is no such criticism to be made. Canadian bond issues are well worth the interest of investors who desire safety. At the same time many issues have been put out at an attractive yield—a quality which in these days of increased expense is especially desirable to the average investor.



Slemin's Detective Successes

SOME INTERESTING CASES IN WHICH CHARLES SLEMIN, WHO WAS RECENTLY AWARDED KING'S MEDAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE, WON PROMOTION AND PROMINENCE.

By Roy Fry

The public is usually interested in people who "do things"—do them better than and differently from anybody else. Stories of such persons are full of human interest and make acceptable reading anywhere. There are many of them in Canada—leaders in the various walks of life. This month we have chosen a new line for consideration—the experiences and services of Canadian policemen—and have presented the subject in some brief references to the notable career of Charles Slemin, chief of the Brantford Police Department, who was recently awarded the King's medal for distinguished detective service, performed mainly on the Toronto force, of which he was a member for thirty years.

WHEN TEN years hence Canadian publishers tabulate their monthly list of "best sellers" they may give prominence to a volume bearing some such striking title as "The Experiences of a Great Detective," or "Canadian Crime and Criminals" or possibly "How I Won the King's Medal," by Charles Slemin.

The name under which the book might be catalogued in the libraries is, of course, speculative; equally uncertain are any predictions that the volume will ever actually be written. The fact remains, however, that it should be.

And that is all with which we are concerned at present.

What would be the nature of such an offering and who is the authority best qualified to produce it? The treatise we have in mind would deal with mani-

fold phases of Canadian crime and various experiences with Canadian criminals. Quite a fascinating subject, indeed, and too, a most capable author in the person of Charles Slemin, for many years a member of the Toronto detective staff and now chief of police of Brantford, a flourishing manufacturing centre in Ontario.

FINE RECORD OF SERVICE.

Thirty-seven years of police activities have provided Chief Slemin with an unrivalled series of novel and important



Charles Slemin, for many years a detective of the Toronto Police Department, and now Chief of Police of Brantford, Ontario.



Views of the King's medal recently presented to Chief Slemin for distinguished and meritorious police service—the first medal of the kind to be awarded to a Canadian officer.

cases, have brought him signal success in the handling of intricate detective problems, have given him an intimate knowledge of all that is interesting in the character and ways of criminals, and have ultimately crowned his career with royal honors for distinguished and meritorious service.

Indeed, among Canadian police officers, few have had the opportunities for so wide and valuable a public service as have been his, nor have any shown greater efficiency and courage in the discharge of duty. It was with general satisfaction, therefore, that the announcement that he had been awarded the King's medal was received at the beginning of the year. A couple of months ago the medal was presented by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province at a public banquet held at Brantford, on which occasion the recipient

was warmly felicitated on the honors which had been bestowed upon him.

Most Canadians are aware that some three years ago a new order was instituted by the late King Edward for the rewarding of heroic or otherwise distinguished service on the part of policemen and firemen throughout the Empire. In the last New Year's list of honors was included the name of Charles Slemin, who is the first officer in Canada to be decorated under this order. Under these circumstances some reference to the outstanding features of his career will not be untimely.

SOME SAMPLE CASES.

But to revert to the book which we hope Chief Slemin may write some day—what might it contain? It is said on good authority that he has, hidden away among his official papers, police

reports, criminal statistics and rogues' photographs—a collection both voluminous and motley which he prizes almost as a child would regard his playthings—notes of innumerable cases in which he has been the moving spirit and has played the dramatic part—cases replete with points of human interest and bristling with features which would provide great copy for popular reading.

Practically every line of detective work is represented, thus combining variety with volume—a powerful drama of human experiences which but awaits the magic touch of a writer to send it forth to a public which is vitally interested in that particular class of matter. By way of illustration let us select at random from Chief Slemin's experiences three cases about which ray chapters might be developed under such catchy titles as "When Wedding Guests Were Robbed," "A Detective's Greatest Temptation," and "A Murderer Without a Name."

ROBBING WEDDING GUESTS.

The first chapter opens with a fashionable church wedding scene in Toronto some years ago. Ushers had been duly selected by the groom to escort guests to reserved seats in the auditorium of the church. As often happens, the gentlemen chosen in this instance were not all acquainted with one another nor were they aware how many were to officiate. At any rate, when the hour drew near for the assembling of guests and the ushers took up their positions, there were two who pressed themselves into service who were strangers alike to the groom and his assistants. Faultlessly attired for the occasion they joined the others in ushering in guests with all of the neatness and exactitude of cultured churchmen. Their soft speech and ready wit lulled their prey, and freely mingling among the crowd, they found ample scope for the practice of their profession. After the ceremony it was found that many guests had been robbed; the two strangers who

meanwhile had disappeared carried with them many pocket-books and much jewelry. Slemin was at once assigned to the case and from descriptions of the men secured from guests at the function effected a speedy arrest, with the result that Thomas Carlyle, a noted pickpocket, and a confederate, were sentenced to eighteen months. A few months later they escaped, the one being recaptured within a day, but Carlyle successfully eluded the authorities until, after a considerable lapse, Slemin located him in a house in Toronto. Together with a constable, the detective trapped the criminal in a room and after a desperate struggle overpowered him, not, however, before Carlyle had snatched his revolver in the officer's face. At the trial which followed, Carlyle, who was sentenced to a term of ten years, admitted that he had acted with intent to kill, while an expert gunsmith testified that the only circumstance which had saved Detective Slemin's life was the fact that the prisoner had used a centre-fire cartridge in a rim-fire revolver and that in consequence the cartridge had not exploded when the hammer had struck it. To-day the genial chief smiles at Carlyle's cunning in constituting himself an usher at a church wedding but he soberly perceives when he recalls the few tense moments of the struggle in the little house in St. Patrick's Square during which he gazed into the barrel of a loaded revolver, saw the trigger pulled as his adversary aimed straight for his head, heard the hammer crash—and lived to tell the tale. Even yet he is rather glad to forget it all and pass on hurriedly to some other case.

A DETECTIVE'S GREAT TEMPTATION.

Scarcely less interesting though of an entirely different character was Detective Slemin's connection with a case which involved probably one of the greatest temptations which has ever come to a Canadian police official. The story should be given publicity in this country, not alone in tribute to the part which Slemin played, but in justice to

the integrity of Canadian police in general. Strangely enough the temptation came to him while he was disguised as a young medical man. "I gave up posing as a doctor after that experience," said the Chief recently in relating the incident, "but you must admit," he added slyly, "that the patient placed a pretty high value on my diagnosis of his case." The "patient" was none other than T. V. Hawkins, who had embezzled \$9,000 from the government at Washington and journeyed to Toronto, where he had been taken ill at a boarding house. The Toronto police department was "tipped off" as to his whereabouts and Slemm was dispatched with a physician's grip to administer to the stranger's needs and incidentally to size him up. Not very much time was required for the diagnosis. From descriptions, Slemm was certain of him as soon as he set his eyes on him. However, he announced himself, tossed his valise on the table of the upper bedroom in which Hawkins was quartered, and proceeded to enquire into his illness. The patient talked freely of his complaints and the supposed physician listened attentively, at the same time glancing casually about the room. When finally convinced of the identity of his man he stepped to the table as if to open his grip but instead grasped a revolver which lay alongside it together with some books and writing paper. Holding Hawkins' revolver in one hand and drawing his own from a hip pocket with the other the doctor thus prescribed: "Now Mr. Hawkins, I have your revolver and my own, too, so we can get down to business; I'm a detective and I want you for the embezzlement of \$9,000." It didn't take the fugitive long to collect his thoughts. He was trapped, his identity known; to his mind there was but one means of escape. Boldly he attempted it. Pointing to a valise hidden under the lounge he said: "That's all that's left; take it and let me go." And the laconic rejoinder of the detective as he hand-cuffed his man and recovered the valise was simply this: "We don't do that in Can-

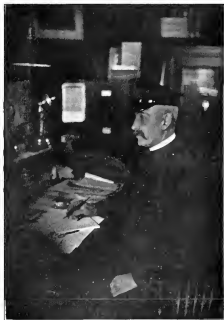
ada." When "Dr." Slemm emerged from the house with his "patient" he carried two valises, one containing his medical kit of a couple of bottles of colored water he had mixed for the occasion and the other his proffered fee, which on being totalled up at police headquarters was found to amount to \$8,338.

A MURDERER WITHOUT A NAME.

To the average person one of the most mystifying phases of detective work is the manner in which successful sleuths track down criminals merely by the aid of descriptions. How this is done only real detectives know. Some people are able to recognise an individual from a photograph, but comparatively few can pick any one person out of thousands merely by means of a word picture. Yet the average detective places more reliance in a single good description than in a score of photographic likenesses. Of several murder cases in which Detective Slemm has figured none revealed more clearly his marked powers of intuition as applied to descriptions than that of William McWhirrell, hostler and horse-thief, whose name recalls one of the most celebrated cases in the criminal annals of the Dominion. Late in 1893 an old couple residing at Port Credit were murdered after returning home from market where they had disposed of a considerable quantity of poultry. The case proved a most difficult one, baffling the best detectives, who were unable to secure any definite clues as to the perpetrator. Finally, however, Detective Slemm, who had accompanied Provincial Detective Greer in one of his investigations, found a party who gave a description of two men who had driven in a cutter to the home of a neighbor of the murdered couple, and attached to whose movements there was some suspicion. No sooner had he heard the description than Slemm exclaimed: "I think I know the man." The detectives returned to Toronto, made a search among photographs in the rogues' gallery, and without hesi-

tation Slemm threw aside one photo which proved to be a likeness of McWhirrell, who had been convicted of horse-stealing. It would seem that the authorities were taking a futile chance

with the murder. In due course he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The death sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment and finally the convict died at the Kingston



Chief Slemm at his desk at the Hamilton police headquarters.

in thus endeavoring to connect this man, whose whereabouts they did not know, with the murder. But they located him, traced his movements on the day of the crime, gathered a strong case against him and arrested him, charged

him with the murder. In due course he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The death sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment and finally the convict died at the Kingston

ties succeed in making him reveal his identity, and thus he died—a murderer without a name.

SLEMIN'S GREATEST CASE.

The foregoing cases, varied in scope and character, are cited for the purpose of revealing the nature of the service which has merited so high an honor as royal recognition in the shape of the King's medal. But these do not constitute Chief Slemin's greatest case nor his most thrilling experience as a detective. As a genuine thriller all other cases must rank second to the Spellman affair, culminating in the daring and brilliant capture of one of the most astute criminals of his time in Canada.

It was in September of 1889 that Slemin, in company with other associates, paid an unexpected visit to the lodging house of the Spellman Brothers—Mike and Bill—whose quarters in Toronto were the rendezvous of some of the worst criminals on the continent. Several clever burglaries had been committed during the summer and while there was no direct evidence against them the Spellman's were suspicious. A thorough search was made of the house and in due course interesting discoveries were unearched, including a valuable collection of watches, jewelry, revolvers, pinch-bars and jimmies in a dark room, and postage stamps to the value of \$500 which had been stolen from the Whitley post office and which were concealed between the plaster and brick of the Spellman sitting room where Slemin's quick eye noted that in one corner the wainscoting had been cut out and neatly joined in order to permit of an entrance to the treasure place. The outcome was that the Spellman's were convicted and remanded to Toronto jail to await their sentence.

But this was not the end of the struggle with these daring brothers. A day or two later they and a third party, about to be removed to Kingston, suddenly startled Ontario with a particularly spectacular escape from jail. Much investigation led to only a slight clue as to their whereabouts. Some

years ago Chief Slemin told me the story of their capture. So vividly did he present the details that it may be well to make use of his own words in relating the narrative.

"Every detective," declared the Chief, "naturally had his own theory of the movements of the fugitives and I also had mine. Knowing that the Spellman's were familiar with Eastern Ontario it was my belief that they would take to the C.P.R. tracks eastward because the country was more amply forested and more sparsely settled than along the older G.T.R. line. A day or two following the jail breaking I was deputed to bring back a man from Ottawa and purposely chose the C.P.R. route to the capital in the hope of finding one or both of the Spellman's. Detective Cuddy, of the Toronto force, was the only one who really had any faith in my theory and gave me a friendly shake at the station as the train pulled out about 10 o'clock at night.

"I was personally acquainted with Conductor Williams who was in charge of the train and took him into my confidence, requesting him to let me know if any tramps should board the train on route and in such an event to leave their fate to me.

"Nothing occurred until after we had passed Tweed about one o'clock the following morning, when the Conductor reported that three men had jumped on the blind baggage as the train was leaving the station, a most unusual occurrence in that district. I calculated that these might be the very men I was after. Sharbot Lake was the next stop. I wanted to climb over the roof of the car, jump down on to the coal-tender and cover the three with my revolver. The train was lurching along through the darkness at 35 or 40 miles an hour and Conductor Williams refused to consider such a plan, which he believed would certainly result in my being thrown off and killed. We therefore abandoned it.

"At length, just as the train was about to enter Sherbot Lake we decid-

ed on our course of action. It is the custom of tramps to jump off a train just before it enters a station where a stop is to be made and to jump on again at the other side of the depot as the train is pulling out. I was sure the rule would be followed in this case. Securing a hall's eye lantern, I planned in case they jumped to follow in their wake. As the train neared the station I got on the step of the car nearest the baggage, ready for any emergency. No sooner had the train commenced to slow down than the first tramp jumped and the second followed. I flashed my lantern and picked out a good spot as the third made his plunge. Somewhat unluckily a train hand flashed his oiler near my face and the fugitive evidently recognized me for he shouted something to the other two, who by this time were racing from the train. The third man, however, was not very far away and I gave chase. The train from which we had jumped was still moving rapidly and along the adjacent track another train was approaching as at a brisk rate. I had all but got my man when he suddenly sprang across the track alongside which we were running and in front of the approaching train, making for the space between the two trains, which were still moving. He did this hoping that I would not have time to follow. It was a desperate chance but I took it with a plunge, barely cleared the moving train and landed heavily on my man whom I clutched about the legs. He stumbled and I fell on top of him, my revolver striking the side of his head, and the wheels of the train brushing my shoulder and alone.

"'Charlie, don't kill me,' he cried. It was Mike Spellman. 'No Mike,' I replied, 'I'll take you like a man.' Just as I was putting my revolver back in my pocket he grabbed me and made a desperate effort to throw me under one of the moving trains. We struggled for a few moments with death on either side of us, both trains still moving, but Spellman was no match for me in strength and I soon overpowered him.

A few moments later we were clear of the trains and in the darkness Conductor Williams came back in search of me, and picked up the hall's eye lantern. 'Mr. Williams,' I said, 'I have got Mike Spellman. Please help me with the hand-cuffs.'

On taking Spellman to the baggage car the officer searched him, finding among other articles, a nail and a set of small saws concealed in the sole of his boot. The other two fugitives thinking that Slemin would return at once to Toronto with his prisoner, again boarded the train as it pulled out of Sharbot Lake. At the next station they followed their usual practice of jumping off and Slemin attempted to repeat the feat which he had performed the once so successfully. He jumped after them, but the country was very open and the men escaped. Four days later they were captured at Ogdensburg, New York.

STILL IN THE SERVICE.

It is well that exceptional service of this character, both on the part of policemen and firemen, should be properly rewarded. The recognition is an incentive to conspicuous effort. At its best the life of a guardian of the law is beset with many difficulties and much peril and the goal of success is not easily attained. In the case of Charles Slemin it was reached possibly more quickly than in that of many other capable police officials but it was through persistent effort and indomitable energy. Born in Ireland 56 years ago, he came to Canada as a sturdy lad of 16, joined the Toronto police force as a constable in 1875, became a detective in 1887 and after seventeen years' service in that capacity accepted the position of chief of police of Brantford, where he has inaugurated many reforms. At various stages of his career on the Toronto force he received testimonials, addresses and presentations, which, in the wording of one of them, marked "conspicuous valor, energy and ability in the performance of duty."

The best evidence of the continued success of Chief Slemmin's work is the fact that professional characters no longer molest Brantford with their operations. On the contrary they give the city a wide berth. Slemmin still knows most of the leading crooks in the country and never fails to recognize them when he meets them. Still the criminal class are among his warmest friends and admirers. As one of them on being captured after a brisk fight, once remarked: "I didn't intend to be caught, even if I had to shoot you; but all the same, Charlie, there's no other man I'd rather be taken by than you." As a rule, criminals admire a fair fighter and will reciprocate the policy of a square deal.

Possibly, in conclusion, something might be said of the methods of the man, for these are largely the keynote of his success. The prevention of crime is the end toward which he strives in the direction of his police organization. "Get men before they get into serious trouble," he remarked recently. "Clean up your city and then keep it clean."

And that is the principle which he is following in a practical application to conditions. For instance, the 3,000 foreigners who work in Brantford factories, and who a few years ago knew nothing of Canadian laws or of respectable standards of living, are being handled on a "common sense" plan, as Chief Slemmin terms it. The authorities and others interested in the work of bettering conditions among these newcomers, visit their homes, explain the essentials of the law, confiscate their weapons to prevent assaults and wounding, and encourage them in raising the standards of life. A permanent interpreter is employed, who also conducts Bible study and other training classes which are resulting in mutual benefits to the foreigners and the city. This is but one feature of a thoroughly organized and splendidly equipped branch of public service over which Chief Slemmin presides and which unalterably stamps him as a man who is not content to rest on past laurels but is determined to continue to "do things."

THE CRICKET

I know a little fellow

With a coat of finest brown,
He skips and jumps from dawn of day

Until the sun goes down:—

His merry voice is ringing

You can hear it as you pass,

It's the little cricket singing

In the green sea grass!

If the road of life be thorny

And the roses fade and die,

There are fairer flowers blooming

In the land of Bye-and-Bye.

Hope and courage for to-morrow,

Tune your heart strings as you pass,

To the singing of the cricket

In the green sea grass!

E. W. P., Suburban Life.

An Optical Delusion

By Lowell Edwin Hardy

MR. "PEARLY" WALKER, of Sandblast, Lassen County, stood before the entrance to the Novelty Moving Picture Theatre on Market Street, staring moodily at the announcement of the thrilling programme being offered within. Mechanically his eye travelled over the bill-board.

Not that Pearly had any intention of witnessing the performance, for he was surfeited with such exhibitions. He had hailed out of sheer force of habit.

During his brief sojourn in San Francisco Mr. Walker had done little else in the way of amusement than make the dreary rounds of the nickelodeons, until the mere sound of an automatic piano made him want to commit crime. He was in a bitter and rebellious mood. A tamer holiday he could not remember ever having spent. The only satisfaction he had so far obtained from his outing lay in the consciousness of the fact that he had fooled Frosty, and now, after three days, even this had begun to pale.

Frosty had predicted for him disaster. "You'll lose your roll the first time out," argued Mr. Ferguson, who was a person of experience and discretion, and who had always accompanied his friend upon their former visits to the metropolis, but was at present confined to the bunk-house, owing to his carelessness in allowing his horse to fall upon him the day previous. "You ain't fitted to cope with them hellions where you're going. You're too impetuous. Why, they'll see y'u coming!"

This ill-judged outburst settled the matter.

"Don't you got worrying any about me, old Foot-in-the-Grave!" retorted

Pearly, deeply offended. "I reckon I'm able to take care of myself all right without any of your help. Huh! You ain't my nurse."

Thereupon the indignant one immediately set about packing his grip. He got a ride into Cottonwood with Shorty on the mail back-board, and, after eating his supper at the Golden Rule Eating House, went across to Munroe's store and cashed his pay-check, making some minor purchases. At midnight he caught the south-bound Oregon Express, when it stopped for water, and noon of the next day found him in San Francisco.

Pearly was dressed for town. He wore a light brown suit with a broad silky line running through it diagonally, that he had purchased of Mr. Sol Ledinsky's Fashion Emporium in Red Bluff. A low, open-front, white linen collar encircled his sunburned neck, and lying flatly against his shirt bosom was a ready-made four-in-hand tie of a brilliant red. His hat was a brand-new Stetson, and his feet were encased in a tightly fitting pair of high-heeled boots that had cost him twenty dollars in money and much pain.

But Pearly was not thinking of his clothes. His mind dwelt upon his lost opportunity. As he stared dully at the bill-board against the wall, the realization suddenly swept over him that he was going home on the morrow, and if anything was to be done to retrieve the occasion action must be had at once. He felt cautiously of his right hip-pocket, where reposed the long buckskin bag containing the fruit of a season's riding for the Mule Shoe outfit up in Lassen.

"I still got my roll, all right," he ad-

mitted grudgingly. "But what good is it? I ain't had any fun. I might as well gone to the Bluffs or stayed in Cottonwood. Nothing's happened." His gaze wandered from the poster. "I got time yet," he declared mutinously, "and I'm going to loosen up a little. They can't take anything off'n me! I ain't goin' to avoid 'em any, but I'll just keep an eye on 'em, that's all. Huh! Old Frosty thinks he's the only wise man on earth. I'll show him! Doggone if I —"

Pearly's glance suddenly encountered that of the young lady who sat in the ornamental glass cage where the tickets were sold for the show inside. She was a pretty girl, and she was staring frankly at the tall, blue-eyed, sunburned young man in the wide soft hat. Startled, Pearly retired to the outer edge of the sidewalk to collect his faculties and consider. When he looked up again the girl's eyes were still upon him. A thrill crept up his spine. "I gotta feel something's going to happen!" he muttered hopefully, as he watched her passing out tickets and change. "Here's where we start something."

Summoning his courage, Pearly waited till there was no one standing in the line, then, walking with a slight limp that was souvenir of a certain occasion when a rat-tailed roan he was breaking managed to get his rider's leg against the corral fence, he stepped boldly forward and bought a ticket.

The transaction occupied a surprisingly short space of time. Almost before Pearly was able to realize his proximity he found himself on his way inside the theatre. Amused and chagrined, he passed out through the door on the opposite side, taking up his original position on the sidewalk.

Again he tried it, determined to have speech, but he was not quick enough. Even as he opened his mouth to speak he was carried forward and through the door by the impatient line that had formed behind him. Doggedly he persisted.

"I gotta be ready to say something as soon as I get there," he counseled.

"Betcher I make it this time. It's only a nickel a throw, and we can get acquainted on the instalment plan. Wat's a nickel? Skim another pan of milk and go ahead!"

Resorting now to strategy, he advanced on the ticket-office with a twenty-dollar gold piece ready in his hand. "I reckon that'll hold 'em a while," he figured, much pleased with himself for the idea.

He placed the coin on the shelf before him and gave a slight cough.

"Excuse me, Miss—" began Pearly, when he felt a firm grasp on his arm, and turned to find himself in the unreasoning clutches of the law, as represented by a red-faced policeman, who eyed him with extreme suspicion.

"Wadder you mean by tryin' to insult this lady?" demanded his captor, while the girl smiled upon both impartially. "I been watchin' y'a. This is the third or fourth time I seen y'a come up to this window, an' I'm onto y'a. Now, you chafe yourself and be quick about it, or I'll run y'a in. I seen your kind before!"

"Come on!" yelled Pearly, rising to the occasion; but before he had time to be arrested for resisting an officer he was grasped by the usher, who with a determined look upon his face bore him down the aisle, making sure of him this time by placing him well up in front.

Discouraged and disheartened by this unexpected turn in his love affairs, Pearly meekly submitted. He was rapidly becoming soured and embittered toward the world.

While Mr. Walker was still considering his wrongs, his train of thought was interrupted by a man stumbling over his legs in his attempt to reach the next seat beyond. Here was another indignity. There were vacant seats all about him.

"I beg your pardon!" said the man gibbly. "Very careless of me." He was a mallow individual, smooth-shaven and wearing a long, black coat that gave him the air of a travelling dentist or a Sunday-School superintendent or an under-

taker. Pearly regarded him with disfavor.

"Oh, don't mention it," he said politely. "You can't hurt this old skirt. I just put it on to-day 'cause it looked like rain. Sit down and rest your feet!"

The other started, eying the speaker sharply for a moment, and then seated himself. He professed great interest in the pictures, making no further attempt to become acquainted, but watching Pearly out of the corner of his eye. Almost immediately Pearly forgot his presence entirely, so absorbed did he become in the next scene thrown on the curtain. It was a picture of ranch life. Pearly was on his own ground.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he ejaculated presently, as he watched with growing amusement a group of cow-punchers riding some bad horses. "That ain't pretty good!"

His neighbor turned at once toward him. "I am from the East," he said apologetically, "and know nothing of such matters. Can you tell me, sir: is this picture true to life?"

"It sure is!" replied Pearly, with enthusiasm. "That fellow on the pinto toes is no bum-actor! He's a gas-o-lane bronco-twister from Modoc, or my name ain't Percy Walker."

A quick gleam came into the other's eye. He started visibly in his seat and turned a beaming countenance upon Pearly.

"What!" he said. "Can this be the Pearly Walker that I've heard my old friend Buck Johnson, from Nevada, speak of so often?"

Pearly leaned back in his seat and stared fixedly at him with one eye, while he contracted the other into a labored wink.

"Nope," he said genially. "I'm a yellow-breasted wampus from the Nile, and I can sing do fa do. Never trust a man that wears white socks!" he added mysteriously.

Buck Johnson's friend rose somewhat hurriedly. "Excuse me," he said anxiously. "I——"

"Sure, I know how it is. Let's go 'long out and have another drink," sug-

gested Pearly, his spirit rising. "I can see your tongue hanging out right this minute, and I'm as dry as a covered bridge. Come on! Don't forget your hat!"

While they were having the third drink together and were becoming real chummy, they were joined by another reveler. He was a large, loose, fatish man, with a fishy eye and a fish-oily smile, that appeared to be painted on. He was expensively dressed, and wore in place of a scarf-pin a large solitary diamond ring through which his tie was drawn.

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing Pearly's companion, "but I am a stranger, stopping here only a few days on business, and am not acquainted with the city. Will you direct me to some place of amusement where I can spend the evening? I will be very grateful for your kindness."

The one addressed drew himself up coldly.

"You'd better talk to the police," he said in a hard voice. "I am a stranger here, myself. I do not know you, sir." He turned to Pearly. "You can't be too careful about meeting strangers in a place like this," he said cautiously. "He may be all right, and he may not. It's best to be on the safe side."

Pearly eyed him with interest.

"There ain't nothing reckless about you, is there?" he observed dispassionately. "I betcher no girl ever rune away with you! Look a' here," he continued severely, "you must be Old Man Careful's only son, the way you talk. Where'd you learn your manners, any way? Don't you know that's no way to bite a gent's head off? He ain't done anything to you, has he? What's ailing you?" He beckoned to the newcomer, who was backing away, looking surprised and hurt.

"Come on up and have a drink," he urged hospitably. "You'll have to excuse our friend here. He's a little bilious just now, but he has a good heart. He means well but he's from the East, too. What's your name?"

"I thank you, sir," responded the

other generously, "and take no offense. My name is J. Walter Rutherford, of New York. I'm in the brokerage business, stocks and bonds. I do most of J. Pierpont Morgan's business."

"And this," said Pearly, not to be outdone, "is William Shakespeare, of England. He's in the undertaking business—coffins and embalming fluid. He's undertook most of the royal family. I don't need any introducing," he continued agreeably. "I'm Willie Biss, from Bear Valley, and I ain't in any business. I ride horse-back 'cause I like it." He smiled warmly upon them.

"Come on, now, William and Walter," he proceeded gleefully, "and let's have a look at this town, turning it over if necessary to see what's on the other side. We all got plenty of money, I reckon, and we'll confer together from time to time about what we'd better do with it." He winked wickedly at his companions with his winking eye and drew out the well-filled buckskin sack to pay the bartender. They needed no further urging. J. Walter Rutherford called a taxi and gave the driver his instructions, displaying a surprising knowledge of the city for one who was a comparative stranger, and they departed on their round of gaiety full of enthusiasm.

It was a new sensation to the firm of "Spike" Millican and "Smiling" Jack Rhinegold to find a victim who needed no prompting. Pearly embraced the opportunity with zest and confidence. It was agreed that they wanted to see all the town, and they made a good, thorough job of it. From the Ocean Boulevard to Joe King's dance hall on Pacific Street, they passed none by. Toward the latter part of the evening Pearly noticed his friends' interest beginning to lag, and he remonstrated with them. They rallied like heroes, and Pearly redoubled his own efforts. At last they became mutinous, after which Pearly went it alone.

About one a.m. the trio finished up at Jimmy Grogan's place on the Barbary Coast, very tired. It had resolved itself into a test of endurance. So far

Pearly's unimpaired assimilative powers and the watchful eye he kept upon his fellow pleasure-seekers had protected his purse from covetous hands; but now he was becoming drowsy. His speech was halting and his head wobbly, but he managed to keep at least one eye open all the time, though it stared in a somewhat petrified manner.

As they entered Mr. Grogan's establishment, the partners passed for a moment at the door.

"This is terrible!" groaned J. Walter savagely. "I'm going to quit. Not another drink! I haven't treated my stomach this way in the last ten years. It'll take me a week to get over it as it is."

"It's tough all right, Jack," sympathized the other, "but we've got him going now, and he's got two or three hundred in his clothes, if he has a cent. He's watching us, and I don't want to try frisking him yet; but I'm going to give him the 'stuff' this time, and it'll be all off with him in just about a minute. Don't give up the ship—I'll be back in no time. You go on in."

After some delay all were seated in a little booth just off the main floor, where mirth and music reigned. A waiter appeared shortly with a tray upon which were three glasses. Without hesitation, he placed one of the glasses before the man from Lassen and passed the tray on to the others. The three drank.

Five minutes later conversation between them had ceased. Pearly had slid down into his chair, and all the symptoms of approaching slumber were his. He was breathing heavily, his head dropped forward on his chest, but always he kept one eye fixed upon his companions, senselessly vigilant. A grim half-smile illumined his flushed countenance. The two waited with ill-concealed impatience for him to succumb.

At the end of another five minutes J. Walter rose and slipped from the room. Outside, he called the bartender to him.

"See here, Soapy," he demanded irritably, "what's the matter with you, any way! Don't you know how to mix

'em any more, or are you trying to throw us down? Spike and me's been sitting up with that guy in there for half a hour since he took the stuff, and he's as wide awake as you are this minute, a-watching us like a hawk. What have you got to say for yourself?" Soapy met his gaze squarely.

"Nothin'." If that boob downed the drink I sent in to him, he's goin' to slumber all right, and don't you worry. I gave him the pure quill."

"Well, be don't show any signs of it," returned his questioner sourly. "Let's give him another dose. We want to go to bed."

"Nix! Do you want put his light out for keeps an' get us all pinched? I'm no strong-arm man. Nothin' doin'! Run along."

The protestant returned reluctantly to his vigil.

Twenty minutes later Pearly moved uneasily in his chair and groaned. Suddenly he roused up and looked dazedly about him. He rose heavily to his feet and rubbed one hand across his eyes. The other he let slip down across the lower edge of his vest on the left side, where between his trouser-band and his shirt he carried his gun when he was in town.

Satisfied, he stepped quickly between his friends and the door; and it was only then that he reached around to his right hip-pocket. The purse was still there! A surprised grin spread over Pearly's face. The watchers stared dully at him, without speaking.

"Why, hello, Old Timers!" said Pearly, rather thickly but still cheerful. "You still here! Lees all go have 'nother drink at the bar. Lees one they brought in here didn't taste just right to me. Then I'm goin' to bed. 'Skittin' late."

He looked from one to the other. Neither spoke. J. Walter glared fiercely back to him. Pearly turned to his partner.

"I don't believe I'll have any, either," said that gentleman weakly.

"Just as you say, boysh," remarked Pearly approvingly. "I think you've had enough, myself. Sorry to leave you, but I gotta go to bed. Shee you again, I hope." He backed out of the door, pausing only to smile upon them with intoxicated archness and to throw each a kiss before he disappeared.

When Pearly reached his room at the hotel he lit the light and carefully locked the door. Then he placed his gun and his watch on the bureau before him and drew from his pocket the buckskin bag. He gazed with approval upon his reflection in the mirror. The contents of the yellow sack were somewhat depleted; but what of that; It was beside the matter entirely. The bag still remained in his possession! He could face the unbelieving Frosty in triumph. He chuckled gaily to himself as he dozed.

"They never touched me!" he murmured joyously. "Betcher if it was Old Frosty they'd 'a' got him. He ain't so wise." He roused suddenly with his shirt half off and a puzzled, anxious look came into his face.

"By Jinks! I thought sure I was a gooner that time I dozed off. Seemed to me I was asleep about an hour, but I reckon I couldn't 'a' been or they'd 'a' rolled me sure. Huh! I was too mean for 'em—that's what's the matter." He winked at himself in the glass, put out the light, and climbed into bed, still chuckling.

He was just dropping off to sleep when he suddenly started up with a muttered exclamation, got out of bed, and stumbled across the room in the dark. He fumbled a moment at the wash-stand, filling a glass with water, into which he slipped a small object, and then returned to his couch, gently chiding himself.

"You durned old fool!" he murmured sleepily, as he once more drew the covers up over him. "You come mighty near forgetting to take that blamed glass eye of your'n out again! You been drinking—that's what's the matter with you!"



Three wives of one man

Where Women Want No Vote

LIFE OF THE SILENT, VEILED WOMEN OF THE TURKISH DOMAINS IS ONE OF CLOISTERED SECLUSION AND CONSTANT SUBSERVIENCY

By Felix J. Koch

In this day of the militant suffragette and the agitation for an extension of women's rights in all the civilized countries of the world, it may seem a strange contrast to direct attention to the women of Turkey. And yet a most interesting account might be written, with features of real news value, of the conditions under which Turkish women live. That, indeed, is precisely what the writer of the following article has attempted—a striking portrayal of the Women of the Terrible Turk, drawn by one who has gained his information from extended travel and trained observation.

APART from all that the writers of blood-curdling melodramas would have us mis-led into believing about the home life of the Mohammedan there is a fascination always to the silent, veiled women of the Turkish domains. The woman of the Terrible Turk is a study to be made in vignettes when you can, or better, when you may.

One of the great students of Turkish conditions was wont to recount how the continued existence of the Ottoman clan was due to three causes. The first of these was the extraordinary force displayed by the descendants of Osman, the Tartar chief of Khorassan. Sprung from a stock welded into iron by the endless strife of the great Asiatic

desert, they mated always with women picked for some separate charm, either of beauty or captivation. So the Sultans have been great personages, soldiers, statesmen, tyrants, almost all. The other two causes have not to do with the women—but these dames are interesting, nevertheless. Their salient characteristics, to the Occidental at least, is the veils which they wear.

and—So, who has a pretty daughter. At other times it may be the girl's relatives who recommend her to him, by letter or in person. Now and then, where a girl has known a man from childhood, she meets him slyly, and uncovers to him her fair face. From thirteen or fourteen years of age on veiling is enforced on the women.

If he be satisfied at the prospect, the



A scene in the shopping district of Turkey

In the Horazgova, one of the lost provinces of the empire, this hood is perhaps the largest in the world. Well back inside it, to make assurance doubly sure against the face being seen, a veil is drawn taut. The origin of this veiling is lost in antiquity. Perhaps with these folk it came from Arabia, where men also veil, to keep the desert sands from the eyes. More likely it was brought in at the time when a pretty woman was everywhere unsafe.

When a Mohammedan would take a wife, in consequence, he goes by hearsay. His mother will tell him of Such-

couple become engaged—at least, such it might be called. Her father and he settle the day when the groom may get his bride, and this may be on the morrow or in a month. The Hodja or priest comes to the house, and asks the bride if she be willing.

Her mole representative answers "Yes," thrice over—it matters little what her wish might be. Then the dowry to be paid, in the event of the husband divorcing his wife, is settled and put in writing. This may be anything from \$3.20 to \$3,200. Divorce may be had for no apparent cause—the hus-



Women as they appear in public on the streets of Turkish cities.

land need only tell his wife, before witnesses, to go. Children belong to the father, for, says the *Koran*, "They bear his name."

To-day the limit is set at three wives to a man, excepting for the Sultan, who may have wives in limitless numbers. As a rule, the Mussalman has but one wife, or two at the most. The oldest wife rules the household. Frequently the young couple go to live with the husband's parents. Sometimes, too, there are elopements—particularly when a girl's father is known to be opposed to a match, while the bridegroom's people favor it. Hard, indeed, it is, then, to find milady, for the woman's apartment of a Turkish home is sacred against intrusion, and when on the streets she is ever deeply veiled.

By and by, however, the errant husband will visit the girl's father, well fortified with presents, and he is appeased, or at least reconciled. Where weddings are of more usual sort, the girl's father, on the other hand, will give gifts of

house service. It costs from eighty dollars to a hundred and twenty dollars to fit out an ordinary home, two or three rooms here. The New Turks make use of beds, the Old sleep on mattresses on the floor, when they can afford them.

There are other innovations now, as well, the liberal Moslem even drinking beer in his home to-day. On the other hand, in places, utmost orthodoxy prevails, and women occupy separate mosques from the men, or else may only visit a given mosque, if no men be there.

The spirit of change and progress is, of course, most manifest in the big cities. Salonica, notably, often presents sights as up to date as those of any city of Europe. Little girls, as attics the photo, will not hesitate to come up to the school fence at recess time, and, seeing the lad of their particular choice—uncover their faces to him, as no woman, let alone a girl, would have dared to have done two decades since.

But do not imagine this to be univer-



Moslem women of Bulgaria in their peculiar street garb.

sally the custom. The lines of Byron still apply to the Nearer East:

Here woman's voice is never heard apart,

And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,

She yields to one her body and her heart,

Tamed in her cage—not feels a wish to rove.

The life of the Harem, if changing, is doing so very slowly, and without much telling to the world without. Sometimes, as one passes, voices, raised in anger, come from the houses, but the cause, one can only guess.

Woman is woman the world about, and even the Turkish damsel loves to "shop." So you see her at her best on the Grand Bazaar. The guild system of industry obtains here, and so prices for a given article are the same in every shop well nigh. Rock-bottom prices.

that is! Wages paid the apprentices are the same throughout the bazars. This reduces competition to a minimum, and bazaar-keepers lives are the idyl of all the Near East. Traveling coffee vendors do a good business what between shoppers and shop folk. So, too, do the sellers of *je-jube* paste, or Turkish delight, as it is called.

When the trade is slack and the bazaar-keeper is not partaking of these things, he is at the *sorgutlek* or water pipe; his eye, the while, feasting on the array of embroideries and filigrees on his shelves. He is fond of haric as a pastime—maybe because it is his only chance of a chat with these mysterious women buyers. He shakes his head right and left for *yes*, and up and down for *no*. He knows given voices, he has heard them so often—all women of a given region dress identically the same. Their face is, of course, hidden.

Here and there on the bazaar, Spanish Jews sell pomegranates to the wo-



Turkish girls revealing their faces to students behind the walls of a Turkish school.

men. The pomegranate is to them much what the apple is with us, a staple of the fruiterer. Now and then it is taken with sugar—oftener without. The juice is employed in dyeing the cloth for the *feres*, and so hedges are planted on the shrubs, at the roadside.

Up over the fruiterer's shelves a clock may stand, that milady may know when it's time to be returning, and on these Moslem clocks one notes that the hour hand is the longest.

But Harem life, despite these shopping and the occasional outing to the country, is a cloistered, silent life. In the smaller towns, especially, the quiet of the streets of harems or homes impresses itself on the traveler. Only the

dogs, with their litters, housed in the crannies of the garden walls break the silence, and these only if a strange dog enter their particular by-way.

Walls stretch from house to house, and in these, the doors bear great knockers, which one uses before entering, that such dames as may be in the courtyard may take to the house, or cover.

Through the lattices sometimes you see women peeping out at passers. Now and then a guitar's notes pierce from the walls.

But otherwise it is a world of mystery—a women's world unto itself, to which no man, save nearest relatives, may ever hope to penetrate.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

The Business Side of Campaigning

Stupendous Task of Directing National Political Campaigns is Accomplished by
Business Methods and Modern Organization at Enormous Expense.

SHORTLY before his death Senator Hanna prophesied that the steady growth of the campaign fund would soon require the organization by each national committee of a bank or trust company. Time has not yet verified the prediction. The curtailment rather than the growth of campaign expenditures is leading to the application of scientific management and strict business principles to the conduct of a national campaign. The inner recess of a national committee's headquarters now might be, to all appearances, the airy of a train dispatcher or the smoking-tower of a War Secretary on the eve of a decisive battle. An official map dotted with pegs and veined with different colored threads represents a bird's-eye view of the distribution of oratorical talents. Each peg is labeled with the name of a man or a woman. Instructions are given by wire and the movements of the various speakers are as accurately recorded as the movements of a train in a railroad schedule. Headquarters, remarks Katherine Graves Bussey in the Sunday Magazine, are no longer a luxuriously furnished suite in a fashionable hotel. They are offices in a business building, and there is the crisp, commercial snap of the best-conducted business about the atmosphere.

"In the good old days, when the campaign fund, once started, took substance and grew unto itself as silently and swiftly as a rolling snowball, and any protest against the 'fat-frying' of protected interests, 'blocks of five,' or 'shaking the

plum-tree' of insurance companies and banking concerns were regarded as the protest of the disappointed—like the casual complaining to the missionary that a neighboring clan 'have killed and eaten my father without offering me one little bit,'—a conservative estimate of the total cost of a presidential campaign, including the smaller campaigns in every State carried on in connection with it, would not have fallen far short of eight million dollars. The national committee headquarters must have had fully half of this sum at its disposal, and no accounting of the disbursement thereof was expected. Naturally, intrigues and subterranean management and waste became prime forces in dissipating this enormous fund. . . .

"Undoubtedly the realization that great sums of money could no longer supply the success of political warfare accomplished the amputation of a deep-increased gangrene of graft; but with all possible economy the election of a president costs money. A campaign fund is an absolute necessity so long as we have campaigns. The national headquarters of the Republican party handled about two millions at the last election, the Democratic headquarters used less than a million, but it cost two hundred thousand dollars to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1860, and at that time the body of voters was only about a fourth of the some sixteen millions of to-day, and now there are forty-eight States to be covered.

"Moreover, since the change to business-

like methods, other new and legitimate drafts on the campaign fund have been acquired. The organization has come to be as extensive as that of the executive offices of a great railroad system, and the cost of maintaining the national headquarters, with the paid force of employees ranging from forty to a hundred men and women, often amounts to three thousand dollars a day."

The work of the campaign embraces the distribution of literature and the distribution of oratory. The sum of three hundred thousand dollars for postage is needed to send a single mailed document or letter to every American voter. The distribution of a single important speech in printed form to a limited contingent has cost national committees as much as five thousand dollars. And in the last campaign twenty such speeches were delivered and circulated.

"When Senator Root, then Secretary of State, made his famous emergency speech at Utica, New York, at the close of the 1894 campaign, presses all over the State were set in action printing millions of copies of it. The cost of the issue was between fifty and sixty thousand dollars; but it is supposed to have saved the State for Mr. Roosevelt.

"The printer's devil of the countrywide race, during one of those political contests for national supremacy, attend all the ball games without killing a grandmother to justify his holiday; for there hangs in the national committee rooms a list of all country newspapers with a circulation of over sixteen hundred, and all country weeklies are supplied with 'patent insiders' of partisan news and comment. All the country dailies desiring the service may have stereotyped stuff absolutely free, and proof slips are mailed to more important papers. The great rise in popularity of the ready-to-wear garments in trade has hardly been more rapid than the development of the ready-to-print plates and ready-to-circulate supplements as propaganda in a campaign.

"It is a varied output—editorial drabs, political news and comment, cartoons and campaign poetry. The use of the pithy, poetic tirade and long doggerel parody by the rival parties has largely subsided; the most ditty like Mr. Clark's 'Houn' Dawg Song' representing about the sole survivor of this form of campaign ammunition."

Cartoonists employed at headquarters receive salaries larger than that of a United States Senator. The miscellaneous literary output from national headquarters squares up prodigiously. Two hundred million documents issued for the Republican campaign

alone, printed in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Dutch and Hebrew, will be shipped by the railroad to the chairmen of local committees who attend to the distribution. Posters and advertisements in newspapers require skilled specialists to be effective. The activity of the spellbinders demands no less attention. One hears of fees of ten thousand dollars paid to noted orators for campaign services, and frequently of fees of three hundred dollars a night; but, we are told in the army of spellbinders the salary rarely exceeds two hundred dollars a week, and the average is fifty dollars a week and expenses. "Still," Miss Busby goes on to explain, "the pay envelopes of some five thousand orators, even irregularly in action, do mount up. The silvery eloquence of a campaign costs over two hundred thousand dollars, and every time a great meeting is held in a city like New York the incidentals call for perhaps four thousand dollars. If a torchlight parade is to precede it, from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand dollars more must be provided."

"Just how much is accomplished by this modern oratorical army is difficult to compute. The national committees of all parties claim that converts are made in this way, and that in doubtful districts it has been the means of winning enough votes from the opposition to make a decisive majority. It is undoubtedly the most effective method yet discovered of holding to a party those who have already yielded up their consciences and the most efficient weapon for routing that dread 'General Apathy'; for awakening an interest in a community of weak-minded partisans who nevertheless have sunk into a state of dignified coma and need stirring up 'to get out the full party strength.'"

Various "picturesque features" have become "small by degrees and beautifully less." They shined no halloo boxes, and—were a practical people. The leaders discovered that the people were tired of the glittering generalities of the average political hunkum; they were not to be led by party lash nor stampeded with political claptrap from the stump.

"Therefore, the modern spellbinder, the 'mercurial' if you will, like the man of business, the soldier, the Salvation Army evangelist, concerns himself more with results than conventional methods, with matter rather than form. He is a man who has something to say and knows how to say it. He is logical, cold, emphatic, and makes his points by telling pithy facts and

figures, clearly, fairly, and succinctly stated. So far as it is possible for his manager, the chief of the speakers' bureau, to mold him, his speeches come within Freude's brief definition of Caesar's style where he says that the Roman spoke 'without ornament, but directly to the purpose.'"

Spellbinding do have its rewards in the special train tour in which the candidates themselves and the political headlines indulge. They must be pretty "big game" to be thus favored, since the expense of this exclusive form of railroad transportation, now that the Railway Rate Bill has eliminated all special concessions, averages about three hundred dollars a day. These cars, equipped with speakers, stenog-

raphers, press correspondents, literature distributors, etc., are rented in the same manner as a theatrical troupe. An advance man, marking the itinerary, precedes the "star." By carefully calculated schedules one hundred meetings may be addressed in one week. The most significant feature of modern campaigning is the fact that all transactions are on a strictly cash basis. A week after the polls are closed all bills are paid. In 1888, the writer reminds us, the Republican headquarters collapsed with a debt of a million and a half—approximately the sum handled by the Republican national committee in the 1896 election, which left no deficit, but instead a small sinking fund.

The Birth of the Baby Bond

Rapid Growth of Bond Expressed in Three Instead of Four Ciphers Indicates

Thrill in Purchase of Securities of the Highest Grade.

THE birth of the Baby Bond—a bond expressed in three instead of four ciphers—points to the fact that we are beginning to develop the quality we most lack as a nation—thrill. Each year, remarks the Financial world, the one-hundred-dollar-denomination bond increases in popularity. Each year finds more bond-dealers considering the advisability of cultivating business of this character, while railroads and corporations no longer turn a deaf ear to the demand of the small investor. The time is not far distant when the annual purchases of small denomination bonds will run into hundreds of millions, for our capacity to absorb such issues is far greater than that of France, where this form of investment has been especially favored. How well the French deserve their reputation as a nation of investors is strikingly illustrated by the outcome of a state railway loan recently brought out in Paris. The offering, which was for sixty million dollars of four per cent. bonds at par, was oversubscribed more than thirty-two times. By far the larger portion of this enormous total was made up of subscriptions from small shopkeepers, farmers and working men.

In France, Mr. John Grant Dater explains in Munsey's, the humblest citizen may participate with the wealthiest capitalist in buying securities of the highest grade, for all important French loans are issued

in denominations as low as one hundred and five hundred francs, or twenty and one hundred dollars. Our capitalists and corporation managers think and act in millions, and cater primarily to men of wealth. Ninety-nine per cent. of the total capitalization of legitimate American corporations is represented by stocks of a par value of one hundred dollars and by bonds of a denomination of one thousand dollars, or "multiples thereof." We pursue a policy which excludes countless investors from participating in most of our best bond issues by making the denominations of the bonds too large. "If," the writer goes on to say, "bankers would indicate the saving habit among their clients; if they would prevent the tremendous ravages of the get-rich-quick promoter, with the consequent heavy loss to legitimate industry, they should make it possible for investors of slender means to buy securities of the best character."

"For one man who can purchase a thousand-dollar bond, there are probably fifty, and perhaps a hundred, who could buy a hundred-dollar bond; and they would do so, too, if securities of the highest grade were readily available for purchase in amounts or pieces suitable for persons of limited resources."

"Not only is the money of the small investor worth saving, and worth having,

but nothing is better calculated to beat down opposition and win friends for honest corporations and constructive enterprises than to bring many men of small and moderate means into the companies as investors. Such persons would not be so prone to criticize themselves or to brook the intermeddling of demagogues if they had direct personal interest in great legitimate undertakings.

"Moreover, much ignorant hostility toward Wall Street would probably disappear if heads of the best character, safe securities, were brought within the reach of the man with a small pocketbook. Though Wall Street may not appreciate it, countless people who have been swindled in fake stocks,

because they did not know how or where to buy better securities, believe that their misfortunes are chargeable to Wall Street, with which they associate every one who deals in stocks."

Even now, T. B. Lyon points out in Investments, all U. S. Government bonds and a large number of municipal issues can be purchased in hundred-dollar denominations. There are also well known railroad, public utility and industrial Baby Bonds.

Three bonds yield from four to six per cent. Most of them are listed on the Stock Exchange. There is always, we are informed, a market for Baby Bonds; they can be instantly turned into cash.

Another Universe Beyond the Stars

This World is Merely a Part of Vast Spiral Stellar System, According to Theory of Leading European Astronomer.

SINCE 1907 the writer has devoted a considerable part of his time to the spectroscopic observation of the spiral nebulae, writes Dr. Edward Arthur Falk in the September "Century." One result of this work was the discovery of fourteen absorption lines in the spectrum of the Andromeda nebula which corresponded, line for line, with absorption lines in the solar spectrum. A photograph of the spectrum of the sun taken with the same instrument looks precisely like that of this peculiar nebula. This implies that the Andromeda nebula has the physical characteristics of the sun. The nebula is four times the apparent diameter of the sun. Its distance is not known, but a conservative estimate would place it among the nearer stars. If we make this assumption it places the nebula at least ten million times as far away as the sun is from the earth. Consequently its real dimensions are at least forty million times those of the sun. Since the diameter of the latter is 866,000 miles we obtain nearly 35,000,000,000 miles as the diameter of the nebula.

Now, this great body gives a solar spectrum. What does this mean? The simplest assumption, considering its enormous size, appears to be that it is a vast assemblage

of suns so far from us that no telescope has been able to show the suns separately. If it be true, however, that the nebula is so far away that its component stars cannot be distinguished, then it must be at a much greater distance than we first assumed; in other words we must place it not among the stars, for these can be seen separately in the telescope, but beyond the stars. This would make it another universe. Our own universe we shall call the Milky Way, for there is good reason to believe that the stars which make up the Milky Way as we see it, together with the other stars, form a single system.

What form has the Milky Way? For many years there has been a theory that it too has a spiral arrangement, but not until very recently has there been much evidence in support of it. Within the last few months, however, Prof. Kapteyn, the great European astronomer, has brought forward evidence which points in this direction. Without going into the matter further, it can be said that we must at least recognize the possibility of our being a part of a vast spiral stellar system and having the privilege, when we look at the Andromeda nebula to see ourselves as others see us.

Determination is a Business Builder

Success Not so Much the Result of External Conditions as it is That of a Man's Mind—Determination Brings Accomplishment.

VERY few people make a habit of determination. Ask your friend who is adding a new department to his business or is marketing a new commodity what he thinks of his chances of success and he will tell you that he believes he is on a good thing. Ask him if he is sure and he will likely look upon you as a fool.

A man will determine to take a step of this nature, but he does not often determine to make it succeed, declares The Organizer, the British Business Magazine. Put two men of equal capacity up against the same job. Suppose one of them takes up his mind that at all costs he will win, while the other, however enthusiastic, merely believes he will win, and you create two entirely different propositions with different chances.

Most men do not start a new project with the fixed determination to succeed; they think it will win because it is a good thing. They work at it for a time, and so the inevitable difficulties are met, their enthusiasm gradually cools. Although they may not admit the fact to themselves, they are continually in a vague state of wonderment as to whether they will in the end be able to overcome all the difficulties or whether the latter will overcome them.

We agree that the man who makes up his mind to win through usually has a different sort of personality. He is a stronger and a rarer type; but most of us, whatever our personalities may be, would have a far greater chance of success if only we made up our mind not to start a thing unless we were sure we were prepared to see it through.

You see, a man does not determine, as a rule, to do a thing which it is impossible for him to do.

For instance, you could not come to a determination to bat one of the Trafalgar Square Lions off its pedestal; you know perfectly well that, however hard your head may be, the attempt would be useless.

You do not come to a determination to do a thing unless you have made up your mind, by taking every possible notice, to assure yourself, that that thing can be done, and it is for want of this preliminary investigation of the difficulties and possibilities that so many men go astray.

A man does not decide to do a thing, come what may, if he has not got enough data on which to form some conclusion of what may come. He believes and thinks and hopes things will go all right—that is all. Success is not nearly so much the result of external conditions as it is that of a man's mind. A man builds success within himself. He has gone more than half way towards accomplishment when he has come to a determination to accomplish.

Only a little while ago we came across a case which illustrated the necessity for determination. A young man of capacity and energy had started a factory. He had invested his money and expected to succeed.

Naturally he met heaps of trouble and difficulty, and the day came when he said, "Is the game worth the candle?" and he asked us to have a look at his propositions for him.

There was no doubt that he had selected a pretty hard row to hoe. Amongst other things he wanted more capital, and it was really the question of putting in further money that crystallized his doubts and misgivings.

But when one came to really dig into the facts and figures there was no doubt that the business could be made successful.

Together we did our best to look the propositions straight in the face. We took the difficulties one by one, and said, "Is this something we cannot overcome?" and we found that we could not give "best" to any of them. Not only did we examine those that had presented themselves in the past—we tried to look ahead and think of all those that were going to crop up in the future.

The verdict was in favor of the business, and we said to our friend, "You have been this business is going to succeed. You have never made up your mind to make it succeed, but now you see you can succeed if you will succeed. What are you going to do about it?"

It looked good enough to him to make it succeed, and he came to a determination, and that business has had a different spirit and an entirely different chance ever since. He is succeeding. There is no longer any doubt about it. He is having plenty of difficulties, and will have for a time, but he has given up looking at each one as a possible coup de grace.

Pleasure and Profit in Travel

"When People Travel for Pleasure, Pleasure Is What They Travel for,"
But How Many Are There Who Get it at a Reasonable Outlay?

PERHAPS it is rather late in the season to preach sermons on travel. Besides some people are ready to take advice on any subject but that of taking care of themselves while away from home. But a great many people have yet a great many things to learn about traveling—its pleasures and profits.

Writing in Lippincott's Magazine, W. J. Lempton holds it is practically undebatable that when people travel for pleasure, pleasure is what they travel for. Yet how many get it, or, if they do get it, find that the wear and tear in mind, body, and pocket-book have been almost prohibitive? And why is it thus? The answer is easy. It is because those who travel are not philosophers. And not mere philosophers, but profound philosophers. Unless they are that, they will find that pleasure in travel is a delusion and a snare, a barrenness and a disappointment. The ordinary traveler comes home after his trip, long or short as it may be, swearing mad and worn to a frazzle. The philosopher traveler gets back home serene and satisfied. There's a reason for this. Listen. First off, before the traveler sets forth on his journey, he must be fully assured that travelers in general are the legitimate prey of everybody who is not traveling, that is to say, who is at home, trying to make just as much money as he can without violating the Constitution and the by-laws. Sometimes the limit is exceeded, but this is usually not intended, or, if intended, the violator tries to make it only so far beyond that the traveler will not think it worth while to delay his journey in order to get even. When the traveler is thoroughly convinced that he is the legitimate prey of everybody who is not traveling, he will permit himself to be overcharged, to be ill-treated, to be swindled in small things, to be neglected for more profitable travelers, to be rummaged and jammed and generally imposed upon, and will take it all composure and in good humor, knowing that he is only getting what is coming to him, and that if any of his fellow-travelers are not treated likewise they more than make up for it in what they have to pay for immunity.

Secondly, to be comfortable, the traveler must not go forth expecting to practise home economies. What he must do is to

set aside a certain sum as traveling expenses and let it go freely, reserving only so much as will get him home again by the shortest route. When he goes to his train or boat, he should go in a cab. It costs more, but he gets there without being tired out carrying hand luggage, or worried because the street car is held up and he has just time to get aboard, and he is puffing and mad and ugly all over. He should ride in a porter car, if by day, or a sleeper, if by night, because he is sure of his place and is not crowded in like a steer in a stock-car. It costs more, but what is his traveling fund for? Isn't he traveling for pleasure? Then why not have it? He can practise economy at home. When he goes to a hotel, he should go to a good one—not necessarily the most expensive, because that is often not the best, but to a good one, where he will have comfortable lodging and reliable food. It may cost him four or five dollars a day, and he could save as much as two dollars a day by going to a cheap place, but is he traveling for that? He is not. He is traveling for pleasure, and often tells people so. He likes to do it, because it sounds more elegant than to say he makes his living as a traveling man. It really is more elegant, because travelers for pleasure are supposed to have money, while the other kind haven't. That's why they have to travel.

The cause of travel constitutes one of its chief pleasures, and to have comforts one must pay for them. The traveler who expects to do this, and has his mind fully made up not to economize, will find it a great relief to give no thought to the passing dollar. Let it go. That's what it is saved up for, so why try to retain it, or mourn its loss? He may not always get his money's worth—indeed, he seldom will—but if he realizes that fully when he starts out, he will be disappointed if he has a dollar left when he gets home again. The great difficulty with the great majority of travelers is that they think they can take their home customs and ideas along with them and fit them to all other people and places. They cannot. The only way to travel for pleasure is for the traveler to fit himself to other people, places, and conditions, and pay the cost of it cheerfully, knowing that it need not continue long if he doesn't want it to.

Prospects of the Man Who Believes Something

Greatest Business Gift is "To Make Other People Believe in Themselves and Look Up to Themselves"

IN the Organizer, Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Inspired Millionaires," declares that the greatest gift the modern business man can have is the gift of making other people believe in themselves and look up to themselves.

Most people would say at first thought, perhaps, that Wilbur Wright, when he flew around over the heads of the people in New York a few years ago, a black speck above a whole city with its heads up, was not doing much for modern business.

But the real importance of the flying machine does not stop short with a little delicate, graceful thing walking, as it were, on the air instead of the ground.

The big and revolutionary thing about Wilbur Wright's flying was that it changed the minds of the whole human race in a few minutes about something. There was a particular thing that for forty thousand years they knew they couldn't do, and now they could.

It naturally follows now—and it lies in the mind of every man who lives—that there must be other particular things. And as nine men out of ten are in business, most of these particular things are going to be done in business.

The Wilbur Wright spirit is catching. It is as if a lid had been lifted off the world.

One sees everywhere business men going about the streets expecting new things of themselves and one another. They expect things of the very ground, and of the air, and of one another they had not dared expect before.

And all in an astonishing degree because Wilbur Wright flew above New York.

He has touched the imagination of men about themselves. They were profoundly moved because they saw him in their presence inventing a new kind and a new class of human being. He raised the standard of impossibility, and built an avenue on to the planet while they looked, took a great strip off of space three miles wide and folded it softly on to the planet all the way round before their eyes.

For three miles more—three miles further up above the ground there was a space where human beings would have to stop saying "I can't," and "You can't," and "We can't." If people want to say "I

can't" and "You can't" they will have to say it further and further away from this planet now. Let them try Mars.

The modern imagination takes to impossibilities naturally with Wilbur Wright against the horizon. The thing we next cannot believe is the next thing to expect.

Things Nobody Believed

Nobody would have believed ten years ago that a railway president, when he had occasion to reduce the wages of several thousand employees 10 per cent., would begin by reducing his own salary 30 per cent., and the salary of all the officials all the way down 15 or 20 per cent.

Nobody would have believed some time ago that an organizing inventor would be evicted who would meet his directors and tell them that if they would have their work done in their mills in three shifts instead of two the work would work so much better that it would not cost the company more than 10 per cent. more to offer the better conditions. But such an organizing inventor has been invented, and has proved his case.

Luther Burbank has made a chestnut tree, eighteen months old, bear chestnuts, and it has always taken from ten to twenty-five years to make a tree furnish its first chestnut before.

The other day in a New England city I saw a man who had been a president for an Electric Light Company for twenty years, who had invented a public service corporation that worked. Since he took office and declined the policy of the company every single overtime for more expensive equipment in the electric lighting of the city has come from the company, and every single overtime for reducing the rate to consumers has come from the company.

The consumption of electricity in the city is the largest per capita in the world, and

the rate is the cheapest in the country, and incidentally the company so trusts the people that they let them have electricity without meters, and the people so trust the company that they save its electricity as they would their own.

Even the man without a conscience who would be mean if he could, is brought to terms, and knows that if he refrains from leaving his lights burning all night when he goes to bed he is not merely saving the company's electricity, but his own. He knows that he is reducing his own and everybody's price for electricity, and not merely increasing the profits of the company.

It makes another kind of man slowly out of thousands of men every day, every night, who are turning on and turning off their lights in this spirit.

The Electric Light Company has come to have a daily, an almost hourly, influence on the way men do business and go about their work in that city, the motives and assumptions with which they bargain with one another, that is, as in accordance with their religion that might be served by twenty churches.

All that had happened was that a magnificent and wilful personality—the kind that went on crusades and took cities in other ages—had appeared at last and proposed to do the same sort of thing to business. He proposed to express his soul—just as it was—in business the way other people had expressed theirs for a few hundred years in poetry or more easy and conventional ways.

If he could not have made the electric

light business say the things about people and about himself that he liked and that he believed, he would have had to make some other business say them.

One of the things he had most wanted to say and prove in business was the economic value of being human, the enormous business saving that could be effected by being believed in.

He preferred being believed in himself in business, and he knew other people would prefer it, and he was sure that if, as people said, "being believed in did not pay," it must be because being believed in had not been properly organized, because ways of inventing faith in people, the technique of trust, had not been invented.

He found himself invited to take charge of the Electric Light Company at a time when it was involved and in disgrace with the people, and he took the corporation in hand on the specific understanding that he should be allowed to put his soul into it, that he should be allowed his own way for three years—in believing in people and in inventing ways of getting believed in as much as he liked.

The last time I saw him, though he is old and nearly blind, and while as he talked there lay a darkness on his eyes, there was a great light in his face.

He had besieged a city with the shrewdness of his faith, and conquered a hundred thousand men by believing in them more than they themselves could.

By believing in them shrewdly, and by thinking out ways of expressing that belief, he had invented a corporation—a public service corporation—that had a soul, and consequently worked!

by her people have produced their inevitable effect. The land of Knights has become a land of burghers, bereft of the warlike character it once possessed. It dwells war, holds it in secret abhorrence. If in bygone days England built a navy for war, to-day she builds one against war, in order to stave it off. Whether these are wise tactics time will show. I personally believe that what really concerns is not so much the means of fighting as the desire to fight. Of the world-powers which struggled for the mastery before the birth of Christ, Carthage was wealthier than Rome, and for that reason was more burgher-like and less inclined to wage war. Well, I am afraid that commercial England has inherited, besides certain strains of Phoe-

nic blood, the historical role of Carthage. Carthage also built fleets and got together a coalition against Rome, but always put off the day when the enemy might have been crushed. She postponed and postponed, until at last she fell herself under the iron heel of her rival. . . . Of the two nations, Germany is characterized by the inertia of attack, England by that of retreat. What is the real meaning of being prepared to fight, yet not fighting? It connotes the acknowledgment in the depths of one's soul that one is defeated. To delay until tomorrow what should be done to-day is to proclaim that one will be bankrupt tomorrow. . . . Germany feels that she will get ample time to deploy all her forces, and she is deploying them accordingly.

Marconi's Plans for the World

Wireless Transmission of All Power for Heating, Light, and Fertilization of Fields Predicted by Wizard

"WITHIN the next two generations we shall have not only wireless telephony and telegraphy, but also wireless transmission of all power for individual and corporate use, wireless heating and light, and wireless fertilizing of fields.

"When all that has been accomplished—as it surely will be—mankind will be free from many of the burdens imposed by present economic conditions.

"In the wireless era the government will necessarily be the owner of all the great sources of power. This will naturally bring railways, telegraph and telephone lines, great ocean-going vessels, and great mills and factories into public ownership. It will sweep away the present enormous corporations and will bring about a semi-socialistic state.

"I am not personally a socialist; I have small faith in any political propaganda; but I do believe that the progress of invention will create a state which will realize most of the present dreams of the socialists.

"The coming of the wireless era will make war impossible, because it will make war ridiculous.

"The inventor is the greatest revolutionist in the world."

The man who made these startling predictions is not a visionary, but one who

already has to his credit one of the greatest material achievements of modern times—Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph.

I was talking with the wizard about his great invention, and I listened enraptured as he opened up before me his plans for the future development of the wireless idea, writes Ivan Nordby in the Technical World Magazine.

Proceeding he outlines these changes as follows:

A step further in the progress of wireless stands wireless lighting, heating and transmission of motor power. Each of these systems is based on the same principle as of wireless telegraphy, only the transmitting and receiving instruments are different and the vibrations of the etheric waves have a different nature, intensity and length. The so-called high-potential magnifying transmitter is the instrument to be applied in these new wireless systems of electric energy. This creates a freely vibrating secondary circuit, from which one end is connected with the ground and the other with an elevated conductor. I suppose currents of one thousand amperes and fifteen to twenty million volts will be necessary for producing these waves and for the receiving of them by the antenna.

The generating terminals of the wireless

A Russian View of the British People of To-day

"The Land of Knights has Become a Land of Burghers, Bereft of Warlike Spirit it once Possessed"

IT is sometimes well to see ourselves from a foreign viewpoint. At any rate it is usually enlightening. The Contemporary Review has been gathering some foreign opinions of the British people, among which one from Russia is of particular interest. It is written by M. Mendelkoff, and appeared in the *Noroye Vremya*, and as the Contemporary Review remarks, is well worth reading. This publicist holds that England

"has ceased to be a military country in the serious meaning of this term. She has lost the warlike instinct, the instinct of equality which seeks out enemies and, if weapons are at hand, enters into combat with them. At present England possesses weapons, and more formidable weapons than her foe can boast. But she lacks the dash which should move her to employ them. Manifestly the enormous riches acquired

energy will have to be owned by the State governments. The waves will be sent out to consumers in various degrees of power. Some of the waves will be utilized for dynamic purposes, others for lighting, heating, fertilizing and, possibly, for military purposes. Water and wind power, possibly light, also, will be used for generating purposes in the huge national power-stations. As an example, take Niagara, the water power of which is owned by New York State. Say, for instance, that Niagara would be able to send out every hour one hundred and fifty million horsepower in electric waves, that twenty millions of it would be used for mills, shops, railways, traffic in the cities, and for household purposes, that ten millions would be consumed for lighting and thirty millions for heating and fertilizing within the boundaries of the State. There would then remain eighty million horsepower that could be sold to other States. It would seem at first glance as if the owners of receiving stations outside of New York State could easily steal the energy of Niagara for whatever purpose they wanted it, without payment. But this will be impossible, for in the first place, the waves of various degrees will be so tuned that only corresponding receivers can use them and these receivers will have to be recorded by the municipalities, and in the second place, every user of wireless energy will be obliged to use a meter, like the present gas-meter. Motor waves, for instance, will have two million vibrations, and forty million volts, the light waves measure slightly less and the fertilizing waves

still less. All the generators of energy in New York State will be exactly of the same degree. If this New York wave should overload Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, it could not be utilized there, because all the receivers of those States would have their individual tuning, different from New York. But New York State knowing that it could spare eighty million horsepower as the surplus of what it created might agree to sell it to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, or say other customer for a definite price. Consequently those States could have certain accumulators which would receive the rest of New York's electrical energy and transform it to the same measure of waves used within their borders. By this method it will be much simpler to handle wireless energy than steam and electricity in their present form.

As soon as the use of wireless energy becomes universal it will necessarily sweep out all the present privileged corporations of power and create a semi-socialistic state of affairs. In the future the government will be the owner of all energy. Individuals will use it to a certain amount free of any charge, but for the rest they will have to pay for the state a definite tribute. This will naturally make railways, telegraphy, telephone, vessels and mills a public ownership. There remains opportunity for an individual under those new conditions. The main trouble with all the to-day's economic friction is that the energy can be owned by certain privileged individuals, who use it for their own selfish ends but not for the benefit of humanity.

The Selection of a Vocation

Considerations which should Weigh in the Choice of a Pursuit, One of the Most Crucial Tasks of Life

PERHAPS nothing is quite so important in life, as judged from the standpoint of success, as the selection of a vocation. Advice from competent authorities is therefore to be welcomed. Writing on the subject Fred W. Claybrook in the *Business Philosopher* says:

"What shall be my vocation?" is a question every man has had to answer and it is the first of importance that will come to all men of future generations. It is fostered for us by ambitious parents from the date

of our birth, and as soon as the child's heping tongue can give expression, it begins to repeat another's impressions on the child-mind, as to what he will do when he becomes a man.

Every lad delights to draw, in imagination, fanciful pictures of his future, and it seems as if firmly before he attains the age of twenty-one. In his play he endeavors to imitate those men who, by reason of their occupations, have caused him to desire to be engaged in a like pursuit when

he is a man. As the age increases, his mind develops and new ideas are born. The boy who at ten wished to become a lawyer, doctor, or minister, at fifteen decides on something else.

Father, in his effort to assist the son, directs education along the lines that equip him for the occupation he has chosen, and he follows this pre-arranged channel until the issue arrives for his start in life. If, at this time, he is still satisfied with his selection and the business is the one for which he is best adapted, he should throw all his energy into the work and make its advancement the pride of his life. On the other hand, if he discovers he has a greater talent for some other line and believes that to be better suited for him, he would set wisely to obey that inclination as life would then hold more for him. Too often, however, we find that they are unwilling to change because of having been trained for a certain work, and they trust to luck for success in a business not entirely congenial. This generally results in the production of "a square peg for a round hole," and the friction thus created checks progress and often prevents success.

The truly successful man is in love with his work and literally marries his occupation. His mind is in perfect harmony with everything pertaining to his business and his chief ambition is to become more efficient in his line. There can be no happy medium, because in this day of progressive competition one must be so loyal to his work that he is willing to sacrifice all other desires in order to reach the pinnacle of success. Loyalty is born of love—it is not mechanical, but a part of one's very soul. Therefore, we cannot be genuinely loyal to the work for which we have no natural inclination.

In choosing a vocation, then, let us remember that God, in his wisdom, endowed men with many different minds and talents, so that the many different affairs of this world might be more productively conducted.

Lloyd-George's Square Deal

An Authorized Interview with the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he Discusses Conditions in Britain

IN the Outlook appears an authorized interview with Mr. Lloyd George by Mr. Robert Donald, of the *Daily Chronicle*. It is accompanied by an impression, or character sketch, by Mr. Donald, in which,

ed. In each of us is to be found a special adaptability for some specific undertaking, and fortunate, indeed, is the one who discovers his talent and determines to devote his life toward its highest development. Some may argue that this rule is not always practical, on the ground that the line of work for which one is suited may not be lucrative—that there may be no opportunity to secure such a position. Therefore, immediate necessity compels the acceptance of anything offered. We admit these reasons may seem plausible, but we must not forget that this is a day of specializing and that experts are in demand.

Money is a necessity, but the greatest joy to be had with it is not always in what it will purchase. It is the result of intelligent effort, and the man who appreciates the dollars because they are the self-evident acknowledgment of an accomplished purpose has the greatest of all. Because of this he will continue to accumulate wealth and judiciously expend it. He is willing to devote his mind and time to the development of his talents and he strives to become more efficient in all of his undertakings. Money for its own sake alone he gives secondary consideration, because he knows that, in order to obtain the greatest results measured by dollars and cents, he must be able to render the highest possible service. Solomon first obtained wisdom and of that was born wealth and power.

No man can be well poised, happy, or truly successful in any line to which he is not adapted, and there can be no greater mistake than a continuance in such a business. The ambitious man will, under such conditions, avail himself of every chance to prepare for the work he feels fitted by nature to do. His time at night is devoted to study, and the oil thus burned will light his pathway to the open door of opportunity and its brightness will ever be reflected by the glory of his achievements.

amongst other things, he says Mr. Lloyd George holds the first place in Britain today as public speaker. He is a first-rate fighting man; his chief characteristic in all his doings is courage. He scintillates him

with Mr. Roosevelt, who is one of the greatest letter-writers of his time, by saying that Mr. Lloyd George never writes letters if he can help it.

The Chancellor, in his interview, says that the miner's strike was but a sign of the times, and he was prepared for it. His cause was purely social and economic. We are dealing with a much better educated democracy than existed, say, thirty or forty years ago.

One thing everybody seems to overlook who talks of our political or social principles, and that is the English Education Act of 1870. Since the passing of that Act you have had a great system of national education, constantly improving and broadening. The working classes not only read now-days, they think.

Wider knowledge is creating in the mind of the workman growing dissatisfaction with the conditions under which he is forced to live. I speak of my own knowledge. Take South Wales, which I know intimately. That was the breeding ground of the unrest which led to the coal strike. Housing conditions in South Wales are indescribably bad. The conditions under which the miners in some districts exist render decency impossible. They have a country rich in natural blessings; especially famed valleys which offer the most beautiful sites in the world for the building of well-designed townships, and for a mode of life which would elevate and not abase. Instead you find the houses unfit for human habitation. One cannot wonder that the educated democracy will stand that sort of thing no longer.

Working men are realizing that they contribute to the wealth of the community without getting a fair share of the good things which result, and that is one reason why they strike, ostensibly for a minimum wage.

The disturbance of industry, the wide-spread but remediable poverty of the people as a whole, can be cured, and it is the aim of the Liberal Party to provide the cure.

Mr. Lloyd George insists that wasteful and extravagant expenditure must be checked. The civilized countries of the world are spending nearly \$500,000,000 a year on weapons of war. Great Britain is spending something like \$70,000,000—that is, about 28 for every household in the kingdom. "Were this burden removed Great Britain could afford to pay every member of the wage-earning classes an additional dollar a week without interfering in the slightest degree with the profits of capital." Another source of waste, Mr. Lloyd George points out, is the way the land of this country is administered:—

It is not producing more than a half of what it is capable of yielding. An enormous area is practically given over to sport. You have millions of acres exclusively devoted to game. A good deal of it is well adapted for agriculture and afforestation.

When you come to the land around the towns, here the grievances are of a different character. You may have a greater waste in parsimony than in prodigality. That is the way the land around our towns is wasted; land which might be giving plenty of air and recreation and renewed health and vigor to the workman is running to waste, as the millions in our cities are crowded into unhealthy homes which would soon fill with gloom the brightest and stoutest heart.

The greatest asset of a country is a virile and contented population. This you will never get until the land in the neighborhood of our great towns is measured out on a more generous scale for the homes of our people.

Another source of waste, Mr. Lloyd George mentions, is unemployment of the idle rich:—

These people account for something like two millions of our population; their sole business is to enjoy themselves, often at the expense of others of our great multitudes who live lives of arduous toil without earning sufficient for food or raiment or repose.

In these directions the time has come for a thorough overhauling of our conditions. That time comes in every enterprise—commercial, national, and religious; and we be to the generation that lacks the courage to undertake the task.

Asked what must first the Church should take in the matter, Mr. Lloyd George replied:—

The function of the Church is not to urge or advocate any specific measure in regard to social reform. Her duty is to create an atmosphere in which the leaders of this country in the legislature and in the municipalities may find encouragement to engage in reforming the dire evils which exist.

First, the Church must rouse the national conscience to the existence of these evils, and afterwards to a sense of the nation's responsibilities for dealing with them. Second, the Church must inculcate the necessary spirit of self-sacrifice without which it is impossible for a gigantic problem of this kind to be dealt with. Third, the Church must insist on the truth being told about these social wrongs. The Church ought to be like a bright torch on the shambles, to shame those in authority into doing something. In cottages reeking with tuberculosis, dark, damp, wretched,

disqual abodes, are men and women who neglect their Church because she neglects them. No speedier way of reviving the wavering faith of the masses could be found than for the religious bodies to show that they are alive to the social evils which surround us.

Speaking of the Insurance Act and its bearing on consumption, Mr. Lloyd George

said that that was one of the most terrible diseases in the land. In London alone four millions of wages are lost every year through consumption. Speaking of the housing question, he said:—"I regard the slum child as a great national asset, and we must carve out for him a brighter future if he is to be worthy material out of which we shall weave the fabric of this great Commonwealth."

What the Women's Vote Has Done

Chief Results Due to Women's Vote in Countries where Woman

Suffrage Exists are Recounted

WRITING in the Grande Revue, Marie Louise Le Verrier recounts the chief results due to the women's vote in those countries where woman suffrage exists.

The countries where women have the right to the parliamentary vote include six States in America. In the granting of the vote to women, Wyoming appears to be the pioneer, not only in the United States, but in the world. In 1869, when woman suffrage was introduced, Wyoming did not belong to the Union, and when it became a State in 1890 it was still the first suffrage State. In 1893 its House of Representatives passed a resolution unanimously declaring that not only had the exercise of the suffrage wrought no harm, but it had done great good in many ways. It had largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from the State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; it had secured peaceful and orderly elections and good government, etc., and as the result of its experience Wyoming urged every civilized community on earth to enfranchise its women without delay.

In the same year (1893), Colorado took the advice offered and proclaimed political equality of the sexes. Utah and Idaho followed in 1895, Washington in 1900, and California in 1911. In Washington women have made great use of the "Recall," which permits electors to recall officials whose performance of their duties is unsatisfactory. The case of the Mayor of Seattle will still be fresh in the minds of most readers.

While the women of Wyoming have been exercising the political vote for over forty years, the women of Great Britain have been agitating for it in vain for close upon half a century. Meanwhile certain British colonies have shown themselves more enlight-

ened in this respect than the Mother Country. New Zealand set the example in 1893, Southern Australia followed suit in 1895, then came Western Australia in 1899, New South Wales in 1902, Tasmania in 1904, Queensland in 1916, and finally Victoria in 1908. In addition, the federal suffrage, with the right to be elected, was extended to all women in 1899.

In Europe we have to look to the Scandinavian countries for examples of the benefits derived from the women's vote. Here Finland was the first to take its courage in both hands in 1906, and Norway followed in 1907. In Iceland the question is practically settled. In Sweden, though woman suffrage has figured in the King's Speech, and the King has expressed himself in sympathy, no Bill has yet become law.

Having briefly enumerated the rights accorded to women, municipal and otherwise, in various other countries, the writer draws attention to the main influences of the women's vote. The most noteworthy point about the women's vote where women exercise the vote is that practically everywhere women have not begun by asserting their own personal claims. Their first act has been to declare war on alcohol, and their next concern has been laws for the protection of children. We hear of the great prohibition victory at Oakland (Idaho), where the women recalled the Mayor and the Municipal Council. In New Zealand, also, feminine direct influence has had excellent results in the cause of temperance. In 1894 the country was divided into sixty-two districts for the purpose of dealing with the drunk question. Thanks to the women, thirty-nine districts nominated a commission of temperance moderates, while twenty-

three elected prohibitionists. Since 1804 the women have learnt to co-ordinate their efforts, and recently absolute prohibition for the whole of New Zealand has been passed. But it is in Scandinavia where women have achieved their most brilliant successes in their war against alcohol. In Norway there is now only one caskaret to 30,000 inhabitants, and suicide, crime, and poverty have greatly decreased. In Finland, where drunkenness, as in Sweden and Norway, was a national vice, local option, which was adopted in 1866-1882, gave way to prohibition in 1893. Later still sterner measures were introduced, but it has not been found possible to enforce them rigorously.

Before making laws for the general welfare of children, the women's ardent desire is to raise the age of protection of young girls, one of the most difficult of reforms to obtain. The women of Colorado, who were politically enfranchised in 1893, introduced a Bill in 1894 to raise the age from fourteen to twenty-one. The senators were in consternation at such a proposal and resisted it violently, with the result that the age was raised to eighteen, a victory of four years for the women. Similar laws have been passed in Utah and in Idaho; and in Australia the legislation on this question is much more complete.

On the whole, however, it is the children who have most to gain by the women's vote; and it is not only the strong and healthy, but the feeble-minded and the criminals among them, to whom women extend their solicitude. It was the women who were the motive of instituting in Colorado in 1903 the famous courts for child delinquents. Most of the laws regulating child-labor are also due to them. In matters relating to education their influence has everywhere been most beneficent. They decide questions relating to the school buildings, the hours of study, the holidays, etc., and they have even gone so far as to require that teachers shall not only be competent, but that their private life shall not give occasion for criticism. Questions relating to public health, cleanliness of cities, erection of drinking fountains, pure food, and many more important matters apt to be considered mere

details by men, are in women's eyes of extreme importance.

George Creel and Judge Lindsey have testified to the fact that the complete citizenship of women has raised the intelligence, the character, and the mutual esteem of the two sexes. The possession of the vote has made women take an interest in political and general questions, and this has naturally stimulated the interest of the men. The interest taken by women in public affairs has indeed forced men to greater activity, and there is no evidence to show that the widening of the domestic horizon has had any evil result. The two Chambers of the Federal Parliament of Australia in 1910 declared that the women's vote after sixteen years' operation in different parts of the country, and nine in the Australian Federation, had fully justified the expectations of its partisans and deceived the fears and the black prophecies of its enemies. Its effects had been (1) the gradual education of women to understand their responsibility for the welfare of the community and (2) the urgency of domestic social legislation.

Wherever the experiment has been made a large percentage of women have used the vote, and the percentage of men voting has been considerably increased. The women of Colorado have made over twenty laws in less than twenty years. It took them only one year to win the woman's right to be equal guardian with the father of their children, while in Massachusetts, where men legislate on behalf of women, it required fifty-four years to attain the same result. Every objection against the vote disappears as soon as the vote is adopted. So true is this that the Anti-Suffrage Leagues of the five American States where women vote are moribund, and in the Australian Parliament there is not now a single anti-suffrage member. The implausible enemy of the woman suffragist is the liquor-seller.

Without the vote, concludes the writer, one may agitate in vain. What is needed is the material and moral cleansing of the streets, homes for working people, higher wages and better conditions of work, and, above all, the closing of drinkshops. The vote is the only means by which one can get these reforms.

Labor's Real Troubles

Workman Getting Too Small a Wage and Paying Too High a Taxation on Purchases to Maintain Standard of Living he Desires

MR. T. Good, writing as an old workman, offers some "plain facts and comments" on the labor troubles of to-day in an article in *World's Work*.

The first fact of the present turmoil is that the average workman is getting too small a wage and is paying too high a taxation upon the things he purchases to maintain the standard of living he desires. In short, he is convinced beyond all doubt or question that he is not getting a fair share of the world's good things; and this is the bedrock fact upon which we must base our theories, our policies, and our legislation. Unfortunately, the workers have not yet learnt how to use their trade unionism or their franchise to their best advantage. Why is there at this time pronounced regression in labor affairs? Much of the discontent is due to "speeding up," not only hustling the workman over his job, but including in its train unemployment, or more casual employment, and possibly less pay. Within the last dozen years many industries have been well-sleigh revolutionized, and labor has been economized to an extent hardly dreamt of by the outside public.

Not only have many firms Americanised their works, but there came the Workmen's Compensation Act, which had as one result the weeding-out of aged and delicate

men—to make room for the reckless and inexperienced, with the further result that accidents increased. The Minimum Wage Act will have the same effect in the coal trade, argues Mr. Good. But the chief point he makes is that our employers, becoming alarmed at the prospects of an American invasion, set about introducing hustle and grind, and our workshops were converted into prisons, if not bells. Concurrently with these harsher conditions there has been reduced pay. Little by little the pay and the conditions have worsened. The Board of Trade Reports tell us that the rate of wages has increased, but fail to record that the actual earnings have declined. There is more broken time as well as more hostile, racket, and danger compared with fifteen years ago. At the docks and wharves gangs are reduced in numbers, and cargoes are loaded and discharged not only with fewer men, but in less time and for smaller wages. To these causes of discontent must be added the increased burden in higher rents, rates and taxes, and higher prices of food. And there is one other cause, a very human one, which cannot be ignored—the contrast between the lot of the working classes and the growing luxury among the people whom the workers are expected to look upon as their "betters."

Is He the Coming President?

An Interesting Character Sketch of Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Candidate for Presidency of the United States

DR. Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, is the subject of a character-sketch in the *American Review of Reviews* by Henry Jones Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University.

He says that the most salient characteristic of Woodrow Wilson is a love of fun, which creeps out on every occasion:—

Whatever his experience may be he instinctively sees the funny side of things, and he returns from every excursion with a fund of amusement for the home circle just as he brings honey to the hive. It is a

very merry house circle. There seems to be no secrets there.

When nominated for Governor of New Jersey the papers made unpleasant remarks upon the way his nose fits his face:—

But he himself got hold of a *Lowerick* that seemed to him to express his position exactly, and he recited it with glee:

"As a beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome far.

But my face,—I don't mind it;
For I am behind it;

The people in front get the jar."

The camera cannot catch the mobile features and the eyes twinkling with fun.

He has an extraordinary capacity for getting through work without strain or fret. His "Congressional Government" ranks with Professor Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." As a lecturer he has greatly developed.

He holds that information without insight is of little value and of late years his method has been to put a printed syllabus in the hands of his students and make his lectures an elucidation of the theme.

His ability as public speaker has also greatly advanced.

His voice, always good, of late years has acquired a peculiar vibrant quality that carries its tones without strain or effort. He speaks very distinctly, and although his voice does not appear to be raised above a conversational pitch, it is heard without difficulty, whether in a great auditorium or in the open air. When he has to make an important speech, he prepares himself carefully as to matter and ideas, but he can safely trust himself to the occasion for his diction, which is unfulfilling in literary distinction.

He is fond of outdoor exercise.

Some years ago he was very fond of bicycling, but of late years golf is his favorite game, just because of its distinctly outdoor character. He puts in a good deal of time playing golf during his summer vacation, which he used to spend at Lyme, Connecticut. When at Princeton he can find the time, as he likes to play around on the golf links there. In his personal habits he is abstemious. He neither smokes nor drinks, and he does not serve wine on his table, although he provides cigars for guests who do smoke. Although spare in figure, he has a wiry strength, conserved by his lifelong habits of temperance in all things and replenished by a fine faculty for taking his rest. He is a good sleeper, and nothing that can happen seems able to agitate his mind or cause wakefulness. This makes him a good traveler.

His spirits are remarkably equable, neither elated by success nor discouraged by failure. He is very easy and democratic in his manner, meeting all sorts and condi-

tions of men without reserve or precaution. The writer says that "under the Parliamentary system he would undoubtedly have been a great leader, equal to Gladstone or Lloyd George," in capacity for expounding and advocating great public policies.

Of his attitude to religion the writer says:

It does not require much intimacy to discover of what these consist—namely, a deep religious faith, penetrating the whole nature of the man and informing all his acts. This is the source of that peace of mind which seems to make him immune to worry or trouble. He takes things as they come, makes the best of them, and abides by the event with simple and complete resignation to the will of God. The idealism that has now entered into philosophy from fuller knowledge of the implications of the doctrine of evolution was long ago perceived and appropriated by Woodrow Wilson.

I remember once being with him at a gathering in one of the students' clubs at Princeton when the conversation drifted around to religion. We were grouped about a big fireplace, and the talk had been of a deistic character, with a Josiah element predominating, when some mention was made of Herbert Spencer. Wilson caught the theme on the bound, and before he got through with it he had turned Herbert Spencer's philosophy inside out, exposing the inadequacy of materialism and vindicating the Christian creeds as symbols quite as valid as any known to science. His attitude on such matters is ardent and positive, very different from the negative position sometimes assumed by college professors, whose attitude towards religion might be described as respect for a venerable social institution rather than sincere belief in its truth. Scholars of this kind are among those whom Woodrow Wilson is in the habit of classing as "ignorant specialists." Although a member of the Presbyterian Church by birthright, and regular in his attendance, he does not talk on such subjects along denominational lines, but he is quick to assert his Christianity and to claim for its dogmas a perfectly secure basis in logic and philosophy.

United States in a New Light

Does America Consist of a Congerie of Nations Who Happen to be United Under a Common Federal Government?

IN the *Sociological Review*, A. E. Zimmerman, writing on seven months in America, speaks gaily some of the prevalent notions about the United States:

America never has been a political democracy, as everyone familiar with the Constitution, and the circumstances under which it came into being, will admit. It has never been less a free democracy than it is to-day. The liberty of the subject is far less surely than in Western Europe; there is far less free speech (by which is not meant unbridled speech) and far less free writing, both in books and newspapers. Class distinctions, so far from being absent, are becoming as marked as they are in Europe, though somewhat different in form, being based on distinctions of wealth, nationality, and color rather than of rank and breeding. And the belief that the country enjoys self-government is, as Mr. Roosevelt has lately once or twice observed, the thinnest of fictions. In reality it is governed by a small knot of powerful financiers and business men, who enjoy immunity owing to the shelter afforded them by the complicated structure of the ostensible government.

There is to-day, he adds, no American nation. America consists at present of a congeries of nations who happen to be united under a common federal government. An increasing number of immigrants leading a migratory life have neither the rights

nor responsibilities of citizenship. There is a new proletariat or hobo, which has assumed gigantic proportions, representing the Wanderlust of all the nations and the bitterness of the disinherited.

America "does not assimilate its aliens, as England does." On the whole, the different races keep themselves, and lead their own spiritual life. So far as they lose their nationalities, they lose their last spiritual heritage. America is not a melting-pot; it is a pot of varnish, or, as a German says, it is a message-machine for grinding out equality assuages. The various nationalities have a new environment and new qualities. These are the qualities of the pioneers.

Mr. Zimmerman enumerates "an inexhaustible fountain of kindness and good-nature, a wonderful alertness and adaptability, an undoubted self-confidence, a ferocious optimism, an ingenious delight in novelty, a nonchalant venturesomeness, a strength of purpose, and a vigorous tenacity in action, a complete absence of self-consciousness, all the qualities of childhood excepting reverence, above all, intense and abounding and infectious vitality, exclusive loyalty and comradeship in action, idealism in the darkest hours." "Pioneers, O Pioneers, is the song of successive generations of young Americans, novitates into the Dionysiac spirit of transatlantic life." But "the human soul can strike no roots in the America of to-day," for want of a social background.

Men Who Think They Are Busy

Are You a Business Man or Just a Busy Man?—There is a Wide Difference Between the Two

A DISSERTATION on the man with executive and planning ability as contrasted with the man of petty detail is presented in *Business Builder*.

Are you a business man or just a busy man?

Of busy men there are hundreds in the factories, offices and stores of every village, town and city in this broad land. But how many of these busy men are business men?

Hard workers they are, none better—all

day long and often into the hours of evening, conscientious, too, always on time, never absent from their places.

As far as busyness would carry them these men have gone—planners, jugglers, busy men. The lower rungs of the ladder they climbed fast. Hard work did it. They got half way up, in line for greater responsibilities and higher promotion, but they stuck. Busyness did it.

Others climbed up after them, then passed

them. These busy men become all the busier, frantically trying to go higher. But still others busy by them.

There are busy men all over the land today who speak bitterly of the fact that they did not get a square deal, a right chance.

Many of them do not know that their employers tried in every way to help them help themselves, but their own business would not permit it.

A man is just a machine. His body can be made to turn out just so much of work. He has a limit. When the amount of his day's work reaches that limit he can do no more.

Some men can do more than others before they reach their limit, just as a hand-fed press will turn out fewer hourly impressions than an automatic feed. But the automatic has its limit just as surely as the slowest machine.

The busy man who steps half way up the ladder, who can't go up another rung for the life of him, has reached his limit of business. The busier he tries to get then, the looser will become his hold even on the rung to which he has climbed, for when you try to crowd a machine beyond its limit you produce poorer work or break the machine.

The merely busy man is a detail man, and not only that, but he often absolutely refuses to part with his detail. He is afraid to trust it to another. Possibly he is jealous of his work and feels that in passing on any

share of it he is reducing its value to the firm he works for.

But, meanwhile, what are these men doing who pass him on their way up? Are they merely capable of greater business than he? Is it merely that their capacity for detail work is greater than his?

The difference is that they are on the road of business men, not busy men. At the bottom of the ladder they went through the apprenticeship of business. They, too, worked and plugged and attended to details, and rose rung by rung to greater responsibilities. But as they rose they never failed to shift some responsibility onto others. They let others carry the bricks, while they built the house. They shouldered work onto others, and used their time in planning and erecting.

With them, there was no sentimentalism about this and that job which they had always performed and wanted to perform. They shifted jobs to those under them. They directed, watched, suggested—but they didn't carry the bricks.

No harder workers will you find than those men who plan and watch and direct the details that others do—or some less prone to business.

Don't let your work be your master; be the master of your work. Control it, but don't let it control you.

Don't be merely a busy man, be a business man.

Lightning Calculators

Psychology of Harnessing the Subconscious Demonstrated in the

Phenomenal Case of Seven-Year-Old Boy

A STUDY in the psychology of harnessing the subconscious is given by H. A. Bruce in McClure's Magazine, in which the phenomenal case of Miguel A. Mantilla is cited:

Not so very long ago there passed through New York a seven-year-old boy, who, although the general public had heard little about him, was an object of considerable scientific curiosity. His name was Miguel Alberto Mantilla, he was the son of a Mexican banker, and he was then on his way to Europe for a pleasure tour with his father. There was nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was in any respect an extraordinary boy. But, as certain scientists had been informed, and as they were eager to

verify for themselves, he possessed a singular mental accomplishment, rare not only among children but among full-grown men and women. And, to make his "case" more interesting, this accomplishment had first manifested itself with dramatic unexpectedness.

Briefly stated, the story that had preceded him to New York, backed by the weight of affidavits sworn to by judges, lawyers, educators, and prominent business men of his native town of San Juan Bautista, was as follows:

Until he was six years old, little Miguel's life had been that of the average child, a life made up mostly of eating, sleeping, and

playing. No attempt had been made to educate him, except that he had been given some elementary instruction in reading. On the evening of February 1, 1910—that is, two days after his sixth birthday—his father was discussing with his mother the advisability of keeping open, on at least one of the three holidays that would occur in February, the bank of which he was manager.

"I think," he observed, "that I will close it on two of them, but keep it open the third"—naming a date.

Miguel, playing on the floor, looked up sharply.

"But father," said he, "you certainly will have to close it that day, for it will be Sunday."

"That is true," responded his father, after a moment's thought. "And how did you know it would be Sunday?"

"Way, that was easy for me. I can guess many things more difficult than that."

"In this case," said Mr. Mantilla, smiling, "perhaps you can tell us on what date the first Sunday of April will be in 1918?"

To his amazement, the child, after an interval of only a few seconds, named a date which investigation proved to be correct. Other questions of a similar character followed. Always the right answer was given. Astonished, perplexed, and passively a little worried, the Mantillas called in some of their neighbors. Again the boy was questioned; again he displayed an unerring knowledge of the intricacies of the calendar. "What day of the week was January 24, 1839, my birthday?" asked one neighbor, Professor C. M. Maldonado, of the Institute of Juarez. "Thursday," came the prompt and correct reply.

"And the same date in the year 2000?"

"Monday," was the equally correct answer.

Other leading Baptists examined Miguel in the course of the next few weeks, and so impressed were they with the seemingly supernatural character of his "gift" that they decided that a report should at once be made to the American Society for Psychical Research. In the statement accompanying their affidavits it was stated that:

"He has the rare and surprising faculty of resolving as quickly as he is asked, and with entire precision, such questions as: 'What days of the week coincide with the date of a known month and year?' 'What dates of a month correspond to a day and year determined upon?' 'What year will have, in a month indicated, a certain date which coincides with any given day of the

week?' This alike in regard to years past as well as those in the future, taking into account leap years. He has been asked repeatedly on what date falls, for example, the second Sunday of a month and year indicated. All of which he answers with accuracy and without doubt or hesitation."

Tested in New York by Professor J. H. Hyslop, of the Society for Psychical Research, the boy fully bore out this glowing report from Mexico. In a long examination he made but two mistakes—hitting on a slip, which he immediately corrected—and both of these errors referred to dates in the sixteenth century previous to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. He named correctly the days of the week on which would fall such a variety of dates as July 4, 1876; August 18, 1864; September 10, 1910; October 1, 1901; and June 6, 1909. He gave 1522 (incorrect), 1910, 1918, and 2006 as years when February 4 would fall on a Friday; and 1830, 1789, 1866, 1811, 1823, 1901, 1907, 1918, 1929, and 2002 as having December 15 on Sunday. All of these and other days and dates, according to Professor Hyslop, he gave with scarcely an exception in less than a quarter of a minute after each problem was put to him. And this at a time (May of last year) when he was not eight, and was barely able to read!

Now, what is the explanation of such astounding mental mastery of the calendar, especially in the case of a young child? It is necessary to assume that Miguel Alberto Mantilla is the happy possessor of a supernatural faculty denied to the vast majority of men? Is it that his peculiar ability is perfectly normal, but the result of an exceptional inheritance? Or is it merely that he utilizes a power common to all mankind but not commonly drawn upon? And, in this case, would it be possible for others, by appropriate training to develop the same "gift," or one analogous to it?

But, even if he is a somewhat prolonged study of the whole problem of "lightning calculation," I am strongly inclined to answer both of these last two questions in the affirmative. I believe, indeed, that the prevalent tendency to regard "boy wonders" of the Mantilla type as products of a bizarre heredity—and hence inexplicable on any developmental theory—is simply the result of neglect on the part of scientists to inquire closely into the life histories of such prodigies. The few really stimulating investigations that have been made—notably those by the Englishman F. W. H. Myers and the Frenchman Alfred Binet—have attracted scant attention from the scientific

world. The average scientist, almost as much as the average layman, regards the lightning calculator as a freak of nature, a thing to be marveled at but not understood—as presenting, for that matter, a riddle the attempted solution of which can only be a waste of time. Whereas, for reasons that I shall endeavor to make entirely clear, there actually is warrant for the assertion that few problems in any field of scientific inquiry, from a practical one less than a theoretical point of view are more deserving of systematic, thorough, and extensive research.

My own belief, so be specific, is that the mental processes of lightning calculators

like little Miguel Mantilla differ not at all from those of ordinary human beings; that the only difference is an unusual facility of access to resources shared by everybody of normal mentality; and that this facility of access, in turn, depends on a factor utilizable by all. I believe; further, that the performances of lightning calculators are essentially, if in a low degree, manifestations of what we call "genius," and that, through diligently studying the mechanisms operant in their feats, we shall gain not merely greater insight into the nature of genius, but assistance in enabling us to approximate more and more closely ourselves to the achievements of men of genius.

What Wireless is Doing

Some of the Latest Feats Accomplished through the Use of

Wireless Telegraphy are Briefly Described

SOME of the latest feats accomplished through the use of wireless telegraphy are described in the Technical World. The span of wireless telegraphy is rapidly growing, we are told. It was but a short while ago that Mare Island, California, and League Island, Philadelphia, a distance of 3,150 miles, were in aerial communication; and one of our naval vessels bound for the Philippines was "picked up" by the wireless station at Los Angeles when the ship was quite 3,600 miles away. All of this is astonishing, and yet it is but one direction in which other waves can be put to service.

The science of teleautonomy is that branch of "wireless" in which other waves are used for the purpose of directing some mechanical movement at a distance without employing connecting wires.

Within the past few months England, Germany and France have taken up the problem anew to give it a practical value, and in the United States the same question has been approached in another way with encouraging results.

The experiments in Europe have been principally confined to that of guiding either submarines or torpedoes by means of Hertzian waves—other disturbances of electrical origin. The three nations in question have quite carefully guarded the results of their experiments and particularly the apparatus employed, but it is known

that in England the submarine so equipped was able to go through many of the maneuvers which it ordinarily performs under the guidance of its crew. The directive impulses were sent out from a cruiser fitted with a wireless outfit.

The mere idea of giving a submarine this power of action without having a crew on board opens up startling possibilities. The first thought is, No one need be exposed aboard to the hazards which now exist even in time of peace. But that phase of the matter is of secondary importance to the military mind. When the human factor is eliminated from the submarine, the vessel becomes radically different so far as her internal requirements are concerned. It becomes truly a machine in every particular, and space and weight which had to be utilized for the safety and the convenience of the living crew can be put to other use, and means of propulsion can be employed which could not be used with equal facility or security if men were aboard.

In addition to this, an under-water craft guided and managed by ether waves could be conveniently equipped with a fairly large number of torpedo tubes or torpedo-launching frames, and, with this extra armament made possible by the weights saved otherwise, a submarine of this sort would be far more formidable as a dirigible base from which to discharge torpedoes. Of course, the essential part of the whole

scheme is that the guiding station should have the submarine always responsive to the director's command, and this involves some difficulties which are now being met in different ways by the present experimenters. However, the mind of the man of peace is sufficiently alert to picture some of the possibilities of a military instrument of this sort; and there are other directions in which this means of wireless control can be used to advantage.

The general public knows enough about wireless telegraphy to understand that waves are created in the ether by an electrical discharge at the sending station, and these waves travel through the air to a receiving station where they induce action in a delicate circuit which makes and breaks a local electrical circuit. But Hertzian waves of this character are not the only waves which may accomplish the same result.

Sound waves passing through ether, air, water or the earth can be employed in a kindred manner; and light waves—setting principally at night—can also serve as a means by which to set in motion or arrest some mechanical action at a distance. But in every case electricity serves as an agent to transmit the message or impulse of those waves directly to the mechanism to be set going. The waves that span space are, in themselves, too weak to provide energy for a display of power, but they answer, like a little child, to bear their message to another source which is capable of putting some vigorous action in motion. The receiving station, in each case, brings into play a local reserve or "relay," as the electrician expresses it, and this relay is strong enough to do the work required that is, to open a valve, swing a lever, or operate the electrical switches that may be needed to start, stop, or reverse some form of motor. This, in brief, is the foundation of the science of teleautonomy.

In France, the Gabet wireless submarine or torpedo boat has been directed from a distance. It was found that the little vessel responded to the guiding Hertzian waves within one-sixth of a second from the time they were dispatched from the sending

station. In the Gabet system, a hand, something akin to that of a clock, passes over a number of contacts, each of which is for a separate use. Ordinarily, the touching of any one of these would close a circuit and set things going then and there. But this would never do for proper distance control. Gabet makes this hand sweep completely back and forth across all of these connections in a very short period, and the hand must stop at the right contact for a longer while before the circuit is properly closed, in order to start the particular movement for which that contact is designed. It is this interval of lag which furnishes the margin of security and allows the connecting hand to settle upon the chosen contact—mere passing rapidly over the others does not produce any result. With the present methods of "tuning," the receiver on the submarine or torpedo can be made responsive only to waves of a certain arbitrary length. This minimizes the effects of interference by other waves generated at an enemy's station. The experiments in England and in Germany have been along kindred lines so far as the employment of Hertzian waves has been concerned, but the governments of neither of these countries have given out details. There are, of course, several ways of accomplishing the same end, and the Gabet system is only one of them.

The aeroplane is now being fitted with apparatus for receiving and transmitting wireless messages over space from a height of quite five thousand feet. In a way, the task is somewhat more difficult than that of guiding a torpedo or any form of naval craft, but there is nothing impossible in the problem, and the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane in the near future will probably be directed by some form of wireless for certain kinds of military service where the presence of a human director or observer may not be needed. All of this may seem astounding now, but actual achievements have blazed the way to their attainment. We are living in an age of rapid and tremendous strides.

Where Christian Science Gets Its Wealth

Christian Science Church is Very Rich—Some of the Means by Which Large Sums of Money are Raised in Behalf of the Cause

"CHRISTIAN Science since Mrs. Eddy" is the title of the leading article in MacLean's Magazine for September, written by Burton J. Hendrick. Since the death two years ago of the "discoverer and founder of Christian Science," the world has watched closely for signs of her successor, but this article shows how the Christian Science Church is still being conducted under the rules and by-laws made by Mary Baker G. Eddy. Not the least interesting portion of the article tells of the great wealth of the church and the means by which it is amassed.

The Christian Science Church is very rich—just how rich cannot be said, for here, again, details are not accessible. The Mother Church in Boston possesses in lands, buildings, and endowments not far from \$7,000,000. Outside of its regular sources of income, which are large, it has one unique method of raising money. It has merely to intimate to Christian Scientists all over the world that it needs it. In this case the fifteen hundred Christian Science branch churches automatically become tributaries to the Mother Church. When Mrs. Eddy decided to build the present large Temple in Boston, she merely intimated that contributions from all loyal Christian Scientists would be welcome. The golden stream at once started flowing, and the \$2,500,000 needed was rapidly raised. Several church organizations in distant parts of the country, which had accumulated building funds of their own, at once laid aside their plans and forwarded the money to Boston. The Christian Science Church never gives strawberry festivals or miscellaneous entertainments; it simply asks for money and the money is there.

In addition to these voluntary offerings, the church has many other sources of supply. "Every member of the Mother Church," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "shall pay annually a per capita tax of at least one dollar, which shall be forwarded each year to the church treasury. If there are 100,000 members at it, and if each paid the minimum, it'd bring in \$100,000 a year. The more is that the fund is much larger, we permit each member to contribute as he wishes. Another source of income is the dividends

upon investments. Here again we are so much in the dark that any guess would hardly be worth while. As the present litigation over Mrs. Eddy's will is practically ended, the church will soon come into possession of a capital endowment from that source of not far from \$2,000,000. Of this about \$1,000,000 is in stocks and bonds, while the remaining \$1,500,000 represents the capital value of the Eddy copyrights. This large fortune represents Mrs. Eddy's commercial success as an author. From this standpoint she was unquestionably the most successful author of her time. How many writers of books have there been, since the invention of the alphabet, who died leaving an estate of two and a half million dollars? How many have there been whose copyrights represented a capital value of \$1,500,000? How many books published in 1875, as was the first edition of "Science and Health," are now selling at the rate perhaps of 50,000 copies a year.

Unquestionably the church's largest single source of income is the printing and sale of its authorized publications. It has one of the finest printing houses in the country, which keeps constantly busy turning out Christian Science literature. Its catalogue includes twenty-seven titles of Mrs. Eddy's own writings, the official periodical organs of the church, and a large number of pamphlets—reprints of lectures and articles from the Journal and the Sentinel. Its profits upon these several publications must be very large. Though this publishing house is purely a business and is conducted upon strict business lines, it is a business of a decidedly unique kind. The Christian Science Publishing Society is fortunately placed in that it has its market already prepared. Its expenses consist merely of the cost of production. It does not have to hire an expensive force of salesmen or spend large sums in several kinds of advertising. Every one of the branch fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies act as an agency—a kind of bookstore—for the sale of Christian Science literature. Every one of the fifty-five hundred Christian Science leaders is a perpetual advertisement and agent for the orthodox publications. These several agencies sell without commission. The Society does no advertising except in the

columns of its own publications. The purchase of Christian Science literature is enjoined upon all orthodox members as a religious duty. "It shall be the privilege and duty of every member who can afford it," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "to subscribe for the periodicals which are the organs of this church." Judging from the evidence of prosperity which these publications show, this injunction is generally regarded.

The Publishing Society has one peculiar responsibility. It passes upon the qualifications of professional pretensions. The Christian Science Journal, the church monthly, contains a catalogue of nearly sixty pages of Christian Science leaders. It is not absolutely necessary for a leader to publish his advertisement in the Journal, but its publication gives him an official endorsement. The trustees of the Publishing Society devote three afternoons a week, and sometimes more time, in passing upon applications. They sit in solemn court, something like a secret consistory passing upon the canonization of a saint. The applicant must be a member of the Mother Church in Boston, and he must agree to devote all his time to practice. The chief duty of the Publication Committee, however, is carefully to investigate his record as a leader. The application must present evidence of at least three cures, the cases to be substantiated by the testimony of others than those healed. Incidentally, these "cards" bring in a considerable revenue to the church; with the advertisements of the branch churches, which also appear monthly in the Journal, the income from this source must amount to about \$40,000 a year.

All Christian Science publications sell for large and, from a commercial standpoint, what would be regarded as excessive prices. The most important book, "Science and Health," which, in its cheapest form, costs considerably less than a dollar to manufacture is sold for \$4.18. Practically all of the hundred and thirty-six official publications of the church sell at similarly high rates. The latest enterprise is a German translation of "Science and Health." Until the year before her death Mrs. Eddy absolutely forbade any translation of this book. She did not believe that her philosophy, with its delicate shadowings of thought and its precise shading of words, could safely be intrusted to any foreign language. The considerable German following—there is a flourishing church in Berlin, one of its distinguished members

being the Count Von Moltke, nephew of the great Field Marshal—finally induced her to permit the experiment. The first German translation is published as these lines are written. It is a bulky volume. On one page appears the English in Mrs. Eddy's spissian verba. On the opposite page is printed its German translation. This system will be maintained in all future translations. "Science and Health" will never go forth in any language except side by side with the original English. It is so tough no reader could get the New Testament in English alone accompanied by the original Greek version.

The church's most ambitious undertaking in the periodical line is the Christian Science Monitor, its daily two-cent newspaper. Merely to enter the editorial rooms shows that here we have a newspaper entirely different from any other established. The Bohemian atmosphere that hangs over most newspaper headquarters is lacking. Everything is as neat as spit-and-span, as in a healer's office. The rooms are of hard wood and are covered with rugs. The office furniture is of the latest make; the editors are immaculately dressed, and there are frequently flowers upon the desks. The perpetual fog of tobacco smoke that envelops the average sanctum is not evident here; smoking, swearing, and loud talking are prohibited. The paper that is published embodies this atmosphere. It is absolutely clean. It prints no scandal, no divorce, no salacious slopenns, and no parades of family skeletons. It is not quite true, as is sometimes said, that it makes no reference to the disagreeable and the calamitous aspects of life—that it has no news of murders, railroad accidents, and other tragedies. As a matter of fact, it gave almost as much space to the Titanic disaster as the rest of the press. The policy of the Monitor is to "feature" or "play up" the "constructive" aspect of life. The feminine mind, which so frequently turns first to the death and marriage notices in a newspaper, meets disappointment here. The Monitor has no death column and no obituary department. Moreover, no one ever "dies" in this newspaper; he "passes on," usually in a few lines. In the main, the Monitor is an excellent newspaper. It is well written, it is entirely free from vulgarity. Unfortunately, however, it has the limitations of its virtues. It refuses to acknowledge there is any evil in the world. It conducts "crusades" and "after" anybody. It never gets to the present political case.

supporting Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt. In its news columns it has a regular department called "The Candidates," in which, day after day, it impartially gives the same amount of space to each man. Whatever this is, of course it is not journalism, the essence of which is necessarily a battle against demonstrated evils, personal and impersonal.

These several enterprises make the Christian Science Church a great business organization. Besides this, there are many thousands of the rank and file who have an immediate financial concern in its success. There is a rapidly increasing army whose livelihood is dependent upon the church.

People earn their living at Christian Science in several ways. It has a large number of readers, teachers and lecturers. Besides, it has one species of worker absolutely unique. The church has thousands of workers in an already well populated professional field—that of healing the sick. This is the work which so largely distinguishes it from other organizations, and which at times has brought down upon its head such popular hostility. There are probably not far from ten thousand men and women—largely women—who, regularly and intermittently, give Christian Science treatment in exchange for fees. Economically and eclesiastically considered these men and women are the foundation of the church. Remove them and Christian Science would not last twenty-four hours. They furnish the church all its converts; it is through their industry that the church literature is sold. They give a human interest to an eclesiastical edifice which is otherwise rather cold. How can a church possibly survive, it is urged, that does not baptize its members, that does not marry them, that does not bury them—that apparently falls of consolation and sympathy at all the great crises of life? The answer is found in the thousands of men and women, for the most part gracious and sympathetic, who are constantly coming into the closest personal touch with downcast suffering humanity, comforting, cheering, apparently pitying everybody at ease with himself and the world.

Nearly all Christian Scientists, in one form or another, are engaged in this work. It is really what Christian Science is.

Thousands "help" others simply as a "Christian duty, without every thinking of fees. Even to engage in "treating" professionally, one does not have to take a regular course. Any member of the church can print his name on a sign, add "C.S." and take patients. Only in case he devotes all of his time to healing, and maintains a regular office, does his advertisement appear in the Christian Science Journal. But there are thousands of lawyers, school-teachers, business men, and heads of households who take patients outside of office hours. They can be called up by telephone and appointments made. Mr. John D. Works, the present "progressive" Senator from California, when he was upon the Supreme Bench in Los Angeles, would retire after the day's sitting, to his law chambers, where a number of patients awaited him. Nearly all officers of the mother and branch churches—trustees, readers, editors, publicity men, and janitors—also give Christian Science treatment at odd moments for fees. The colored elevator-boy in the Publication Building in Boston practices Christian Science healing among his own race.

These practitioners, regular and irregular, probably treat not far from 6,000,000 patients a year and receive in fees an aggregate sum ranging from \$50,000 to \$12,000,000. It is estimated, for example, that the average income of the fifty-five hundred advertised practitioners is from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year, which would make their annual earnings range from \$50,000 to \$10,000,000. Many practitioners, of course, earn far more than this average. There are at least twenty-five in Boston who earn \$5,000 and upwards, and many more than that in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Those who have a church salary and who practice in addition also make liberal incomes. The average earnings of a Christian Science teacher are usually placed at about \$7,500. As to the fees which may be charged, Mrs. Eddy fixed that, as she did everything else. One of her last acts was a letter to Mr. Archibald McLellan, in which she said: "Christian Science practitioners should make their charges for treatment equal to those of reputable physicians in their respective localities."

The Great American Forum

William Jennings Bryan at \$50,000 per year, Now Leads Chautauqua and Lyceum Lecturers in the States

A MOST interesting article on "The Great American Forum" appeared in World's Work for September, dealing with the growth of the Chautauqua and Lyceum courses in the United States. These Chautauqua assemblies in the summer and lyceum courses in the winter are among the mightiest forces of popular information and diversion that operate to-day. Millions of people derive from their knowledge of things above the common rack of life; millions obtain from them the bulk of their lighter entertainment; and, most significant of all, millions absorb from them their political faith and are by them directed to their course of political action. The progressive movement that now is sweeping the country owes its strength very largely to the Chautauqua, just as the abolition movement gained its momentum chiefly from the free platform of the lyceum.

More than one thousand Chautauqua were held in the United States last summer. The average length of session was ten days; the attendance one thousand a day—a million people influenced by one institution. About ten thousand lyceum courses were given last winter, attended by five million people. And remember that the lyceum was born in the struggle for freedom for the slaves, and that the heart of the Chautauqua movement is in Iowa, the home of progress and reform.

The lyceum was founded upon the demand for a free forum for the abolition and temperance propaganda while the pulpits were closed and the newspaper columns denied to the advocates of those causes. Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John B. Gough, Susan B. Anthony, Henry Ward Beecher—these were the founders of the lyceum. It served their purpose and they passed on.

But the lyceum continued. James Redpath, its most successful manager, developed the lyceum from a lecture bureau system in which he was supreme. Upon the retirement of Mr. Redpath, Mr. George H. Hathaway and the late Major J. B. Pond became the managers. Mr. Hathaway is still at the head of this bureau, having been continuously in the business for more than forty-five years. In 1880 Major Pond retired from the bureau and began the personal management of distinguished plat-

form people. Major Pond's method was to contract with men and women of established reputation—explorers, preachers, authors, or singers—for a certain number of appearances and then to book these attractions along the route of tours that often were as long as a circuit of the United States. From 1874 to 1887, Henry Ward Beecher delivered 1,300 lectures under Major Pond's management; Mark Twain and George W. Cable in joint readings earned \$36,500 net profit in two seasons; Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, and George Kennan traveled together in 1888-9 as a lecture "team"; Henry M. Stanley gave 116 lectures in the United States and Canada that earned \$287,970 in gross receipts (this is the greatest success ever achieved in the lyceum); in 1895-6 Mark Twain made many thousands in the American part of his round-the-world tour; in 1901 Ernest Thompson Seton delivered 269 lectures in 26 weeks, a feat of endurance hard to rival. Major Pond also managed reading and lecture tours of F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) Robert E. Peary, F. Marion Crawford, A. Cones Doyle, Max O'Rell, Lew Wallace, "Ian Maclaren," Anthony Hope and all name, and many others.

Major Pond's attractions were expensive and distinguished people whose lectures appealed to large city audiences. Two independent lectures now work this field with extraordinary success: Barton Holmes and D. L. Elmsdorf, with their illustrated lectures on travel. Both these men are natural speakers of great charm who work up their materials with consummate art. Each has a gross income of more than \$100,000 a year from a season of only ten weeks.

Of the present day lyceum attractions and performers, the article continues:

The lyceum and Chautauqua attractions are divided into two classes—the people who are on the platform because of a fame made in other lines of activity, and the people (far the larger number) who have won their place on the platform from ability to make good themselves.

The first class includes the publicists and celebrities. Part of them are from ability. They are the only ones remain after a season. But

Clark, La Follette, Folk, Hoeh, the roll of governors, legislators and judges is long. Most of them make good. But Bryan is the only one who can draw his fee (its value in attendance) on chautauques or lyceum course.

The second class includes the long list of lecturers, writers, readers, entertainers, and musicians who really keep the lyceum and chautauque alive. They are the lifeblood, the survival of the fittest. Making good is their daily business. After the people have been collected to hear a "great gun" and (usually) are disappointed, while the treasury is depleted to pay the big fee, the professional lyceum talent put the people back into good humor by "delivering the goods," and at modest figures. Dr. A. A. Willis, past ninety, helped to make the lyceum along with Beecher, and is yet alive and filling occasional dates. Col. George W. Bain is yet filling full seasons. On the honor roll are a multitude like Strickland W. Gilliland, Leland Powers, Doctor Cadman, Col. G. A. Gearhart, Katherine Ridgway, and musical duos like The Chicago Glee Club, The Apollons, The Duncans, etc.

The "talent" have their "union," the International Lyceum Association, which is made up of 702 members. It is at once

a distinguished and a various body. Hon. Champ Clark, speaker of the House of Representatives, belongs to it; and so does Von Arx, the Magician. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, rubs elbows at its meetings with the Beulah Book Quartet; and Senator Vardaman of Mississippi fraternizes with Balmor's Kaffir Boy.

The rewards of the lyceum and chautauque performs vary greatly. William Jennings Bryan makes \$50,000 a year as a lecturer. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, ex-Governors Folk, Hoeh, and Hasty, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Mr. Francis J. Heagy every one make \$10,000 a year or more. Speaker Champ Clark, Senators La Follette and Brewster and Gov. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Governor Hadley, Representative Victor Murdock, and the Rev. Drs. S. Parkes Cadman, Frank W. Gunsaulus, and Newell Dwight Hillis would every one make that much if he devoted his whole time to it at the rate he now receives for as many dates as he can spare from other work. These men ordinarily receive \$150 to \$200 and their railroad fare for every lecture.

These are the "top-liners." Lesser attractions are paid from \$25 to \$100 an appearance. Perhaps \$50 a week is a fair average for the humbler "entertainers" who are hired by the year by the bureaus.

Churchill and the British Navy

The National Review Sharply Criticizes First Lord of the Admiralty on His Handling of the Naval Situation

IN the National Review for September a sharp attack is made on Hon. Winston Churchill in connection with his handling of the British Admiralty situation in view of the rapid development of the German navy. It, says the National Review, Mr. Churchill will not build ships, he makes up for it by moving the British fleet hitherwards and forwards. For the last six years the Admiralty has been steadily concentrating all our available and effective battleships in the North Sea—a necessary precaution in view of the rapid advance of the German Navy and of its own implacable and criminal failure to meet the German programmes by adequate new construction. In that process of concentration the Mediterranean was steadily de-

pleted British battle squadron, which still remained at Malta, would be removed from that base to Gibraltar and counted as part of the fleet in home waters. Fortwith a very natural outcry was raised by Lord Kitchener and the commanders in the Mediterranean, who saw clearly that the weekly garrisoned and badly fortified Mediterranean bases would be at the mercy of either of the strong fleets which Italy and Austria are so rapidly creating in the south of Europe. Thereupon Mr. Churchill undoes the whole work of concentration in the North Sea. Having called home the Mediterranean ships on the plea that they are wanted near home, he sends out four battleships from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, though in March he declared that these very vessels were of extraordinary value as the fast wing of a battleship fleet in the North Sea, and though in the

interval since he delivered that opinion, Germany has decided to make an immense increase in her fully manned force in the North Sea. So that we reach this extraordinary conclusion: The battle-cruisers which were necessary in home waters before Germany made this increase are unnecessary now that the has determined to make it. The ships which were required for our safety, when she only maintained 21 fully manned armoured vessels, are not required now that she has set to work to raise her fully manned strength in armoured ships to 37. Such is Mr. Churchill's new strategy, adopted at the order of Mr. Lloyd George.

No words can exaggerate the immensity of the danger in the North Sea with the new dispositions which Mr. Churchill has accepted or originated. On his own showing, Germany will have in the North Sea, possibly at the end of 1913:

- 25 battleships fully manned in the High Sea Fleet;
 - 4 battleships all fully manned in the Reserve of the High Sea Fleet.
 - 8 armoured cruisers fully manned in the High Sea Fleet.
- Against these, we provide the following:
- 25 battleships fully manned in the Home Fleet;
 - 8 battleships fully manned at Gibraltar, $4\frac{1}{2}$ days' distance;
 - 8 battleships half manned in the Second Fleet;

with perhaps 12 fully manned armoured cruisers. Yet Mr. Churchill has himself laid down the principle, that we must have such a margin of strength as to meet at "our average moment" the strength of an enemy at his "select moment." The average strength of our fleet in battleships will be less than 25, to allow of ships docking and refitting. The strength of the German fleet at its selected moment will be 29. Of course, if Germany is so obliging as to give us a month's or even a week's notice, we can make up the difference. But do Mr. Churchill and the War Staff really imagine that she will do this? Germany at the Hague Conference opposed and defeated a proposal that even so little as twenty-four hours' notice should be given before beginning war. Why? Admiral Siegel wrote in the March number of *Ueberland*, under the undoubted inspiration of the German Admiralty, that the commander-in-chief of the High Sea Fleet should be given the power to attack our fleet when any favorable opportunity offered. Why? And to complete the series of indications, Professor Hans Delbrueck

in last month's number of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* wrote that the German Navy has now become so strong that, if the circumstances were favorable and an advantageous moment were seized, Germany might win in a great sea-fight and "inflict a death-wound upon England."

Mr. Churchill and the War Staff are, then, gambling on the chance that Germany will give them ample warning and enable them to bring home the ships which they have scattered. They are doing this, though Mr. Churchill has declared that the only factor which differentiates naval from land war, "is the aerial subsidence with which naval warfare can reach its decisive phase," without "the vast process of mobilization, the very first signs of which must be noticed," and though the very action of Germany in maintaining "four-fifths" of her Navy on a war footing is unmistakable evidence that with her the blow will precede the word.

But, even so, we have not exhausted the danger of a deplorable situation. Mr. Churchill assumes in all his estimates of future force in the North Sea that the British ships will be completed punctually to date, and that Germany will never dream of accelerating her present programme. As to the first assumption, it can only be said that two ships of our 1906 programme, which should have been in service in April last, are still mired, that the ships of our 1910 and 1911 programmes are weeks behindhand, and that any recurrence of the recent strikes would derange his fine calculations. As to the second assumption, we have to remember Mr. Asquith's admission in 1909, that he had been quite wrong in 1908 in his view as to what the naval position would be. He had assumed, he said, on the strength of the Admiralty's information, that the German programme was a paper one, and that the German ships would be built more slowly than our own. What if Mr. Churchill is making a similar mistake? Mr. Asquith's view of the Admiralty is no wrong now as it was in 1909? In that case by December, 1913, it is at least possible for Germany to have 21 "Dreadnoughts" in the North Sea, whereas Mr. Churchill is calculating upon her only having 13, and is providing but 22 British vessels, and this when every "Dreadnought" of ours is with the flag. Mr. Churchill is not merely gambling on the chance that Germany will give him warning. He is betting on the chance that she will not accelerate—that she so good as to surrender an opportunity within her grasp.

It is for these reasons that Mr. Churchill's policy must be condemned as one of absolute treachery to the Navy and to the nation. He is entering our "Dreadnoughts" during the most critical period in our history. He has thrown a great chance away. He has wasted precious months, when every day is of importance. "Five minutes," said Nelson, "makes the difference between a victory and a defeat."

What will happen, if, at Germany's "selected moment" the British fleet has to wait four and a half days for the arrival of the battleships at Gibraltar, a week for the battle-cruisers at Malta, or a fortnight for the half-manned ships of the Second Fleet to "shake down"? "Five minutes"—and Mr. Churchill wants five days!

How Imperialism Pays

Imperialism on Economic Basis as Shown in Expansion of the Territory of the British Empire

THE Socialist Review contains an interesting study by Ludwig Quessel on the economic basis of imperialism. He remarks on the unexampled expansion of the British Empire, which within the short space of three decades has incorporated territories in Asia and Africa which exceed in extent the whole of the continent of Europe.

The most remarkable feature, the writer says, of this extension is that, except in the Boer War, it proceeds without any sort of heroics, as coolly and unceremoniously as the work of an experienced business man only anxious to keep out of the limelight:—

"There is something captivating in the contemplation of this noiseless work of conquest, modestly concealing its huge successes, never talkative, never shouting about the mailed fist, but quiet able to use it when the business of gulping continents demands it."

On the other side it is right to mention the many services of British Imperialism to the advancement of civilization in backward countries."

Yet it involves great financial sacrifices from the Mother Country, which is governed by the electorate. Why does the electorate consent to this burden. The writer says:—"Wherever England plants a new outpost of Empire, British trade with this subject territory shows a notable increase—if only because the security of a competent State administration is necessary to modern business activity."

But this extension is not enough. The on for expansion is due rather to the of British industry for new export as it finds or fears itself threatened by the Indian industry in all markets not "British flag. Though the new are open to the world, yet

"the fact of Imperial control frequently has the effect of an insurmountable tariff wall." For example, the German African colonies, which have no protective tariffs and no preferential discriminations in favor of German industries, import thirty-three times more German metal goods than the English do. Conversely, India is a free trade country:—

"But just as in the German colonies, so here the mere fact of Empire has the effect of a high protective tariff. This, again, is easily explained as regards the metal industry. Whether the Government itself builds its railways, bridges, harbors, etc., or employs contractors, the whole of the material will usually be supplied exclusively by the home industry. And in tropical dependencies the State is everywhere the principal consumer of structural material."

But the same effect appears in other industries in which the Government is not an important consumer. The textile imports into India from England are thirty-four times as much as those from Germany and the German African colonies. The textile imports from Germany are nearly three times as much as those from England. The writer concludes:—

"Regarded from an economic standpoint, the hatred of England which breathes from the writings of German imperialists is seen to be no irrational passion, but the expression of a revolt of the possessing classes in Germany against the immense expansion of the British Empire in recent decades. The ground of this revolt is the economic grievance that in all the Asiatic and African markets incorporated in the British Empire, however much the German export industries may under the law be free to compete, they are in actual fact entirely 'frozen out.'"

The New Woman of the New East

Dr. Albert Shaw in a review considers the position occupied by women in China, Japan and India.

IN introducing papers on the "New Woman in China and Japan and India," Dr. Albert Shaw, in the American Review of Reviews, thus compactly sums up the situation:—

One of the most significant and deep-reaching developments of the modern spread of liberalism and social progress is the awakening restlessness of the women of the Orient. The Oriental woman has farther to go than the woman of the West, but she has already taken the first steps in the direction of a larger participation in the life of her people. In Japan and China women are attending the universities, entering into business and professions, and already taking an active part in public life. The reformer, Kang-Yu-wei, in his book, "A Criticism of the Chinese Classics," called attention, many years ago, to the fact that the raising of the status of woman has always been an essential part of the spread of democracy. It is more than half a century since women began to be educated in China. This was when the missionary movement had attained important proportions. Two decades ago a crusade began against the binding of the feet, which was a great step forward. In 1907 the Government formally recognized the right of women to education and began to plan schools for girls. A newspaper edited by women was one of the first developments of the woman movement in China. In March of this year the hall of the National Assembly of the new Republic at Nanking was made the scene of violent demonstration by militant Chinese suffragettes, discontented with the measure of "emancipation" granted them by the new regime.

Social regeneration in India is going on swiftly and steadily. The whole mass is being affected by the leaven of social reform. In this social revolution—for nothing short of that term can express the extent of it—the Hindu woman is playing a most heroic part. All the rest of the vast continent of Asia is experiencing the stirrings of the woman movement. The languorous ladies of Persia are stirring, and in Turkey and Egypt they are already awake. Altogether it is a vast and portentous movement.

Adachi Kinunosuke recounts the achievements of some of the noted women of the new China. He tells of an actress named Chin Chifan, who made much money by her acting and charming personality, which she dispensed to her comrades in the United States for the purchase of arms and ammunition. This was discovered, and she was beheaded. Another martyr of the revolution was Chokin, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who left his entire fortune to his child at his death. She put the whole of it into the treasury of the revolutionists. She undertook the work of smuggling arms, ammunition, dynamite, and bombs into China. Arrested, tried, condemned, she wrote out her case in English, feeling that in that language she could appeal to the world. We are next told of Madame Su, now sixty-five years of age, who moved twelve hundred Chinese students to tears by her pathetic eloquence about the needs of their country.

Happily, this high valuation of womanhood is no sudden outburst. The writer says:—

Mr. Okada, while he was serving as Vice Consul General to the Japanese Embassy at Peking, made a careful study of the social and commercial life of China and wrote a book. He says that petticoat government is a general thing in China; that the position of her women is even higher than that of her Occidental sisters. "China is the country which respects and values her women exceedingly," he declares. "A country where woman's power is strong. Even among the lower classes the husband cannot lay a violent hand on the wife, and the matrimonial quarrel has only one end invariably—the victory for the wife."

Besanta Kosmar Roy says that the custom of early marriage is changing fast. Hindu boys refuse to marry until they have finished their education. The prohibition of marriage between members of different castes has led to inbreeding, with physical degeneracy as a result. Now there is a great movement for inter-caste marriages between the different castes. The remarriage of widows is also proceeding apace. Sometimes parents advertise a young widow of a different caste to their boy. The Indian woman is the soul of the Nationalist Side by side with Indian N

gross there is a Women's Conference, to pass resolutions, and travel as propaganda plan work, to better the condition of women. They are now breaking out as journalists. Women leaders make speeches, and artists.

The Latest in French Automobiles

New Type of Low-Priced Car Which is Proving Very Popular Although it Has Some Rather Serious Disadvantages.

BOAST chicken once a week was the wish of the French peasant in bygone ages. The modern Frenchman, less modest, substitutes a motor car for the fowl. French manufacturers have responded to this demand by producing low-priced autos, based somewhat on the principle of the motorcycle. Scores of these have been manufactured at prices varying between two hundred fifty and five hundred dollars. The cheap automobile of this type has been successfully imitated in England.

There have been inexpensive automobiles built on the established lines of the motor type; but, so W. F. Bradley assures us in *The Technical World*, there appear to be more possibilities by working along motorcycle rather than automobile lines. Such, at any rate, has been the experience of European manufacturers, who have found it almost impossible to get below five hundred dollars on cars of the usual build, but have been able to produce four-wheeled motorcycles at half this price. A vehicle of this description costs little more than a high-grade motorcycle, the up-keep is about the same, its speed is equal to any two-wheeler, and its comfort is infinitely greater.

"It is a long, narrow, boat-like vehicle, mounted on four wire wheels, carrying its passengers in tandem fashion, with the driver at the rear, and having one single or two-cylinder air-cooled motor under cover in front. The frame, consisting of two wooden members, is narrowed in front, the sides are enclosed, the top is closed in by the gasoline tank, while the front is left open to allow a free passage for the air. A single chain running under the footboards

takes the drive to a countershaft, on each extremity of which are a couple of pulleys from which motion is carried to the rear wheels by belts, as in a motorcycle. The two pulleys permit a quick change of gear ratio.

"There is neither clutch, gear box nor differential. The rear axle is attached to the extremity of a pair of inverted semi-elliptic springs, the front hanger of which is pivoted, thus allowing the axle to be moved forward or backward by means of a lever at the driver's right hand. It is by this means that the belt can be disconnected or to disconnect the motor. At the front here is a tubular pivoting axle, with a coil spring suspension."

Any man who knows how to manage a motorcycle is at once familiar with this little car. Its use is not confined to pleasure purposes, a large number being used in France for quick delivery work. In some cases—note again the economy of the French—the touring model is convertible. On week days it carries drugs and groceries; on Sundays and holidays it is transformed, by the turn of a screw, into a touring car for the family.

"It weighs completely only from 300 to 350 pounds, has an eight-horse-power, two-cylinder, air-cooled motor, chain transmission to a countershaft, and double belt drive to pulleys on the rear wheels. For utility service, with calls for work over heavy roads, in snow, or amongst dense traffic, the four-wheeler has limitations. But these limitations are even more strongly felt by the motorcycle. As a little pleasure vehicle it has a remarkable future before it."

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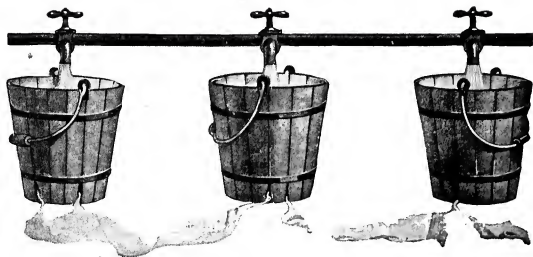
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